

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

May, 1931

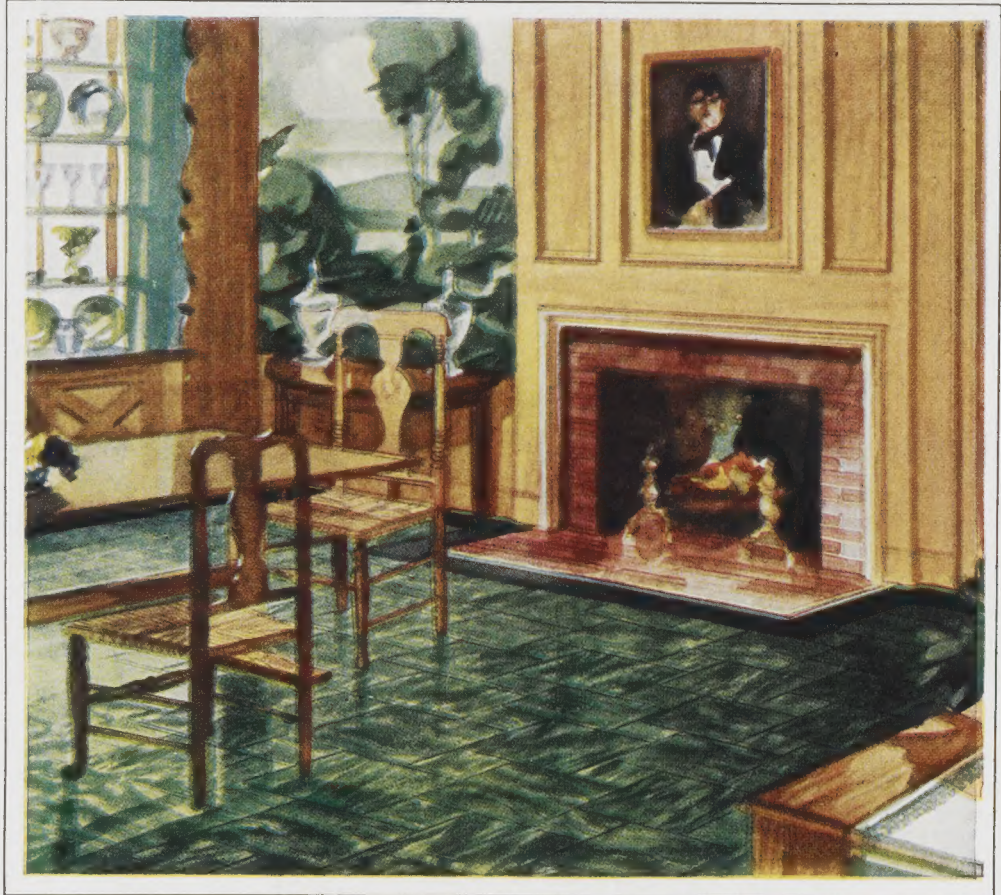
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See page 7



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Plan your rooms
from the **FLOOR** up...
for true effect and character



DOMINION INLAID LINOLEUM

Those charming rooms you have always admired . . . but despaired of ever having in your own home . . . are really easy and inexpensive to create.

Start right, with a well-chosen Dominion Inlaid Linoleum floor and it will surprise you how quickly and naturally everything else falls into line. Drapes and furnishings in happy harmony or tasteful contrast: little touches here and there to express your own indi-

duality. The ensemble: a room of which any interior decorator might well be proud.

Dominion Inlaid Linoleum which inspires such colourful, liveable rooms, comes in the widest range of designs. It cannot wear out; is easy to clean and sells at surprisingly moderate prices.

Dominion Printed Linoleum and Dominion Linoleum Rugs are colourful, durable alternatives available in many distinguished patterns.

DOMINION OILCLOTH & LINOLEUM CO. LIMITED - MONTREAL

Dominion Inlaid Linoleum is made in Canada by the makers of the famous Dominion Battleship Linoleum.

Sold by House Furnishing, Departmental and General Stores, everywhere.



This is Dominion Marble Tile Inlaid pattern 7624. Floor shown in Dining Room above is Monotile Inlaid Linoleum pattern 8021.

Consider what you get

... above the bare needs of transportation



SO outstanding is the quality and beauty of the new Chevrolet Six, and so attractive are its new low prices, that buyers everywhere in Canada are showing a preference for this smart, spirited new motor car.

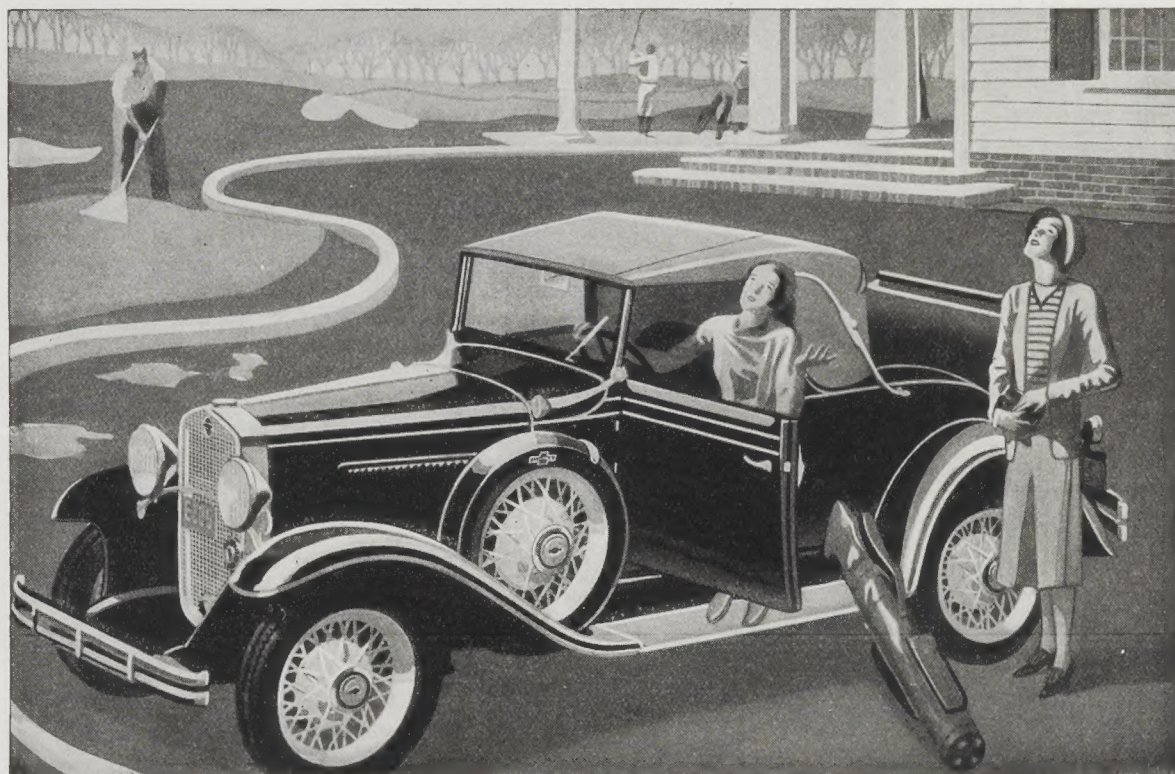
The popularity of the new Chevrolet is based on the many exclusive, *fine-car* features it offers: Its longer wheelbase, with the resulting improvement in the lines and riding ease of the car. Its smarter, roomier, handsomely tailored and fitted Bodies by Fisher. Its smoother, more powerful six-cylinder performance. Its exceptional ease

of handling—in starting, stopping, turning, parking and in traffic. Its great comfort and restfulness. And its unsurpassed economy of operation and upkeep.

In these times, the thinking motorist considers what he gets *above the bare needs of transportation*, when selecting a low-priced car. With its fine-looking new Six, Chevrolet steps definitely away from standards based on utility alone. Here, from every standpoint . . . beauty, dependability, and economical operation . . . is a car you'll be proud to own and drive.

"Forward Canada!"

Canadians everywhere are striking forward on the rising tide of a fresh and vigorous prosperity. And General Motors pays tribute to Canadian achievement with "Canada on Parade", an all-Canadian radio hour every Friday evening. Your Chevrolet dealer, listed in your classified phone book under "General Motors", invites you to tune in.



The NEW CHEVROLET SIX

A G E N E R A L M O T O R S V A L U E



Priced from \$610 at factory, Oshawa. Taxes Extra.

"When intestines are sluggish I prescribe Fresh Yeast..."

reports the noted
DR. HENRI VIGNES
of Paris

YOU know you can't cure constipation with violent cathartics and pills. You know they are temporary expedients at best . . . that ultimately they actually aggravate your trouble.

Then why not adopt a simple, *natural* method . . . a method that brings really lasting relief from internal sluggishness . . . the regular eating of fresh Fleischmann's Yeast!

Here is what the famous Dr. Vignes of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris says about this method. Dr. Vignes has one of the most distinguished medical practices in Paris.

"Fresh yeast," he explains, "is a food. It excels as a means of reestablishing normal bowel action . . . I prescribe yeast for constipation . . . because of its gentle laxative action. I have also used it successfully in cases of skin disorders."

Eaten regularly, Fleischmann's Yeast gradually "tones up" the sluggish intestinal tract . . . helps your body rid itself of accumulated wastes.

And when normal elimination is restored, your whole health responds! Color returns, digestion improves, headaches are less frequent.

Try it! Each cake of *Fleischmann's Yeast*, you know, is rich in vitamins B, G and D. Send for booklet. Standard Brands Limited, Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, P.Q.

SCIENTISTS EXPLAIN YEAST BENEFITS:

PROFESSOR DR. CHERUBINI, of the University of Rome, explains: "Yeast brings about better elimination and assimilation of food."

DOCTOR BERCZELLER, Austria's great nutrition scientist, says: "Science recognizes the value of yeast as a food for correcting constipation."



(Right) Why not try it? Ask for *Fleischmann's Yeast*. At grocers, restaurants, drug stores and soda fountains.



(Left) "My system felt sluggish," writes Gordon Casey, of Winnipeg, Man. "Pimples started to break out on my face and chin. I spent a long time worrying about what to do for myself. One day, a friend suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. I started taking 3 cakes a day. My skin cleared up almost immediately. I pitched into my work with new enthusiasm. I haven't had a bit of trouble since."

(LEFT)

When intestines are sluggish, food wastes stagnate and poison the whole system, doctors find. Eating fresh yeast keeps this vital region *clean*—tones up your entire body.

(LEFT)

Just eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day, before or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in a third of a glass of water (hot or cold) or any other way you like.

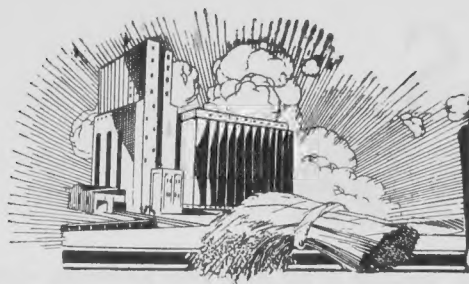


"I lost weight . . . my complexion was sallow . . . I was also troubled with constipation," writes Wilma Carmichael, of Montreal, P.Q. "My mother advised me to take Fleischmann's Yeast. My complexion cleared, I was able to resume my dancing again."

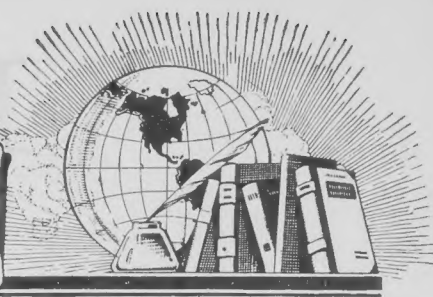


Buy Made-in-Canada Goods

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh yeast . . . the only kind that benefits you fully. Eat three cakes every day!



EDITORIAL



VOLUME XXXII

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 5

Vandalism of Youths

IN AN interview, Judge Hamilton of the Juvenile Court, Winnipeg, gives as the reason for criminality of young offenders—lack of home-training and lack of opportunity for recreation. He was evidently not considering sub-normal individuals when he made the statement.

Undoubtedly, many parents are not able to manage their children, and this for two outstanding reasons. The first is that they themselves do not know the meaning of right behavior. They steal and teach the children to steal; they have no respect for law and order; they have no regard for community welfare. Naturally, the children follow their example, with this change, that they add the indiscretions of youth. The second reason is that many homes are so unattractive, so ill-equipped with provision for entertainment, that the boys and girls go out on the street to seek diversion. At first, perhaps, they are not destructive and wanton; they simply seek to satisfy the youthful longing for adventure and companionship; but as they grow older and become aware of their powers, they seek to outdo one another in deviltry. They may indeed, because of their untrained or biased judgments, wish to express a feeling of resentment against all people who are a little more fortunate than themselves in the possession of worldly goods. It is easy enough for silly juvenile pranks to lead over into acts of vandalism such as Judge Hamilton had in mind.

The remedy is not always simple, but three or four suggestions that have been made are worthy of consideration. Obviously, the first thing to be desired is wholesome home life. This is in some measure but not altogether independent of wealth. Where people are in dire distress, it is not easy to be satisfied, particularly if neighbors are in comfortable circumstances or living in affluence. More important than wealth, is parental ability to minister to the physical and psychical needs of the children. A country that is not ready to prevent marriage of those who are mentally unsound, will not be expected to demand some proof of ability to rear children from those who seek to enter upon family life; but it might well make provision for giving instruction to young parents, so that they will avoid mistakes that lead to the disasters in the lives of their boys and girls.

Then because many homes are unfurnished, and there is no room and no provision for recreation, it should be the care of every community to provide amusement centres, libraries, playgrounds for boys and girls. In the end it is very much cheaper to make provision of this kind than to pay in later years the cost of neglect. It is no testimony to the wisdom of the men who plan cities and towns that they do not provide squares in which the children may play and amusement centres where, under proper supervision, they may meet.

Some of these youths who are now causing trouble would have been fine enough characters had they received kindly, intelligent direction during early adolescence. The schools with their classes of fifty can give only general supervision. They cannot touch the life after school and this is where the chief trouble arises. The day will come when communities will find that it pays to support rather than deride the big brother movement. Judge Hamilton could well have told of the organization acting under his own supervision. It is so successful that it has transformed the life of a community.

It was said by one of the mothers that her boy was never in trouble when he had something to do. That is just the point. The unemployment problem reaches growing boys and girls as well as parents. They need not have lucrative employment but they cannot be idle. Between fifteen and eighteen years of age what are they to do if they have no play, no work? The school is a blessed institution if for no other reason than that it regulates life, but what regulation is there when school days are over and there is no occupation in sight?

Apparently, there is not one calling or occupation in Canada, United States, Great Britain, Germany or Australia, that is not over-crowded, and the hopes of young people leaving schools are not very bright. Even were the ordinary high schools or universities paralleled by vocational schools of all kinds, that would not avail unless there were vocations people might enter.

So at the root of much of our trouble is this evil of unemployment. There seems to be no single remedy, though there is one that will cover many cases. People who are unemployed or who are working without hope of payment are not slow to suggest a way of deliverance. People with wealth do not like the suggestion, but if it is not right a better solution should be offered. So far wealth has offered no solution.

In the meantime what about the young offenders who are given to vandalism because they have nothing to do? Naturally, we must condemn the practices that are so shocking. Let us not forget to condemn ourselves for permitting conditions which make it so easy for young people to live a life of crime.

It is not to be imagined from this that vandalism and robbery are general with young people. Those whose actions led to this whole discussion were found to be sub-normal, and this fact leads the way to another serious problem.

Farming and Labor

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY does not pretend to be an authority on economic problems. It does not know anybody who can be accepted as an authority. What is to one writer a solution is to another foolishness. Possibly there is a value in having each person present the problem in his own way. An old writer once said that the only way to progress is "the reconciliation of opposites." It was interesting, therefore, to receive this week a letter from a Saskatchewan farmer in which he deplores the condition of agriculture, and in which he attempts to give the cause of present trouble and to suggest a way of escape. The Western Home Monthly is not for a moment either endorsing or belittling his view, but believes it will do no harm to have his thought placed side by side with others that are being advanced so freely today. There will be many who cannot accept his conclusions. Because of the length of his letter it is possible to give only the main argument.

The farmer's chief trouble is the cost of commodities. An illustration is lumber. It is now one hundred per cent higher than it was twenty-five years ago. Another illustration is coal. It costs two dollars a ton more than it did fifteen years ago. In these fifteen years a farmer pays \$1,000 more than he should when interest is taken into account. Other items than lumber and coal might have been selected. The showing would have been the same.

Fundamentally, the high price of commodities is the price paid to labor. Sometimes the wages are five times as high as twenty years ago. There is no corresponding increase for the man on the farm. Apparently there are four main classes of people on earth—the financial leaders, the manufacturers, the trades-union workers and the great farming classes. The financial leaders do not worry about high wages because the higher the payments to workers the easier it is to lend money at high rates; the manufacturers having to pay more in wages become more speculative and charge higher prices, and in the end the people who suffer are the purchasers who have no increase in income but who must sell for what they can get in world markets where cheaper labor abounds. As for labor itself, there is nothing to be gained from higher wages, if commodity costs mount in the same proportion. The only effect of increase is to penalize the man who can command no increase for the results of his labor, namely, the farmer who must depend chiefly upon the world market rather than upon local bargaining.

It follows that the cure for farming distress is a return to the labor schedules of twenty-five years ago, a similar return to commodity prices of that time. Only in that way can the farmer have a chance to survive.

In other words the argument is that there is no longer fundamentally any great difference in the aims of capital and labor. The money lender, the manufacturer and labor can easily agree upon the basis of higher wages, greater output, higher prices, but the man on the farm is in the end the sufferer.

Clearly this argument side-tracks for the time such questions as cost of transportation, tariffs, the development of machinery, mass-production, use of water-power and the like, but it is a clear enough view from one angle. We apologize to Mr. Danforth for presenting his case in brief form.

Forward Canada!

It has frequently been said that Canada, because of her many advantages, would be one of the first of the nations to recover from the general depression. Responsible persons in the Dominion are now of the opinion that the time has come for a united effort on the part of all forward-looking Canadians to set in motion the great potential energy which is only waiting to be released, and which, instead of "waiting until times are better," will *make times better*—in a great tidal wave of buying and selling that will set the business world on its feet again, restore confidence in our ability as a nation to "carry on," and make adequate preparation *today* for the brighter *tomorrow* that is just over the horizon.

A strong committee, representative of the industrial, financial and intellectual leaders of the nation, is inaugurating a great *Canada Forward* movement in which all branches of industry are joining. One of the pioneers in this campaign, General Motors of Canada Limited, has identified itself with this project by supplementing its usual newspaper and magazine advertising with a weekly nation-wide radio broadcast, featuring "Canada on Parade," unique in its total lack of advertising, apart from the announcement of sponsorship. Mr. H. A. Brown, Vice-President and General Manager of the company, expresses the sentiment behind the new movement in these words:

"The Dominion of Canada entered the era of depression with the signals set at 'full speed ahead,' and we hope to emerge from it the same way."

3,900,000 Subscribers Can't be Wrong

Reports have appeared in the daily press recently that second class postal rates are likely to be doubled to increase the revenue of the Postal Department. The many handicaps with which the Canadian magazine publisher has been faced in competition with incoming foreign periodicals could hardly justify such a pronouncement in the best interests of a continued upbuilding of our national spirit. Canadian magazines today compare favorably in editorial set-up with that of incoming periodicals. This has been achieved only through the unselfish way in which the Canadian magazine publisher has re-invested his earned revenue in yet better editorial contents. An increase in postage at this present time of depressed business conditions, which are reflected in a great shrinkage of advertising lineage, would mean that the Canadian magazine-reading home cannot possibly be offered the calibre of stories and articles that it has been receiving in the past. A reduction in a magazine's only source of revenue and an increase in its overhead must be reflected in a considerable curtailment of the editorial contents of the magazine. This is the last thing that is desired by reader, publisher and the Government alike. It must be evident that the very modest amount which can at best be realized by the Postal Department through an increase in second class postal rates would offer no comparison with the necessary recision in the makeup of the Canadian magazine generally.

DELUSIONS

By Lady Hay Drummond-Hay

DELUSIONS! How we do cling to them in this uncompromising Age! We are more fatuous than the pre-war adult generation, with our futile self-deceptions about almost everything, from Disarmament to the soul-strengthening properties of Expressionism, and our false perspective of Things That Matter, against the sombre twilight of the old gods.

Conjuring the Romance that never was, the Ideal that never will be, we delude ourselves that "As you were" would step us back into a chimerical Utopia, and that "Forward March" is due to bring us blindly to some controlled, doled and mechanized Paradise. We are floundering in Delusion, ambushed in peril as no generation before, too blind, too apathetic, too spiritually anæmic to haul ourselves out and look around. Unless we get a grip on our meandering imaginations, Providence will stage another War for our spiritual salvation. It is a delusion, alas! that only Peace is progressive. It is a delusion to call the War a "tragedy." War is ghastly, but realistic; barbarous, but vitalizing; destructive, but emancipating. The World War killed its millions, but released tens of millions from the bondage of prejudice and stifling tradition. Wars have brought more human freedom, mental and spiritual, than ever has Peace. A pity that it should have to be so. The inescapable fact that mankind only learns through suffering argues strongly for the theory of eternal progress of the Soul.

Having mourned our dead, exalted the ideal for which they died, honored the sacrifice, it would be unnatural, hypocritical even, not to examine, with gratitude and optimism, their legacy of a New Era. Women, popularly regarded together with children, as the "innocent victims" have certainly been the most immediate and greatest beneficiaries of this last War, instrumental in giving hundreds of thousands a measure of freedom that twenty-five or even fifty years of Peace might not have brought. In England and Germany war levelled strongholds of conservatism and prejudice. In Turkey and the Near East, it razed harem walls. Revolution and Civil Wars have brought progress and emancipation to legions of Chinese women, unbound their feet, ended their slavery. Then again, only through near-revolt and bloodshed in India have the suffocating veils of Purdah, and crushing bars of the Zenana been torn away for woman's good. Delusions there are of War and in war-time. Not the least of the former being the world war tales of atrocities, which proved how the sanest people can be infected with delusions. It was an American delusion that America went into the war to "make the world safe for Democracy." It was a world delusion that prosperity and brotherhood would follow Peace.

Atheist Russia, whose name is anathema in many circles, is one of the greatest beneficiaries of the War. It is dangerous delusion to make light of the tremendous spiritual force of that dynamic drive from the iron Kremlin. The mystery of her fierce, vital intensity surpasses all understanding. We know that Russia owns the most up-to-date air force in the world today, possesses incomparable aircraft, inestimable ambitions, and almost unlimited man-power.

We know the day is upon us when Germany's demand for Revision must be heard, or she will join this Soviet Russia. We know that France is fortifying, arming and hoarding gold. That the Polish

Corridor represents a danger-factor to all Europe. That Central Europe itself is seething with potential revolution. We know that over-populated Italy demands, intends to find, an outlet for her millions, and aims at domination of the Mediterranean. We know that the Balkan pawns are provocative pieces. We must foresee the inevitable in India, must reckon with the wakening of China's 500,000,000 to national consciousness, with the bursting of Japan's territorial limits and emigration restrictions. We must reckon with the menace of her emptiness to Australia as a "White Continent"—the revelation of America's economic vulnerability. It is no good deceiving ourselves,

or allowing Government or Press to deceive us upon such issues. There is no room for delusions here.

ONE inevitably asks, however, what it has profited the Allies to gain the whole war, subsequently to risk losing their souls in apathy and defeatism.

Britain has never properly pulled herself together since the War. No great leader has arisen from the chaos, no inspiration from the people. We have been deluding ourselves for nearly thirteen years that "better times are coming." How should they come—

or why—without intelligent planning and effort on the part of anticipative beneficiaries? What have we been doing to deserve them? Muddled through more than a decade, from depression, pessimism to defeatism. Agreed to the ever-increasing cost of expanding Bureaucracy, submitted to inefficient public services. Watched quiescent unemployment grow and doles multiply unchecked. Allowed our foreign trade to diminish alarmingly. Fatalistically deplored the loosening bonds of Empire, waning prestige in the East, lack of stability in the nation's social life, insularity and superficiality in the daily Press, and lukewarm influence of the Church. Is this Victory? What a Delusion! What greater delusions than Election promises?

It is the delusion of Republicans that only in republics can people be free and happy. Of monarchists, that exiled Monarchs will one day be romantically recalled, and dispossessed Princes come into "their own" again. The vast majority of citizens of the United States Republic are firmly convinced that theirs is the freest country on earth, whereas it is a land of unmellowed codes, with Laws untempered by tradition and usage. America is not free. That idea, and Prohibition, are two of the biggest delusions of the century.

It is doubtful whether Man, with his limitations, unless here and there one of extraordinary character, could be stripped of all illusions and delusions, and still seem human to us. He would appear cold, hard, insensible to suffering. Men like Julius Cæsar, Hannibal, Alexander the Great, Napoleon, may have believed that they had no illusions, but in the end fell victim to one or more.

IT IS a common delusion of all those in power to believe that by Edict they can set back, or halt, the hands of Time and Progress. Evolution, divine and intangible secret of Infinity, can never be stilled. Today is moribund with the dawn, dying in seconds. Nothing short of devastating cataclysm can stem the tide of human advance and experiment. Easier, therefore, is the task—as difficult as it may be—of a Mussolini, a Kemal Pasha, a Stalin, to force disconcerting progress upon a people, than that of the Pope to im-

pose the demands of his New Year Encyclical upon a generation first thrust into unprecedented responsibility following the War, then forced into self-reliance, independent thinking, faced with unsound economic conditions, desperately alive to the new perspective.

I do not think it would be disrespectful to surmise that the Pope hopes for more results carried out in the spirit of his Encyclical than for its fulfilment to the letter. His intelligence is hardly to be deluded into believing that the present generation can unlearn its bitter experiences or retreat mentally several decades, as much as his heart may long for the one, and his principles urge encouragement of the other.

In the case of lay rulers throughout the ages, and today, one cannot but marvel at the incongruous futility of truly great men concerning themselves with little affairs of no national import, such as women's dress, "Sunday shaves," and attempted pettifogging restrictions upon the liberties of individuals. The relation of morals and dress, sport and modesty, cosmetics and virtue has ever been one of man's greatest delusions about woman. The curtailment of Sunday public service, and such absurdities as, in England, charging extra for telegraph service on Sunday when we have more than 2,000,000 unemployed is blameworthy conservatism, to put it mildly. Sunday relief staffs from the ranks of the unemployed for certain services required by citizen and visitor alike would help to circulate money, and cheaper, not dearer Sunday telegrams would popularize the telegraph on the slackest day of the week. Many suffer under the delusion that "the Government" is some kind of inevitable, impersonal institution, and lose sight of the fact that it is but an assembly of men-off-the-street, as liable to prejudice and inertia as your own unprogressive next-door neighbor. It is a delusion that exaggerated conservatism spells stability. More often it is fear of moving to disclose a rotted core.

IF WE harbor illusions about historic personalities, despite the efforts of modern psycho-analysts to strip their disembodied souls, it assures a legacy of inspiration for the youth of each generation. But in the case of living personalities, while American tabloids and a certain section of the Continental press destroy with joy, in England we raise them to a Fleet Street Olympus or indelicately dissect to discover the wheels within wheels of genius or merely the lucky. It is rather a pity. Before the day of the penny newspaper and picture dailies, notoriety or glory was aureoled with glamor. Now it is brought close enough for all to tarnish the tinfoil, or glibly proclaim gold—gilt. The delusion of an age lies in false perspective, and these swiftly-moving times, in the absence of a tested measure for social and intellectual experiment and innovation.

That is why, too, we invent all manner of delusions about "modern youth"—as if Youth of every age had not been "modern" as the first flower of every spring. The two Christmas-time incidents both brought to the Law Courts, one in London, one in Paris, in each case involving a child disillusioned about Santa Claus by his schoolmaster, sued in consequence by the furious parent, illustrate the accepted sacredness of youth's illusions. But should we delude them—and ourselves, too—about the visionary superiority of the "good old days" when they were nothing of the sort? Bad old days more likely, insanitary, intolerant, hypocritical. It is not fair deliberately to delude the young with inverted snobbery that "money doesn't matter," when economic independence, or a nest-egg, no matter how modest, should be pointed out as a freedom and dignity worth striving after.

The biggest delusion that any adult ever launched is that "childhood's days are the happiest." The fact that I was loved and indulged does not change my view that all children are to be pitied for their dependence, their distorted sense of proportion, the agony of inarticulate speculation, and natural rebellion against discipline and restraint.

The Buddhist "Life is an Illusion," or sentiments to that effect, just about covers the field of human delusion. We claim to believe that every human being has a soul. "Twenty souls all told" is erroneously synonymous with twenty human beings, three, five or even ten of whom may [Continued on page 36]

Despair

By Donald A. Fraser

*I climbed the sky, and swept down all the stars;
I hid the Moon behind a mound of Grief;
The Sun within a well of tears; no leaf
I left on any tree, and with great scars
I gashed the flowered meads, whatever mars
The joy of sight and sound I made my chief
Abettors of Despair and Crushed Belief;
Emprisoning my Soul with brazen bars!*

*I thought that Love was dead, and God a lie,
So Hope expired, and corpse-like I lay prone!
But Lo, you came, and in your pitying eye
I saw Love live triumphant on his throne!
With Love alive, God still reigned King Supreme!
So Hope revived, and died my horrid dream!*



New Method BRUSHING LACQUER

dries in one hour

flows on easily over old or new surfaces

has no objectionable odor



Rogers New Method Brushing Lacquer is the modern answer for an easily applied and colorful finish.

No objectionable odor, and fast drying that is almost magical, are features of Rogers New Method Brushing Lacquer.

Its glorious colors are a revelation and its ease of application a real delight. It forms a beautiful coating over old and new surfaces and can be used successfully by anyone.

Rogers New Method Brushing Lacquer dries smooth and firm before flying dust can spoil its lustrous sheen.

Look around your home. You can find hosts of uses for Rogers New Method Brushing Lacquer—furniture, odd pieces, toys, lamp shades—there's no end of things to which you can add color with Rogers. It is truly the "modern" lacquer.

Rogers New Method Brushing Lacquer can be obtained at your hardware or paint store. Ask the dealer for a color card showing the full range of radiant colors.

OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ROGERS FAMILY



ROGERS AUTO POLISH

With little effort it restores that original lustre and makes your car like new again.



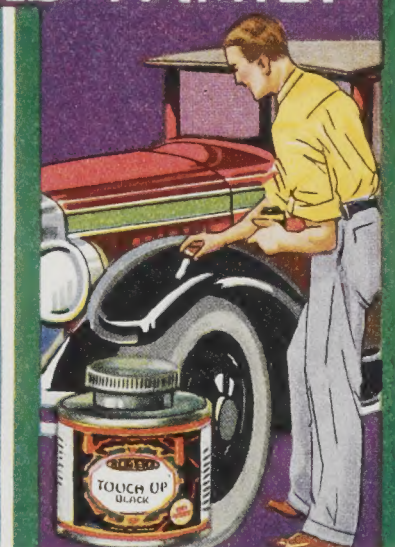
ROGERS FURNITURE POLISH

Gives a quick, lasting, beautiful lustre to all lacquer, varnish or enamel surfaces.



ROGERS TIRE PAINT

Keeps your tires looking like new and protects them from the ravages of the weather.



ROGERS "TOUCH UP" BLACK

For rust spots on the fenders, etc. A handy brush is attached to the lid.

Manufactured under license by the following Companies:

THE CANADA PAINT CO.
LIMITED

INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO. Limited

THE MARTIN-SENOUR CO.
LIMITED

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.
OF CANADA, LIMITED

I made a speech to

468 girls

and gave them

the five rules of

complexion beauty . . .



Calay has been tested and approved by 73 eminent dermatologists — no other complexion soap ever had such medical approval.

What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73

leading dermatologists who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap, which is called Calay in Canada. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval as stated in this advertisement.

Dr. Allen Pusey
M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Calay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has edited the official journal of American dermatology.)

I DON'T often go in for stump-speaking. To tell you the truth, I don't have time for it. With my magazine and newspaper writing and my talks over the radio, you may imagine I have my hands full.

But I made an exception this one time, because I'd received a letter with a special plea for help. The dean of a women's college asked me to come and help her convince her students that simple, natural beauty is the most fashionable, as well as the loveliest kind. And that it's really the easiest and simplest kind to attain and to keep.

So I packed my five rules for beauty (some of you may remember them!) into my bag along with a creamy cake of my favorite Calay. And off I went.

The 5 Rules of Beauty

Here are the rules I gave—rules every one of you should take to heart, if you want a lovely complexion:

- 1. Cleanliness**—This truly is the first and most important step in any beauty treatment. Dermatologists say so—and they are *the only* real authorities on complexion care, you know. To dermatologists, perfect cleanliness means washing with soap and water. And they say the soap is *very* important. (I'll tell you in a minute what I told the 468 girls about soap.)
- 2. Proper Diet**—eating simple foods that you like and that agree with you.
- 3. Sleep**—an average of eight hours.

4. Exercise—walking, golf, tennis, a daily dozen—anything active (this includes sweeping, don't forget that!).

5. A Happy Frame of Mind—throwing off all your little nagging worries and keeping the corners of your mouth turned up.

The first rule—cleanliness—is so important that I want all of you to remember it *particularly*. For, when I consulted 73 of the leading dermatologists practicing today, I found that these physicians prescribed a thorough cleansing with a gentle, mild soap as the very first and most important item in complexion care.

And now for the soap. These same physicians examined a chemical analysis of Calay and made exhaustive tests of Calay's effect on all the different kinds of skin. As a result, they gave Calay their unanimous approval as exactly the kind of soap they would recommend for even the most delicate complexions.

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Helen Chase

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Calay [called Camay in the United States] is made in Canada



Wade quickly gathered himself for a last move. He slipped downward suddenly, shot one bare arm around Ball's thigh; then, by a great effort, he rose with the giant and overthrew him.

The Moreland Complex

By Hapsburg Liebe

Illustrated by R. G. Herbert

FIRST INSTALMENT

BEFORE the north-bound accommodation train had put many miles between itself and the state capital, young Carlyle Wilburton Wade had formed a number of resolutions. Other men had faced big odds and won, and what others had done he could do.

Indeed he had already done several things which other men might not have thought of doing. And one of these was cutting loose entirely from the life which, until now, he had always led. But which he felt had led him nowhere.

He had done it abruptly, so abruptly, indeed, that he had left a bride, not only figuratively but literally, at the altar. This would cut him off for all time from his "set"—how he hated the word! But he really felt very little remorse in regard to Patricia. He considered that, actually, she didn't want to marry him any more than he wanted to marry her. They were going to be married because that was the way things were done in the life they lived, and he thought that for that life he was a colossal misfit—his own expression. Now he was through, and whatever might be the outcome, he was glad of it. And he was going to try to win out in a different life.

His thoughts quite naturally turned to coal. He had heard coal talked since the days of his childhood, farther back than he could remember; to him coal and business were synonymous.

Virginia, West Virginia, and Tennessee; these he knew were coal states. He began to think backward. One of his father's business associates had often spoken of a fine, big vein in the mountains of Eastern Tennessee—had often tried to persuade his father to look into it, to no avail. He remembered that this

vein lay not far from a long railroad siding, known as the Halfway Switch, in the vicinity of Big Pine Mountain. The owners were mountain folk of English descent, his father's associate had said, and they had been in possession of it for twenty years or more. Decidedly strange, thought Wade, that his father had never cared to investigate it.

His train reached the long siding about the middle of the next day. He alighted and soon found himself standing alone in the heart of an extremely wild section of country. It was beautiful country. Great and rugged; forest-covered green hills reared their heads on all sides. Everything about this part of the world seemed glad to be alive, and Wade caught the spirit and stretched out his arms to limber up a bit.

Then he saw he was being closely watched by the biggest, clearest pair of brown eyes he had ever seen. He saw her eyes first—he always remembered that. She was standing on a low cliff beyond the creek that ran beside the railroad, and she was partially hidden by a clump of blooming laurel. He imagined she was about twenty; then he noticed her graceful figure and thick chestnut-brown hair. She was rarely beautiful, in spite of the tan, and she was barefooted.

Wade removed his hat and called out boldly.

"Anywhere near here that I can put up?"

The young woman looked at him, her eyes never leaving his face.

"Put up what?" she asked, revealing two rows of perfect teeth.

"I mean stop—er, stay for a few days, you know," explained Wade.

"The' might be," she answered thoughtfully.

"Where?"

"At pap's, or grandpap's, or with most any of my people; or," she added with a contemptuous twist of her lips, "you might stay with some o' them low down Morelands."

"Where do your people live?"

"About six miles back that way." She pointed over her shoulder.

"Am I to understand that you walked this far this morning?" Carlyle asked.

"Yes," answered the young woman.

"It must be something important."

"Yes," she replied, "to see the trains pass, for one thing."

He faced to the right and saw, coming toward him, with steps that would have measured about four feet, the tallest and lankiest individual he had ever beheld outside a circus.

The girl nodded toward him.

"By will show ye the way; he's goin' over to the settlement."

"By' who?" Wade asked.

"By Heck," said the young woman. "His name's Sam Heck, but pap called him 'By Heck' one day, and the name stuck. He's the biggest eater and the biggest liar in the world, I do reckon! But nobody keers—so he don't do no harm."

*"The Morelands live on this side o' the river
and the Littlefords live on t'other,"
drawled Heck.*



She laughed a little, turned and disappeared among the blossoming laurels.

The man By Heck wore the clothing of a poor hill man. His hat, which had once been a huge black sombrero, was lacking half a crown; his suspenders were bright red over a dark flannel shirt, and his boots seemed ridiculously short because of the great length of his slender legs.

He stopped some three yards from Wade and deliberately took an eye measurement of him.

Wade didn't like the stare—to him it was impudent. "Well, what's the verdict?" he asked sharply.

"Spoke like a man," drawled By Heck. "I reckon you must be atter coal. Now, hain't ye?"

"How did you reach that conclusion?"

"Jest plain hoss-sense. Used to be lots of 'em come up here for that, but lately the' hain't been hardly none. The Morelands they own the coal in David Moreland's Mountain, and they won't sell it for no 'mount o' money. They live over in the settlement, them and the Littlefords. The Doe River runs atween them."

"I want you to show me the settlement," said Wade.

"May I ax what might be yore name, mister?"

"Bill Wade," was the quick answer, for he had already decided that Carlyle Wilburton was no proper title for himself in his new venture. "Bill Wade. Who is the girl I was talking with when you came up?"

"Who? Her? That's old Ben Littleford's girl. Her name's Babe. That's what they call her. She's got another name, but it hain't been used for so danged long 'at it's been forgot, I reckon. I guess mother'd know her name, a seein' 'at she knows

everything else. Mother's the settlement fortune teller, and I'm the settlement's whisky maker. Dang my picture, if I can't make twenty-year-old yaller cawn whisky in a day and a half. But we'd better light out for the settlement if we want to get there in time for dinner. Le's me and you be a goin', Bill."

After an hour's traveling they stood on the crest of David Moreland's Mountain.

"The Morelands live on this side o' the river and the Littlefords live on t'other," drawled Heck. "They don't have nothin' to do with each other. They hain't been friends for a long time."

"We'll go to Moreland's," said Carlyle.

"All right." And the mountaineer took up his rifle. "Now let me give ye a word or two of warnin'," he continued seriously. "Don't ye offer to pay John Moreland for eatin' his grub, or sleepin' in his bed, nor chewin' his tobacco. Ef you do, yore goose will shore be cooked. But if ye was to brag on the vittles a little it wouldn't do a dawg-gone bit of damage. Understand, Bill?"

Wade nodded, and they began the descent.

JOHN MORELAND sat on the front porch of his oak log house. When the moonshiner and his companion reached the split-paling gate the man rose and pushed his hat from his forehead.

"Good mornin'!" he called out cordially. "Who's that ye've got with ye, By?"

"Friend o' mine," grinned Heck. "He wants to stay with ye fo' a few days, John."

"Shore, and welcome," replied Moreland. "We hain't got nothin' much."

"I'm not hard to please," Wade assured his prospective host.

The man from the city offered his hand.

"My name," he said, "is Carlyle—" He got no further. John Moreland flung the hand from him as though it were a thing of unspeakable contamination. His bearded face went deadly white with a whiteness of old and bitter hatred. His fists clenched, and every muscle in his big body trembled.

"Carlyle," he repeated in a tense growl. "You say your name is Carlyle?"

"Yes," wonderingly. "What's the matter, man?"

"Do you come from West Virginny?"

Wade shook his head.

"No," he answered; "Tennessee, and my name is Carlyle Wilburton Wade—Bill Wade!"

"That's different," and the mountaineer's countenance became lighter. "This man I'm thinkin' about, he come from West Virginny. I hope you won't hold nothin' again' me for actin' up that way. You'll know how I felt when I tell you about it."

The he began, and his voice seemed to be filled with an old, old sorrow.

"You came over a mountain to git here—remember? That is knowed as David Moreland's Mountain, an' David Moreland is sleeping the long, last sleep on the very highest place o' the top of it. We was always close, David and I—where he'd go, I'd be somewhere near—up until the time he was married. He was about yore size, and gray-eyed, like you, and he had brown hair, like you; in fact, when I first saw you, you reminded me of him the day he was married. Then David come up here one summer and found this vein of coal, an' when he took lawful possession o' the mountain they come up to stay, he and his wife. The rest of us lived over in Laurel Fork County.

"Then I got a letter from him a sayin' that a man named John K. Carlyle was a goin' to buy this mountain, an' that his wife was powerful sick. A week later she died, an' left a baby, which died too, accordin' to an old Injun by the name of Cherokee Joe, who knowed my pap and knowed David. An' a month later we was dragged from our beds by this same Cherokee Joe tellin' us that Carlyle had shot David in a drunken fight. He had seen him through a window.

"It was night 'nigh three days later that we got here an' found pore David a layin' whar he'd fell. We scoured the mountains miles about for the dog who killed him, but we never found him. The land up here looked purty, an' it belonged to us by David's death, so we all moved up here to live, and built us cabins.

"Major Bradley found out about the end of my brother, an' he wanted us to put the case in the hands of the law, but we wouldn't do it. A Moreland never goes to law about anything. He pays his own debts and collects what is his due—"

John Moreland rose and paced the porch floor, which creaked under his weight. He stopped before Wade and went on sadly.

"You'll know why I was so tore up when I heered your name. John K. Carlyle killed the best man that ever lived, and we never had the conscience to sell the coal at the price of Brother David's life."

Moreland's guest gave no sign that he had heard anything out of the ordinary, but in some odd persistent way his mind seemed to connect his father with the story he had just heard.

The big man's voice interrupted his thinking—

"Addie, she's a goin' to have dinner ready purty soon. Would ye like to wash, Mr. Wade?"

"Yes," was the answer, "I'd like to wash."

WADE found the humble cabin of his mountaineer host a home in the fullest sense of the word. The utter honesty and simplicity of it, and the absence of everything that was not necessary, gave it a certain great charm.

Wade met Mrs. Moreland and the sons of the household at the noonday meal. Mrs. Moreland was exactly what he had expected to find her—quiet, motherly, always smiling, as straight and real as her husband. The sons, Caleb and Luke, were as much alike as the fingers of your hands. They were tall and broad-shouldered, gray-eyed and brown-haired.

The midday meal was all that By Heck had said it would be, and something more. It represented the very best that the country afforded. If the true mountaineer is anything, he is hospitable; there is nothing quite good enough for the stranger within his gates. Wade believed that he was hungrier than he had ever been before, and he enjoyed the meal immensely. He remembered Heck's suggestion, and complimented Mrs. Moreland on her culinary prowess.

Mrs. Moreland was so pleased that a pink spot came to either of her faded cheeks.

"Ef you want to tickle a good woman might' nigh

to death," laughed her husband, himself delighted, "jest say something nice about her cooking. It never fails."

Before sundown Wade had become acquainted with the rest of the Morelands. He liked them, everyone. He was at the cabin of the host's gray old father and mother for a long time. Grandpaw Moreland proudly showed him a long-barreled Lancaster rifle whose stock was marked with many notches, which recorded many victories over many black bruins.

When supper was over John Moreland lighted the big glass lamp in the best room, and the family and their guest gathered there to spend the evening. Then the lanky moonshiner and his mother came.

Granny Heck had the sharp features and the stooped, thin figure of a witch; she wore a faded blue bandana about her white head and she carried a long hickory staff; there was a reed-stemmed clay pipe in her mouth, and her dark calico skirt had a tobacco pocket in it.

Her son preceded her into the room. He walked to the centre table, faced about, and said with a low and airy sweep of his right hand:

"Bill, old boy, this here's maw. Maw, she can tell fortunes."

Wade rose and shook hands with the old creature.

"So this here," creaked Granny Heck, looking over the brass rims of her spectacles, "is Mr. Bill! Well, well! I had a uncle named Bill, an' he could jump a nine-rail fence—he done it on his fiftieth birthday, an' won a gallon o' applejack an' a coonhide. It's shore a fine name. I jest thought to myself 'at I'd come up and see ye, Mr. Bill, and tell yore fortune."

She dropped into the rocker that Caleb had placed for her.

"Addie," she said to the smiling Mrs. Moreland, "will ye bring me a cup half full of coffee grounds?"

When the cup came the fortune teller took it and shook it and patted it, all the while muttering mysterious words that she had learned from the Indian, Cherokee Joe, and they served her purpose very well. Then she moved a trifle nearer the lamp and began to look intently into the cup.

"I see," she murmured sepulchraly, "a powerful good lookin' gurl in a blue and white caliker dress, with brown hair a hangin' away down her back. A barefooted gurl, with big, purty eyes. She's standing

on a low cliff, a lookin' at you, Mr. Bill—this is in the past—

"In the future," she went on slowly, "I see a big man, a awful big man, with black hair and a curly black beard, and with eyes like a cliffhawk's. And I see you, too, Mr. Bill. And I see a fight. Lord, ha' mercy—what a fight! But you'll marry the gurl, Mr. Bill."

Wade laughed. The old woman had described Babe Littleford. But who was the big "dark" man? Some fellow who had lost his heart to the mountain girl—perhaps.

When they had gone, John Moreland leaned forward and touched his guest on the knee.

"That big man mentioned in the tellin' of your fortune," he said, "might have been Black Adam Ball. Now, y' understand, I don't believe in fortune tellin', but Granny Heck is a durn good guesser, and she hits it a lot o' times. Black Adam Ball lives a few miles up the river. He's as big as a skinned hoss, and plumb ungodly strong. He's been beggin' Babe Littleford to marry him for sev'ral years but she won't listen to him. He's the meanest man on earth, but it hain't likely that you'll have trouble with him unless you make love to Babe, and that hain't likely, either."

"But Babe, she's the best one of the Littlefords," declared Luke.

John Moreland frowned.

"The' ain't none of 'em fitten timber for arch-angels," he said, and reached for the leather bound old family Bible. He opened the book at random.

"It's about time we was gettin' some rest," he said.

"We'll go to bed just as soon as we have pra'rs, Mr. Wade. This part of yore visit, I'm shore, will seem like home to ye."

Wade made no reply.

When half a chapter from St. Matthew had been laboriously and reverently read, the Morelands knelt at their chairs, and so did Bill Wade. John Moreland's prayer was very simple, and very earnest, and it had in it much more of thanksgiving than of supplication. And a part of it certainly was uncommon—

"Bless the stranger here with us tonight, and all o' our kin-folks, and all o' our friends and our enemies, the Littleford—specially the Littlefords. Aymen!"

Wade was deeply impressed. He heard Mrs. Moreland dimly when she told him to let her know—she would hear him if he called—if there wasn't enough cover on his bed. Then he found himself alone with John Moreland.

He stepped forward and put his hand on the mountaineer's shoulder.

"How a man can go down on his knees and pray for his enemies," smiled Wade, "is entirely beyond me. Do you really mean it?"

"I try to," Moreland said quickly. "In doin' that, I go Ben Littleford one better. He asks the blessin' for the stranger beneath his roof, but not for his enemies, the Morelands. Yes, I try mighty hard to mean it—"

"And the other enemy," murmured Wade—and he wondered why that should bother him so much, why he felt that vague responsibility about it—"the man that killed your brother David—?"

"I don't never pray for him," interrupted the mountaineer, going a little pale. "I hain't that perfect. A man don't get so good that he asks the Lord to bless the devil, or the rattlesnake in the laurels, or the copperhead 'at waits under a bush aside the trail for the passin' of a barelegged child."

The younger man seemed to wince, but Moreland did not notice it.

"I hope you'll have a fine rest, Mr. Wade. Good night to you!"

Wade removed his shoes and outer clothing, blew out the light and went to bed.

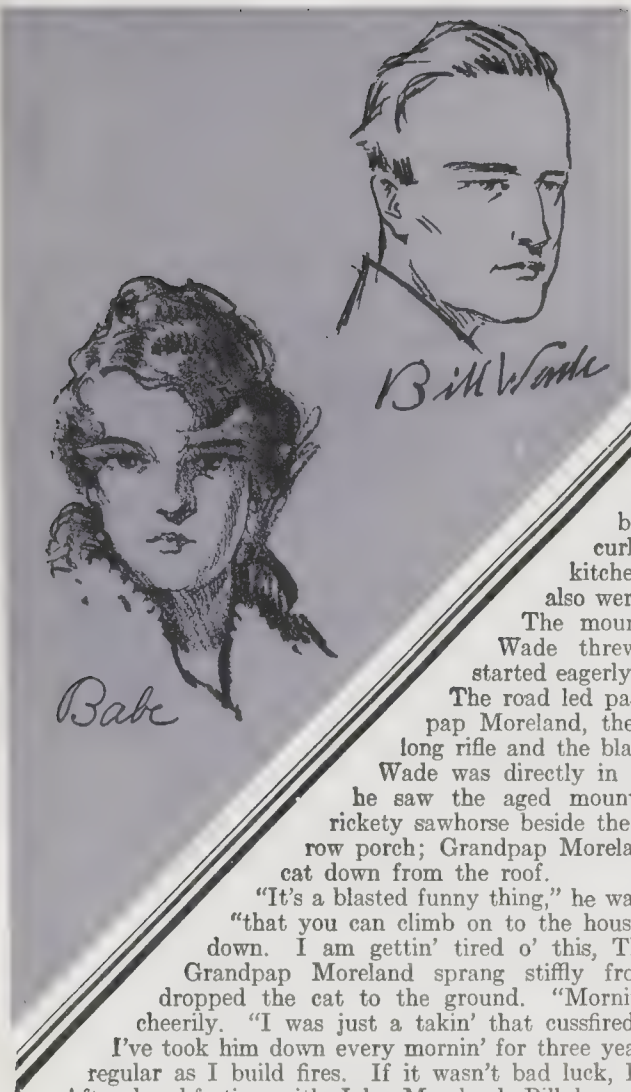
For a long time he lay awake, warm and comfortable under the patch-work quilts, and stared through a little window toward a bright star that burned like a beacon fire above the pine-fringed crest of David Moreland's Mountain.

He thought he understood now why his father turned a greenish gray when anyone mentioned Moreland's Mountain—he understood why he had refused to investigate the vein. Yet for all his strange foreboding he was at a loss to account for the use of his own given name instead of Wade.

Then he thought of the mountain folk. He had hated the artificialities of his old life so much that he put a full value on the honest, simple, real existence of these people.



The old enmity was for the time being forgotten. Members of one clan rubbed elbows with members of the other clan, and thought nothing of it. John Moreland himself carried one end of the crude litter that held the limp figure of Babe Littleford.



Looking toward the mountain, he spoke as though he were talking to David Moreland himself: "I'll see it through for you, old man. This shall be my country!"

WADE awoke a little after daybreak, rose and dressed himself and went out by the door beside the huge stone and clay chimney. A thin stream of blue smoke was already curling upward from the kitchen fire; the Morelands also were up.

The mountain air was bracing. Wade threw out his chest and started eagerly for a walk.

The road led past the cabin of Grandpap Moreland, the old man of the very long rifle and the black bear stories. When Wade was directly in front of the log house he saw the aged mountaineer standing on a rickety sawhorse beside the stone step at the narrow porch; Grandpap Moreland was helping a gray cat down from the roof.

"It's a blasted funny thing," he was saying complainingly, "that you can climb on to the house, and you can't climb down. I am gettin' tired o' this, Thomas, shore enough."

Grandpap Moreland sprang stiffly from the sawhorse and dropped the cat to the ground. "Mornin'!" he greeted Wade cheerily. "I was just a takin' that cussfired old pest off the roof."

I've took him down every mornin' for three years or more. I do it as regular as I build fires. If it wasn't bad luck, I'd shoot him, maybe." After breakfasting with John Moreland, Bill borrowed fishing tackle and a minnow bucket from his host and started toward the little river. Where the brook from Moreland's spring emptied into the river he stopped and caught ten sizable blackback minnows, then he started down the bigger stream to look for a promising pool.

There were many shoals and rapids, and he went almost half a mile before he found a place to his liking. It was a beautiful spot. Above, the water poured between two great boulders with a gentle roar; below it shallowed out over round stones.

Not until he put a wiggling minnow on the hook and cast it forth did he see that he was not alone at the pool. On the other side, less than sixty feet away, Babe Littleford sat on a stone the size of a small barrel. Her bare feet were in the water to her ankles, and she held a slender cane fishing rod in her sunburned hands. She was looking squarely toward Wade, and there was something like reproachful anger in her long, brown eyes.

"Good morning!" called Wade, lifting his soft hat with one hand and letting the tip of his sourwood rod fall in with the other.

There was no reply. Her eyes widened a little and she appeared to be looking at him more squarely.

Wade wanted to know more about her. She seemed so wild and superb—so freshly beautiful. He wound his line around a small tree and crossed over the stream by means of a fallen sycamore to where she was sitting.

She didn't even look around when he repeated his greeting. Her silence struck him funny.

"I say," he told her; "you're about as chatty as a set of stencils. You mustn't talk so much y'know."

"Y'know, I'm a little mad at you," she declared. "I went home yesterday, and I think I run the whole six miles to fix up a dinna' for you, and you went to that lowdown Moreland's."

"I beg your pardon," he said contritely; "didn't know that you were especially expecting me. I had business with John Moreland."

There was a flutter and a swish, and a fine black bass came flouncing into the bed of violets.

"It's a dandy, isn't it?" he exclaimed. Babe put her catch on a forked switch, baited her hook, and threw it out again. Just then there appeared on the Moreland's side of the river the tall and lanky Sam Heck. He had a minnow bucket in one hand and a white hickory rod in the other.

"Hi, thar, Bill, old boy!" he shouted. "Hi, thar, Babe! Either o' ye ketched anything?"

Wade shook his head. Babe held up her fish proudly. At that instant John Moreland appeared at Heck's side. He seemed very serious about something.

"Bill Wade," he called, "come over here." Wondering, Wade put down his rod and turned to obey. In a moment he stood before John Moreland.

"I just wanted to tell ye"—and the mountaineer almost closed one alert gray eye—"at you're purty sure to get into trouble over there."

"I'm an able-bodied man," Wade returned smilingly.

"I know that," frowned the big man, "but you hain't used to durn hard fightin'."

Not used to hard fighting? Wade had always been hot headed and quick to resort to blows thereby greatly differing from most of the men of his set—and just now he thought of the time he had whipped a heavyweight pugilist.

Moreland jerked one thumb toward the other side of the stream. Wade

turned around and saw, standing besides Babe Littleford, a most formidable man. He had the height and breadth, almost, of a Goliath; he was black-eyed and black-haired, with a thick, short beard that curled like the hair between a black bull's horns.

One of his great arms suddenly straightened toward Wade, and a voice as gruff as the growl of a bear said hotly:

"What was you a doin' here talkin' to my gurl?"

Babe Littleford looked angry. Wade flushed, and then went pale.

"I have fallen into the habit of talking with whom I please," he said evenly.

"Spoke like a man," drawled the lanky Heck in a low tone.

Goliath of the hills stared unbelievably. Wade said in an undertone to John Moreland:

"Is it that Ball fellow?"

"Yes," answered Moreland; "it's Black Adam Ball."

Ball slowly clenched his huge, hairy hands, and his bearded jaw crept out aggressively.

"I dare ye to come over here, ye pink coward!" he challenged.

"If you have any business with me, come over here and transact it," Wade retorted. "I won't run."

"That's Moreland territory," objected Ball, "but I'll meet ye half-way, and I dare ye to take me up."

Wade threw off his coat, rolled up the sleeves of his soft shirt, and waded into the pool. At the half-way point the water was up to his waist.

Ball again stared unbelievably. He wasn't accustomed to having his challenges thus accepted. He threw down his hat and rifle and went to meet the stranger.

It was to be one hundred and eighty pounds of gymnasium strength against more than two hundred pounds of the sort that comes with the out-of-doors life.

Ball rushed, the clear water swirling in his wake, and led out with a powerful right. It was a blow to crush an ordinary man's chest in; but to Ball's intense surprise, it failed to land. Wade dodged it and at the same time sent a left uppercut on the bull-like jaw.

While Ball was engaged in trying to gain the advantage of a clinch, old Granny Heck made her appearance on the Moreland bank. She guessed what had gone before, and promptly launched her sympathies in a manner that pleased both her son and the watchful and silent John Moreland.

"Hit him in the stummick, Mr. Bill!" she cried over and over. "Hit him in the stummick!"

The fight drew hotter and hotter. Both landed blows frequently now. Their clothing had been torn away entirely to the belt, and their wet bodies glowed in the bright sunlight. Wade had seriously damaged his hands; they felt as though they were filled with sharp and jagged slivers of steel; but still he fought on doggedly, determinedly, desperately, minute after minute.

Those on the two banks watched it all with suppressed excitement. Even garrulous old Granny Heck was silent now. Babe Littleford stood in the edge of the water, with her hands clasped below her throat; her face was pale. John Moreland, who had witnessed many other great fights, himself a fighting man, had never before beheld such a contest of strength and skill and endurance as this; Bill Wade had won John Moreland's heart for all time to come.

Wade quickly gathered himself for a last move. He slipped downward suddenly, immersing himself completely, and shot one bare arm around Ball's thigh; then, by a great effort, he rose with the giant and overthrew him and staggered free! Then all became dark to him. He pitched forward, gasping for breath, and began to drift down the river with the vanquished Ball.

Babe Littleford was standing in the water to her knees, without regard for her calico dress. She started toward him involuntarily, to save him from drowning, but she had gone only a few yards when John Moreland and Sam Heck reached the unconscious man.

Heck dragged Adam Ball to the Littleford's bank and left him lying there face downward on the sand. Moreland half carried, half dragged Bill Wade to the other bank. Babe Littleford waded out, ran to higher ground where she hid herself behind a sassafras bush and watched them as they bore the dripping form away.

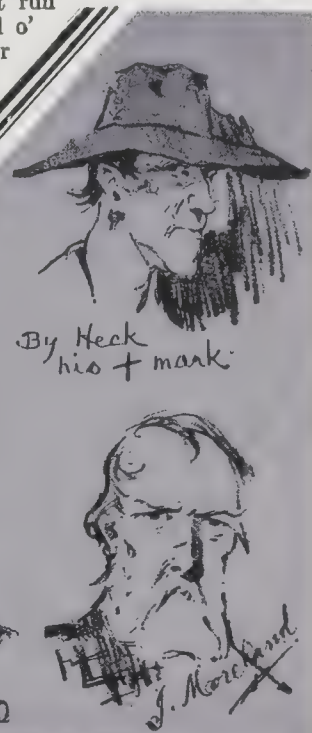
"Now, what did I tell ye, John and Sam? La, la, an' wasn't it a master fight?"

John Moreland remonstrated gently.

"Now tha's a' right, grannywoman; you just run on ahead and tell my wife to hunt up some kind o' good liniment for Bill Wade's bruises. Tell her she needn't waste time lookin' for bandages. This man here is like me—he wouldn't wear 'em 'cause they look bad."

When Wade came back to a state of consciousness he was lying under cover in the carved black walnut bed. Beside him stood John Moreland, who held in one hand a bowl containing a hot herb brew that his wife had prepared. Granny Heck, her son By, and Mrs. Moreland stood not far away.

"This here'll be good for ye, I think," said Moreland, nodding toward the bowl in his hand. He bent over and
[Continued on page 42]



The Artist Who Won't Be "Arty"

By Enid Griffis



Guirle Andre, who is paid \$50 per hour for posing.

HERE comes a time in the life of every famous person when some aspiring reporter, armed with a well-sharpened pencil and the conviction that he is about to release to the world the only original interview ever obtained, approaches his victim, clears his throat, and poses the inevitable question: "And now, Mr. So-and-so, to what do you owe your success?"

The answers, if laid end to end, would probably wrap the globe about several times, with enough left over for a neat double clothes line to the sun. But it is doubtful if in the lot there could be found anything to approach the answer given by Arthur William Brown, glorifier of the younger generation, whose illustrations give pleasure and enjoyment to millions of people.

Mr. Brown pondered the question with all the seriousness it seemed to demand. Then he looked up, and with the engaging smile which his friends know so well, replied: "Well, of course I always wanted to be an artist, but I believe it was woollen underwear that actually started me on the road to success."

It really wasn't fair. If he had said, striking a pose, and making a sweeping gesture in the general direction of his home on West End Avenue, "To the little woman — my wife!" it would have seemed fitting and proper. There would have been something noble about that. But woollen underwear!

I complained bitterly. I said it wouldn't do. Anything but woollen underwear, I begged. But Mr. Brown was firm. Woollen underwear was his story, and he stuck to it.

"Well, then," I requested, "if you won't change it, will you please explain it?"

This he did, very obligingly. It seems that he was born and brought up in Hamilton, Ontario. Winters were long and cold, and his parents insisted on him wearing woollen underwear. Arthur William hated it, and as the years passed, his hatred of it became a moving force in his life. He determined that as soon as he had enough money he would go away to some country where the winters were mild, and where woollen underwear was an unknown commodity.

Closely allied with this feeling about underwear was his feeling about drawing. He loved drawing as passionately as he despised woollens, and most of his time in school was spent in decorating the margins of his texts with the creations of his imagination. As a matter of fact drawing was the only thing that interested him in the least, and as very little attention was paid to that subject, he soon grew bored with the educational system of the home-town school, and left to go to work. The job which he took was on a passenger boat running between Hamilton and Montreal, and it involved the duties of news agent, assistant purser and night watchman. He worked at it for two summers, and during the season of closed navigation he occupied his time doing odd jobs about Hamilton and attending classes in a small art school there.

ONE day, shortly after his sixteenth birthday, he was passing the office of the Hamilton Spectator and stopped, as he always did, to look at the daily political cartoon which was displayed in the window. As he stood there, inspiration came to him. He ran home, got out his drawing materials, and started to work. The next day, with trepidation in his heart and a large political cartoon under his arm, he called on the editor of the Spectator. The editor was so impressed by the quality of the work that he not only praised the young artist, but hung the cartoon in the window along with that of the staff

cartoonist. Young Brown spent the rest of the afternoon strolling up and down in front of the newspaper office comparing the two cartoons, to the decided disadvantage of the other fellow's.

It was not long after this that he secured a regular job on the paper at the princely salary of \$4.00 a week. He stayed for four years. During that time he declares he drew every general in the Boer War, and every man who went from Hamilton, not to mention dozens of runaway horses, and scores of firemen fighting local conflagrations. When he left the paper he was getting \$9.00 a week, but in spite of the smallness of his salary, he had managed to save in four years the sum of \$400.00.

That four hundred dollars meant a lot to Brown. It meant New York, freedom from woollen underwear, and, possibly, a career. By dint of the most careful management these meager savings were actually made to cover a year's expenses in New York. He lived in a hall bedroom over in the west fifties, studied at the Art Students' League, worked like a slave at his drawing, and occasionally sold a joke picture to *Life* or *Judge*. He says that at that time he felt he would be happy if he could ever reach the point where he could be sure of a steady income of \$10.00 a week.

When summer came around the young artist returned to Hamilton and went to work again on the boats in order to replenish his depleted funds. On his return to New York he arranged to share a small studio with two other art students, living in what seemed to him luxury after the hall bedroom. One of the things he appreciated most was the private bath. The bath tub, it appears was only a tin washing tub, and water had to be heated over a gas stove, poured into the tub, and, later on, laboriously bailed out. But it was a private bath, all the same. There was also a two-burner gas stove on which the boys cooked their meals.

LIFE went on with little change until towards the end of the second year in New York. Then Brown met another Canadian, Arthur MacFarlane, who who had just been commissioned to do a series of articles on the circus. Mr. MacFarlane had seen some of Brown's work and told him if he cared to travel around with him and try some illustrations for the first of his series of articles, that he would be glad to submit them. This Brown did. The illustrations were accepted, and he was given the job of illustrating the whole series.

"After that," Mr. Brown said, "I thought I was a big shot in the art world. The trouble was there were very few circus stories being written, and I was already marked as an expert on circuses. Next, I decided to go in for character work. I felt sure that was my big field. But there wasn't much character work to be done either. Then, all at once, I dumbly realized what I should have known long before. Everyone likes to look at attractive people. I resolved to draw pretty girls and good looking young men—if I could. My first

real chance came when I was engaged to do the illustrations for Booth Tarkington's 'Seventeen'."

That he was successful was proven immediately by the demands that began to come in from magazines for work of this type. He was also engaged to do some book illustrating for Harold McGrath, of "Graustark" fame. In spite of this auspicious beginning, however, it was seven years before Mr. Brown felt that he was definitely established. At the end of that period his drawings had become so popular that more orders were pouring in than he could possibly execute.

As it is, he is obliged to work six days a week, keeping regular 9 to 5 business hours. It takes him, on an average, two days to do one illustration, and sometimes he has to illustrate an entire story in a week, which means hard going.

"Illustrating is no job for a lazy man," he says. "I was always terribly lazy, and I had an idea that the life of an artist was a very agreeable and easy one. I think that's one of the big reasons I went in for this business. The result is that I have had to work terribly hard all my life."

THE procedure in illustrating is rather interesting.

The art editor of the magazine chooses the illustrator, and a copy of the story for which pictures are required is sent to the artist, who reads it through carefully in order to fix the principal details in his mind. In choosing the situations which he intends to illustrate he has to move cautiously, for he must pick situations which are interesting, and even dramatic, without giving away the point of the story. Some illustrators are not clever enough to avoid the pitfall presented by this problem, and for this reason certain magazines withhold the denouement from the artist. Richard Harding Davis always insisted that the point of his story be kept from the illustrator for fear he would give it away in one of the pictures.

As can easily be understood, a glamorous story is much easier to illustrate than a drab one. But, according to Mr. Brown, it is not only the colorless story that is hard to handle. Quite often a very good piece of work will be difficult to illustrate because of its lack of picture material. Mr. Brown ran on this snag once when he was illustrating a series of stories written by Clarence Budington Kelland. Finally he spoke to Kelland.

"Look here," he demanded, "why don't you put something in your stories that I can make a picture of?"

"Is that so?" retorted "Bud," "if you don't like my stories as they are why don't you write them yourself?"

But the suggestion bore fruit, and Mr. Kelland now always tries to put in at least one scene for Mr. Brown.

Although he believes much more firmly in hard work than in "inspiration," Mr. Brown admits that there are indefinable influences that in some strange way affect an artist's work. Sometimes when working conditions are perfect, things just won't go right. On the

other hand, under circumstances that one would consider almost impossible, things go with amazing smoothness. One of his best day's work was done last summer when the thermometer stood at 90 degrees and his studio was unbearably hot. "There's no explaining it," he says. [Continued on page 40]



Betty Johnson, one of Mr. Brown's models.



Arthur William Brown

The Master Spy

A Story of the Great War

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by John H. Paul

GENERAL JESSARD, commanding the French troops at Namur, returned the punctilious salute of the orderly.

"Private Roubaix to see you, sir."

"Roubaix—"

"A volunteer, sir."

"Show him in."

A young man entered. He saluted and stood at attention. The commanding officer stared at him fixedly.

"Well?"

"I have a request to make, sir."

"What is it?"

The stiffness of figure relaxed somewhat. The young man became animated.

"I volunteered with the first call," he said, speaking rapidly. "I was fortunate to be assigned to your command, instead of being one of those men who have to wait in France for the invasion of the enemy."

"I have been a student, sir, of the methods of spies in all the wars of the world. I have studied the various ways in which famous spies have worked; the defects in their systems—I know the dangers of the work; but I do not fear—when it is for France. I feel competent, capable. I wish to volunteer, sir, as a man thoroughly capable to undertake any commission you may wish to give, no matter what the danger may be. I believe that my theories are practicable."

"You are a student of the art?" questioned the General dryly. "You see a chance to risk your life? You know the fate of spies according to the rules of war?"

The young man nodded.

"I understand all of that, sir. But it is my desire to be of most good to my country; and since some men have to undertake the work for which I am volunteering, it may as well be one who is confident. I was born and raised near the German border, sir. I have even studied a bit in Germany. I speak the language fluently. That would be of assistance."

The General pondered. He glanced speculatively at the youth before him.

"You look very slender, very delicate."

The pink cheeks of the man before him flushed, and he smiled.

"May I show you—just by way of reassurance?"

The General nodded. In a trice the private had stripped to the waist. The officer whistled his admiration at sight of the almost perfect muscular development.

"Enough, Your appearances are deceptive. And your age?"

"Twenty-four, sir."

"You appear about nine een. Education?"

"Of the best, sir. I have taken two degrees."

"I will look up your records, M. Roubaix. One cannot entrust confidential work to a man whose past is not thoroughly known. It is a mere matter of indispensable form, as you understand. When the investigation shall have been completed I will send for you. In the meanwhile I congratulate you on the spirit you have shown. It is such sons as you which make of France a nation perpetual."

Roubaix fastened the last button of his tunic. In a second he was the soldier again. His heels clicked together; head went back, chin in—his hand flew to the visor of his cap. General Jessard returned the salute. Roubaix spun on his heel and left.

Jessard stared after the slender form as it swung down the narrow street of Namur with military precision.

"Roubaix—le Reynard if I mistake not," he soliloquized softly. "That youth is a true patriot—or I'm no judge of character." He focused his eyes again on the huge map before him. "And he volunteers at precisely the right time. This

information must get to the Belgians near Liege."

Three days later Jessard summoned the young man.

"Sit down," he ordered pleasantly—an invitation of relaxation from the military strictness between officer and private. "I have investigated your past, M. Roubaix, and find it admirable. If I cannot trust you, then I can trust no one. And I suppose you are of the same mind that you were the other day?"



"I'm in for it now," he mused quietly as he turned the giant motor to top speed and shot up the river.

"Yes, sir."

"Notice this map—" he pointed to the large plat before him showing the country between Maubeuge, on the French side of the Belgian border, on the south, and the Netherlands on the north. "The German army of the Meuse practically occupies Liege. I do not know yet whether the Prince Imperial with his 30,000 men has arrived to reinforce the invading column. They undoubtedly plan to advance down the Meuse, and Namur is the next

point which will be attacked. We have mined the country and the river between Liege and Namur: we French have reinforced the Belgians here so that it is not at all unlikely that a crushing defeat will be administered the Germans. But France shall not continue to fight on the defensive. Further details of our plan of campaign I

cannot give you. Sufficient that here—"he fingered a tiny wad of the very thinnest paper—"is a code message to General Linear in command of the Belgian forces around Liege. It also contains plats and descriptive plans of our moves. Although in cipher it would not be hard for the Germans to read it should it fall into their hands. Your commission is this: take this to General Linear!"

The face of the young man was set, tense.

"I thank you sir, for the trust imposed. And I have one request to make."

"And that is?"

"That I be allowed to proceed in my own way. If I am forced into this expedition along the set rules of spying which have been found fatal in other wars, my mission will probably be unsuccessful. If you allow me to use my own judgment, I believe that I shall succeed."

"What do you plan?"

"If I may presume, sir, I prefer to tell you privately, so that in no way can any bungling be done—that is, in due respect, may I ask that my outline of plans be kept secret between you and me?"

"Granted."

Roubaix leaned forward. For fifteen minutes he spoke earnestly, fiercely almost. And as the General listened his eyes grew brighter. At the conclusion he leaned back.

"A magnificent conception," he applauded, "it is too daring to succeed."

"Its very strongest point toward success," pleaded Roubaix. "It will never be suspected. Have I your sanction?"

"Well—" Jessard was doubtful.

"What might happen if I proceeded along the usual lines? The chances are about five to one that I should be captured. I should be shot as a spy and the dispatches fall into the hand of the enemy. In this way my fate if discovered would be the same; but the chances of discovery are reduced to a minimum. One lulls suspicion by taking the aggressive."

The French commander nodded.

"Do as you will," he said simply.

"But I should hate to see France and the French lose such a man as you!"

Roubaix colored with pleasure.

"Goodbye sir!"

The General extended his hand.

"Au Revoir!" he said significantly.

THE river Meuse flows placidly through the city of Namur. Steep walls are its banks in its course through the city; natural and artificial walls behind which nestle the quaint old houses and narrow, winding streets. And Namur is separated from Liege by about forty-five miles of the peaceful river down whose valley the German army planned to come.

General Jessard and several members of his staff accompanied Roubaix, now gaudily attired in the uniform of a non-commissioned officer of French artillery, to a tiny landing at the foot of one of the streets, almost directly underneath a wide bridge. The French officers, and a few Belgians who had joined the group, eyed him wonderingly. Only Jessard and Roubaix understood.

"By the way," smiled Jessard, "you understand motorboats, I presume."

"Certainly, sir."

A swift racing motorboat floated lazily at the wharf. At sight of the oncoming group, a mechanic spun the flywheel and the engine thrummed rhythmically. Roubaix shook hands solemnly with the officers and stepped into the frail craft. They saluted as the mechanic started the engine and

then stepped on to the wharf. Like a live thing the tiny craft leaped forward as the clutch was thrown on the rods controlling the propeller blades. The Tri-Color floated at the stern of the boat. Three times it was stopped before reaching the end of the line of forts which protect the city from the north, and then allowed to proceed on exhibition of passports. Once out of sight of the city, Roubaix folded the French flag and placed it in the bottom of the boat. Then he threw away his passports, after weighting them with a stone so that they sank immediately.

His heart pounded as he turned the giant motor to top speed and shot up the river at a twenty knot gait; straight up the river toward Liege and the army of hostile Germans.

"I'm in for it now," he mused quietly. "And with this craft making fully twenty-four miles an hour, I'll be in the German lines in less than two hours—if nothing happens."

Shipping on the river had ceased, and the little boat only caused astonishment to the peasantry which gathered on the banks as it sped by, snapping angrily.

The deadly calm surface of the water was ruffled by the passage of the little boat, and regular although tiny swells were started toward the opposite banks. The early morning sun glinted on the brilliant uniform which Roubaix wore. And the young man stared forward.

"If they don't act too quickly, he cogitated, "if they stop me according to the rule of naval warfare by firing a shot across my bows—instead of into the middle of the boat; then I'll be all right."

A half hour passed—an hour. Then another fifteen minutes, and far away he saw smoke, and heard the firing of heavy guns. He grinned in admiration.

"Those Belgians," he muttered in admiration. "Who would have guessed that they would have held out as they have against the incomparable troops of the Kaiser? Heretofore the civilized world has deemed the German army composed of super men and now they are discovering that even the despised Belgians, properly equipped, may make stubborn defences."

Long had Roubaix pondered on the context of the dispatches which he carried. Jessard had impressed him with the vital importance of getting them through in a hurry; speed being an element of sufficient importance to make a trip via the west of Belgium and thence into the Belgian camp by way of Brussels a thing not to be considered.

As to the ethics of spying, Roubaix had pondered deeply. A spy, he knew, was a pariah in the eyes of war-law makers. Capture meant death. Yet was it legitimate? The old phrase that "all's fair in love and war," came to him, and he smiled grimly. Besides, it was a recognized fact that spying in modern warfare is a more or less refined mode of diplomacy. It is practiced covertly in peace and openly in war. Each spy gambles with his individual life. He figured logically that it was not dishonorable.

Closer and closer he approached to his destination. The sound of the cannon thunder was more distinct now—the battle to the northward was raging steadily. An artillery duel, he reasoned.

From the bank a shot rang out. The water splashed in front of his bows where the shell struck. In a flash Roubaix snapped off his spark and the engine spluttered and then died. The little craft lost headway then floated torpidly. Roubaix, dead calm now that the crisis had come, gazed at the bank where two small-bore guns stared viciously out at him.

From the underbrush came a German officer with a small detachment at his heels. They held their rifles ready.

"On the shore!" hailed Roubaix in perfect German. "May I land?"

The German nodded.

Roubaix started the motor and the boat sped to shore. The Frenchman leaped to the bank.

"You are my prisoner!" snapped the German. The eyes of all glittered vindictively at sight of the French uniform.

Roubaix smiled contagiously.

"Good!" he said quietly. "There will be no trouble about my going with you. But tell me," naively, "why it was that in my trip here from Namur I didn't run into any mines?"

The German flushed, and did not answer.

"Why is it?"

"You say you have come from Namur?"

"Yes. Got away from there two hours ago. Hot time, too."

"What are you doing here?"

Roubaix's eyes twinkled.

"That's for the commander-in-chief to hear. Sorry I can't tell you. I'm not a Frenchman!"

"Then you're a—a-spy?"

"Perhaps—Take me before the commander-in-chief, please. Immediately."

The German eyed him doubtfully. Roubaix could not be arrested as a spy, that was sure. His French uniform, so blatantly displayed, could make of him a prisoner of war; but a spy—never. Then the officer ordered four of his men to accompany him with their prisoner to the German headquarters within the outer line of the Liege forts; forts which had been captured by the Germans after the most terrific sort of fighting. [Continued on page 68]



The German officers glared hostilely at Roubaix; they were suspicious.

Alice and the Apparition

By T. C. B. de Lom

Illustrated by Graham Hunter

A CLEAR, cool breeze blew across the lake, and made ripples in the silver path shed by the light of a white moon. A soft rustling emanated from the leaves of the trees lining the shore, and, except for a sigh, no other sound disturbed the night.

Why, you ask, should a sigh introduce so jarring a note into so otherwise perfect a scene of peace? Why, when all nature conspired to make things as they should be, was this sad exhalation allowed to offend the pure night air?

Athelstan could have told you. Athelstan could have spoken with authority and gone into detail, for it was from Athelstan himself that the sigh proceeded.

The night took no notice, and Athelstan sighed again. It seemed almost symbolic that the night should take no notice of Athelstan. For here he was, at the end of his third week at the Beach, and the following evening he would return to his work in the City, no farther ahead than when he had arrived.

What the reader wants to know now—for the reader is an inquisitive devil—is, what Athelstan was no farther ahead in, and why not?

Since, then, we are forced to pry into Athelstan's private business—the matter was this. Alice would have none of him. Athelstan was, as far as Alice was concerned—napooh.

Properly to understand Athelstan's frame of mind, it is well for us to take a look at Alice. She is not with Athelstan upon the beach.

On the contrary, that is Alice, in that canoe, far out into the lake, and that is Hubert who is looking so fondly into her eyes.

Our sympathy with Athelstan makes us rebel against the idea of Hubert looking fondly into Alice's eyes. But we must be the first to admit he had plenty of excuse.

Alice was petite, brunette, chic and svelte. A pair of dark eyes, so full of expression, simply invited being looked into. This, combined with the fact that there is no closed season for eye-gazing, furnishes Hubert's excuse.

A trim little figure, equally elegant in evening gown or misses' sports togs, Alice attracted so much attention at Blissful Beach that she had to keep an appointment book.

Her coils of luxuriant, glossy, black hair, done in a way in which only Alice would dare to wear it, excited comment among the women, wild admiration among the men.

And Athelstan was only one of the twenty-two presentable young men who yearned right smartly for Alice's hand and heart.

Why, then, the inquisitive reader demands to know again, are we approaching this matter from Athelstan's angle? Why not take Syd's or Pontefract's, or Bill's, or even Hubert's, or any of the rest of the platoon?

Our answer is simply this. Of the twenty-two young men, twenty-one had known Alice only since her appearance at Blissful Beach. But Athelstan had known her from his freshman days. And Athelstan had suffered much.

From the time when first he had seen her in the College chapel, simply dressed in cap and gown, with one pink and one yellow stocking, and a large placard bearing her name, according to the college rules for

first-year students—Athelstan had been her slave. And she knew it.

For four miserable years he had dragged himself through the University, being regularly turned down by her every Saturday night, and positively refused on each last day of the term.

On taking up his business career, Athelstan had the misfortune to be in the same city as Alice. Fre-

found the body. Some said that the tide had carried it far out into the lake. Others averred that it was caught in the weeds, and lodged in a cranny of the rocks, where no dragging could discover it. All parties agreed that, when the ice broke up in the Spring, it would be found. For Alice's sake, the matter was kept from the Press, which was the easier, as Athelstan had had no family.

Of course, it was then that Alice discovered she had never loved anyone but Athelstan. Twenty-one sorrowing young men crept forlornly about Blissful Beach without company and without hope. Alice had sworn herself to eternal spinsterhood in memory of the One She Loved.

When she returned from her holidays, she went to his office. Her heart stood still, as she approached the gloomy-looking girl at the switchboard. Between calls, the girl was reading an Essay on Future Punishment.

Some unexplainable impulse, perhaps the desire to torture herself, led Alice to ask if Athelstan was in.

"Mr. O'Tavish is not with us any more," replied the girl with a dejected shake of her head.

"I understand," said Alice softly, with wet eyelashes.

"Do you believe in Hell?" asked the switchboard girl, a sociable soul.

Alice checked the tears, and looked at her.

"In what?" she enquired.

"In Hell. Do you believe that the souls of the Departed are now suffering in the anguish of Eternal Torment?"

Alice clutched at the counter.

"It says in this book," went on the wretched woman, "That the best of us cannot hope but for long agony. Alas, what will befall the worst of us?"

"Does it say" queried Alice, shakily, "What you get for suicide?"

"For suicide," replied the Information Desk, "It says there is no reprieve." She did not enlarge on the subject further, as Alice was lying in a dead faint upon the floor.

IT WAS shortly after this that Alice began to see Athelstan's ghost.

The first time was when, on going to bed, she had seen him standing on the lawn, looking moodily up at her father's window—presumably taking it for her own. She had made a movement, and the phantasm had vanished into the dark.

The apparition occurred next in broad daylight. While testing her avoirdupois on a department-store weighing-machine, she had distinctly seen Athelstan staring at her in the little mirror. When she had turned, he was gone.

Naturally, her nerves suffered. It was bad enough to have lost her lover, but when he added to his loss the uncomfortable habit of popping out and manifesting his spirit on unexpected occasions, she became positively jumpy.

She looked under her bed at nights now, half expecting to find him there. During the dark hours, she was afraid to open her eyes, for fear of seeing him.

One day she clearly heard his voice. Curiously enough, it was in an ice-cream parlor, and it had almost seemed to proceed from the next booth. The voice was saying, "You know, Angela, I think I like you better in the darker shades."



It was the following morning that they found Athelstan's hat floating on the water.

quently he saw her, and was as frequently set on his ear again.

Yes, he, Athelstan O'Tavish, had known and loved her now for six years, and any one of the twenty-one other suitors, who had known her at the most for three weeks, stood about eighteen times Athelstan's chance of winning her for his bride.

So we excuse Athelstan for his sighs, and follow his future with the greater interest.

IT WAS on the Sunday morning that it rained so hard, Athelstan was going back to work that night.

At eleven in the morning, Alice had turned him down once more, and at a quarter-past twelve, she had done it again.

After lunch, Alice finally lost her temper, and, soundly rating him for his persistency, ordered him never more to speak to her.

Athelstan, who was quick at taking a hint, picked up his hat and left her, walking quickly towards the lake. She saw him for the last time disappear through the rain, stand for a moment on the end of the wharf, and then vanish suddenly from sight.

It was the following morning that they found Athelstan's hat floating on the water. They never

Obviously, Athelstan was becoming familiar with the angels, and she noted that he used the word "shades" for the spirits of those gone before. She rather liked it, it sounded less sanctimonious than "souls."

But, though she could still hear a low, unworldly murmuring, Alice was unable to catch another distinct word.

It was at this time that she thought of consulting a medium.

The medium produced snappy results. She at once put Alice in touch with Athelstan. He did not actually speak to Alice, but communicated through the medium instead.

"Ask him" requested Alice, "Whether he still loves Alice."

"Do you still love Elspeth?" murmured the mystic. "He says 'Yes,'" she translated a moment later.

"But look here," protested our heroine, "I asked you to ask him whether he still loves Alice. You said 'Elspeth.'" Not unnaturally, Alice was a little piqued.

The medium again communed with the spirit world. "Yes," she announced presently, "He says he loves Alice too."

Feeling that the medium had been hopelessly incompetent, Alice sought the street.

It was on the advice of Elise Butts, her closest confidante, that Alice now consulted the better-known medium, Madame Futura. Madame, so Elise assured her, always got accurate information.

"Ask him if he still loves Alice," she directed Madame, as the latter tuned in with the infinite.

This medium addressed her phantom clients aloud. "Athelstan," she queried sonorously, "Do you still love Elise?" and, turning after the lapse of a second or two—"Yes, he still loves Elise."

Alice felt extremely irritated. She was simply uninterested in Elise, Elspeth or Angela. And she was beginning to feel not a little irritated with Athelstan.

"Do they go in for polygamy in heaven?" she demanded angrily.

"In the spirit world there is no marriage," replied Madame Futura sententiously, and accepted her fee.

WE WOULD not dare to say that Alice's love now began to waver, but certain it is that it was under a sore trial.

Her friends were all unashamedly enjoying themselves with amusements of every kind—amusements in which Alice had always previously joined.

Yet these, she felt, were hardly compatible with a state of perpetual widowhood, and the conflict of the two produced in her a very deep depression.

The thought occurred to her of taking the veil of a religieuse, but this seemed a little incongruous, as

she had been brought up very strictly in the Presbyterian church.

It was the more trying to be suffering these things for a man who, from all accounts, was having a roaring time in Paradise with spirits named Angela, Elspeth and Elise.

It was really the finding of an old letter of Athelstan's that confirmed her resolution. It had been a proposal, of course, and all seventeen pages of it had been really very tenderly worded.

She recalled now, with bitter remorse, that her reply had been a telegram, containing only one word in two letters, beginning with "N" and conveying a negative.

Under her pillow, she now treasured this letter nightly, imploring his forgiveness in her spirit. She worked up quite a creditable pitch of sentiment about Athelstan, and frankly admitted to her more intimate freinds that nothing would please her so much as to die right now, and go to him.

Everybody said how touching this was, until one day she was bitten by a spider, and made eleven successive visits to four different doctors, for fear of blood-poisoning.

With determination, however, her resolve grew in its steadfastness. She was deaf to the appeals of young men, of very young men, of interesting men who were a little grey about the temples, and even, with an effort, to wealthy, corpulent men with a baking-powder factory in Butte, Montana, or a foundry in Hamilton, Ontario.

A year passed, and it was Summer again. For a long time she had not been subject to Athelstan's visitations. Though she had been rather frightened by them at the time, she now began to feel rather hurt and slighted at his apparent neglect.

It was with a mixture of joy and awe, therefore, that a developed snapshot of a group including herself at a picnic, showed a psychic photograph of Athelstan looking at her from the cover of a hedge in the rear. It seemed to her that he was smiling.

This manifestation again stirred up among her circle much comment favorable to her fidelity, and excited many eulogies of the late poor Athelstan, now, alas, disintegrated—for his body had not come up with the ice after all—at the bottom of Blissful Lake.

She approached her pastor on the subject of a memorial service for her lover, but the latter declined—first, on the grounds that he could not countenance anything resembling prayers for the dead, and second because he imagined the Moderator would get after him pretty warmly for consenting to it on any but a basis of Habeas Corpus.

She maintained that his second point annulled his first, for if there was no body, how could he prove that he was indulging in prayers for the dead?

He countered by saying that, if there was no body, how could she prove that he was dead at all?



Alice stopped, dramatically clutching her heart—or its neighborhood—with one hand, while reaching out pathetically with the other, "Aaaathelstan!" she cried hoarsely.

She replied that she had seen Athelstan several times since his death, which proved his decease.

The pastor said it didn't prove anything of the kind, but just that the younger generation of his kirk couldn't always carry on like they did and not come to a bad end. So that proposition petered out.

But if Alice would not forget Athelstan, neither would the twenty-one forlorn young men from Blissful Beach forget Alice.

Following her into her Winter quarters, they had proposed to her in rapid succession. They had proposed in person, by telephone, by letter and wire, and one, who was a radio announcer, had managed to hint at it pretty broadly over the air.

They waylaid her as she went out in the morning. They sat in rows upon her steps when she did not. Whenever she opened a window for a breath of air, a note was pretty certain to come sailing through it.

It would be idle to say that this admiration was not incense to her nostrils, but, having placed herself upon so lofty a pedestal, she could not very well withdraw.

Besides, she thought, consider Athelstan's feelings. How would he like it if she went gallivanting about, faithless to his memory? No, she would leave the gallivanting to the less attractive remainder of her sex.

But even if she felt that way about things, the twenty-one failed utterly to grasp the force of her argument. If a man was dead, they thought, he was dead, and that was all there was to it. Even widows, they argued, often married again, no matter how devoted they had been to their husbands during life. And by now Alice was the nearest thing possible to a widow.

Nor did it escape the lovers of this modern Penelope that her mourning attire happened to suit her to perfection. But this, of course, was the purest coincidence.

Elise Butts finally approached Alice on the subject of her self-sacrifice.

"You know," she said, "Everybody admires you, and thinks your loyalty to Athelstan is simply splendid. Like something out of one of the Heroics."

Alice refrained from asking what the "Heroics" were, which may have been as well for Elise.

"I drove him to his death," replied the near-widow, "And it is only just that I should do my penance. It is my sacrifice for him."

It was at this point that Barbara put in her oar. She really had no business to, for she is no part of the story, and is rather a cat anyway.

"Why didn't you lavish some of this self-sacrifice on Athelstan when he was alive?" she queried interestedly.

Alice withered her with a look. Her purified soul could not be seared by shafts like this.

"As I was saying," Alice continued coldly, "I drove him to his death. It was out of his great love for me that he gave his life. Freely I give mine in return."

"You don't look dead to me!" put in the superfluous Barbara.

"I am an immolation upon the altar of tragedy," proclaimed our heroine, ignoring this last remark, "It is only poetic justice. I have no complaint."

"I know twenty-odd young men who have," intruded Barbara again, [Continued on page 41]



"Go!" she cried angrily, "Everyone of you! How can you dare such insolence to me—to ME? Away with you—scum!"

Around the World in a Day

THAT enthralling book of our childhood, "Around the World in Eighty Days," has been surpassed by reality in Paris, so that any day during the months from May to October, 1931, a visitor to the great woods of Vincennes may go "around the world in eighty

manner of the ancient Romans who were such amazing colonizers in their day. For forty years this intrepid soldier has been continually active in the work of scientific colonizing, serving in every quarter of the globe. He stands one of the most interesting figures because of the wideness of his ranging from the South Seas to Africa and Indo-China. His theory of creative civilization he calls the six C's: Conquest, Compréhension, Co-operation, Construction, Conservatism, Commerce. And it has been the chief part of his theory to carry this out without undue warring. He has translated it into peaceful action. This Overseas Reunion at Paris is a magnificent summing up of the endeavors which have brought peace, needed instruction and desired prosperity to millions of persons of assorted colors and creeds. It demonstrates how it has spread the best element of our civilization in the far ends of the earth.

For fifteen years the Marshal, who rose from the rank of Lieutenant, has been planning this Exposition. Two years ago co-operation between all the colonies was assured. During 1930 an army of 3,000 workmen labored in erecting the different buildings. Three hundred million francs were expended by France and the Colonies to realize the dream of this modern "Africanus." In addition another 150 millions are represented in the expense incurred by foreign nations.

of documentary films. Here will meet a dozen International Conferences of world-wide importance. In addition to this general building of information, Holland, Denmark and Italy have erected distinctive pavilions. A Hindustan section, a fairy-like copy of the Palace of Agra, has been built privately by the single subscription of one Indian Princess.

Undoubtedly the triumph of the entire re-creation of foreign architecture, both from an artistic and historic point of view, is the astonishing replica of the Temple of Angkor-Vat, part of the marvellous Khmer city which was erected in Cambodia (Indo-China) between the 9th and 13th centuries. The race was overcome by invaders, jungle surrounded what had been the fertile home of millions. The French colonials found the lost city and checked the jungle. For two years a French architect, Charles Blanche worked upon the scene, and now today this marvel of ancient time is reared exactly to scale amid the wood of Vincennes.

As a complete tale of colonization, however, the Colonial Museum, an enormous oblong building of solid stone, is perhaps an even more important creation than the temple, because it will continue as a permanent home to house the history of France's success in various corners of the world. The building is 264 x 180 feet. Upon its outer face is carved a tremendous fresco, so that men three thousand years from now can read the story of the colonial effort in the 19th century, just as we today read the monuments in Egypt and glean something of the history of civilization in those far-away days. This colossal tapestry in stone is the work of a French sculptor, M. A. Janniot, and marks a milestone in the way of such productions in France. The gigantic bas-reliefs evoke the antique mural decorations of India and Egypt, and the suites of Flanders in the 14th century. Hewn in white anjou rock it covers 3,700 square feet, and depicts in pictorial fashion the story of France's colonial endeavor, the symbolism of a score of native tribes, and presents imaginatively the material contributions made by each colony to the mother land. In the centre stands the Goddess of Abundance, accompanied by Peace and Prosperity, receiving gifts from the far-off possessions, rubber, phosphates, cotton, fruits, rice and wheat. The principal French ports which receive them, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Havre, Nantes, and the airport of the Bourget are represented allegorically.

ONLY a few of the most striking of the hundreds or so different houses, palaces, temples, pavilions, can be described or shown photographically here. The whole presents an amazing clash of forms and color, the dark red of a temple in Senegal bristling with long stakes on the ends of which the heads of the enemy taken in battle were hung;



France's most famous colonizer — Marshal Hubert Lyautey. The Overseas Assembly is due to his labors.

minutes." For amid this great national forest circling a wonderful artificial lake, several hundred acres in extent, has been reared the greatest and most varied assembly of exact reproductions of different races' architecture from the most diverse parts of the earth ever brought together at one time in the history of the world.

It reaches, quite literally, from the ice of Greenland to the warm lagoons of the Marquesas. Four hundred palaces, pagodas and pavilions represent 14 distinct nations. A hundred distinct tribes, their foods, songs, instruments of music, war and livelihood, have been assembled. Three thousand natives, the majority brought by airplane, have come to this Overseas Colonial Assembly from the foreign protectorates of the United States; Porto Rico, the Philippines, Panama, Alaska, Samoa and the Virgin Islands; from Denmark, the Dutch East Indies, Italy and Belgium and from all the far-flung colorful foreign regions colonized by France: from Indo-China to savage Senegal, brooding mysterious Madagascar; happy Martinique; the romantic Marquesas, and historic Morocco, Tunis and Algiers.

This assembling of so many tribes and nations, their buildings of the past and present, is the result of the life work of Marshal Hubert Lyautey, and a long cherished dream of this man, the greatest colonizer of the French nation in this century. He has been named "Lyautey Africanus," after the



Part of the enormous stone fresco on the walls of the permanent museum at Paris. Mr. Janniot, the sculptor, standing at the left.

are represented — Argentine, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Portugal, Greece, the Union of South Africa, Canada, Denmark, Persia, the United States and Haiti. Here all informations pertaining to these countries is supplied. There is a theatre for conferences and the presentations



Re-creation of Mount Vernon, George Washington's home, built in the United States, shipped in pieces to France and erected on the grounds of the Overseas Colonial Assembly.

By Francis Dickie

the glaring white of Mosques from Tunis, the sombre hues of Angkor-Vat, the browns of the thatch of the South Sea islands, all stand out the more clearly against the green of the leaves of the chestnut, oak, beech and poplar.

Here looms an Icelandic fisher-hut, beside an artificial iceberg. The heat of the French Congo is presented by a village in the centre of which is the chieftain's palace, like a gigantic artillery shell, 90 feet in diameter, surmounted by an imposing dome. Madagascar proclaims itself in a giant tower surmounted by four bulls' heads which play such a role in the folklore of the "Great Island."

Amidst all this exotic display, and the more striking because of the very quiet unostentatiousness of its trim straight lines, rears the replica of the home of George Washington. Mount Vernon is the chief pavilion of the United States, an exact creation of the original. Of equal historic interest is the garden laid out after the pattern of the original Mount Vernon lawns, due to the research work and planning of Mr. J. Greber. The furniture has been copied from the original. Mount Vernon is a museum of early Franco-American history, containing early portraits and busts of all the revolutionary leaders, early correspondence and personal articles. Old maps show the trails of the French explorers in America, and their first settlements, many of which today, such as Detroit, St. Louis, Cincinnati, etc., have grown to great cities. The American pavilions also reveal the civilizing work of American doctors, missionaries, and military men in the Philippines, Alaska, and other American protectorates. The role of the pioneer is exalted through momentos of Pere Marquette, Joliet, and La Salle, explorers of the Ohio, Missouri and Upper Mississippi Valley.

The buildings of the American participants were unique in that all were constructed in the United States and shipped to France in pieces, then fitted together on the grounds by French workmen under American supervision.

Among the outstanding exhibits from American dependencies are 3,000 orchids from Manila, a great achievement in transportation. Alaska sent a great row of totem poles; Hawaii, pearl ukuleles.

Not far from the replica of the home of Washington is a typical plain Protestant mission building, such a one as has been erected on many a savage land. This is named the Protestant Pavilion, and is in honor of the civilizing and Christianizing labors in the past of both French and American missionaries. In Madagascar, the American Lutherans have done much good work, while in Asia and Africa the Baptists and Methodists have penetrated against great handicaps. One of the most historically famous things

shown here is a stack of ancient Huguenot Bibles brought to America.

Close by this edifice stands an African copy of a Catholic mission, a tribute to the 2,286 Catholic missionaries in Africa, 940 of whom are French. In both of these houses to Christian endeavor are shown, by means of films, photographs, historic relics of native origin how the regular missionaries and the medical ones are combatting sorcery and the superstition of the natives, and erecting schools and chapels, and teaching sanitation. These two buildings are a part of the Overseas Collection which can best be spoken of as a gigantic practical laboratory in the science of civilization. In addition are a dozen others which reveal how, thanks to the missionary, the doctor and colonial governors, sleeping sickness is being combatted; how witch-craft is being dispelled; how the best in native art is being preserved; how the children of yesterday's savage are given instruction in hygiene, morals and useful work.



A Tunis mosque and tomb reconstructed at Paris for the Overseas Assembly.



A replica of one of the six towers of the Angkor-Vat thirteenth century temple in Indo-China

school house, European standards of sanitation, the population all in white. Many Pahouins today have European education.

AT the Exposition will meet during the months from May to September dozens of Congresses, such as that of the American Missionary Associations, and a gathering of aviators in the aeronautical section. There will be a Financial and Commercial Fortnight; a Public Health Congress; a Prehistoric Congress; Congress of Colonial Musical Composers; and, perhaps most interesting of all to the average man, "The International Congress of Human Alimentation and Culinary Arts in the Tropics." Chefs and doctors and gourmets will give out information regarding the best foods for the tropics; how best to conserve solid and liquid foods, how and what to drink. The gastronomic side of the Congress will consist of sampling the food in the various restaurants of the Overseas Exposition. Of these there are 14 regular ones, with meals at from 15 to 100 francs. In addition there are forty different native ones. Some of the unusual foods found in these are silkworm salad, seaweed jelly, dried shrimps and lacquered duck.

A commission of experts on music, appointed by the Institute of France, has traced the evolution of Jazz, and has endeavored to ascertain the relation which exists between heathen chants of African natives and the negro spirituals of America. As a result of all this research a series of picturesque programmes of exotic music features the Exposition, folksongs from Senegal, lullabies from Madagascar, religious litanies from the banks of the Congo. Another feature is concerts devoted to native music, played on native instruments. Much of this ancestral music has been transmitted through the centuries simply by memory, and is now put in manuscript form for the first time. In connection with the concerts a collection of bizarre musical instruments from all the French colonies has been assembled.

Of the various educational exhibits the most astonishing is that of the Social Progress, for though France is a wine-growing country, the French are combatting the consumption of alcohol among native peoples, particularly in French West Africa, though losing in wine trade 18 million francs in 1930. But this exhibit, like many others, requires to be seen, rather than described. [Con'd. on page 63]



Around the shores of beautiful Lake Daumesnil stands a replica of a Sudanese village, erected in the national forest of Vincennes for the Overseas Colonial Assembly.

Husband at



Edith confided humbly,
"Dougall is falling, like
the others."

*Edith's Pawn Ticket
Idea Was a Flash of
Genius, But She Fail-
ed to Foresee How Her
Honest—Also Scotch
—Husband Would
Act Under Circe's
Spell.*

"OH, BUT I *couldn't*! Why, Raoul Beaubien, it's unthinkable!"
"Sure you could, Edith! Between old friends like you and me! Haven't we known each other nearly four months?"

"But, Raoul! You don't realise its value!"
"Of course I do. But haven't you been pretty nice to me?"

Edith McMurtry looked up from the bracelet of emeralds and diamonds to the small blue eyes in the big pink face. Funny, fat, pathetic man! So used to being ignored by his wife and her satellites that he was touched by mere civility!

"It's *too* kind of you, Raoul! But I can't possibly—"

"There you go! *Why* can't you? You're not"—he gasped, and his big pink cheeks turned scarlet—"you're not—*misunderstanding* me?"

"Of course not." As he wilted, she eased with, "I mean, you mustn't tempt me. Dougall would never let"—

"Well, say, why doesn't Dougall give you trinkets himself? He's got a sweet, sensible, little wife, pretty too, and he ought to treat her generously."

"You forget, Dougall's Scotch."

"Then, Edith, all the more reason for you to take a little present from me. You want sparklers, all women do. You'll never get 'em safer, girlie."

She found herself guessing at his age. Either thirty-five or fifty would be credible. His hair was greying. His stomach filled his trousers like a bag of flour, as if years past his abdominal muscles had indignantly struck. In estimating his chins, she lost count. And yet, his hair was thick, his skin glowed. And always he had the flavor of a boy. His twinkling

eyes seemed to invite the world to "have one with him."

The diamonds winked at her. The square emeralds were weakening her resolution. If only she had refused to lunch with him! But it had seemed so innocent, lunching with one's neighbor from the country. Edith, in town for a morning's shopping and errands, had met Raoul Beaubien by chance, and he had suggested lunch at the Ritz.

It had been their first long *tête-à-tête*. And, strolling out of the diningroom, they had lingered casually before the showcase of jewelry in the lobby. To her dumbfounded Raoul had said, "That's a pretty bracelet. I'm going to give it to you."

Now he was beckoning to the clerk.

"No, Raoul, *no*! Come away! Dougall would kill me!"

"But, say, Edith, you don't need to have any family row. You just tell Dougall it's trash you bought at the fifteen-cent-store."

EDITH McMURTRY locked her bedroom door, flung off her coat and hat, and hurried to the window. Her hand clutched a small box of navy velvet. She snapped open its lid.

Three square emeralds in a tangle of smaller diamonds and platinum lacework. Three green lamps on a street ablaze with light.

At last she lifted the bracelet from its bed of white velvet. Slowly she turned it over. She sighed. Such workmanship, the poorest imitation of such workmanship, never came out of any fifteen-cent-store. She must return it to Raoul. In exchange, he could get a gift for his wife. She replaced the bracelet; shut the box. But she stayed torpidly by the

window. Below her the green lawn slid down to the river. Already the trees were turning, leaves of scarlet and amber caught the sunlight, jewels set in green lacework.

Edith gazed dully over the hedge at the Beaubien tennis-court, an oblong of level dirt, criss-crossed with white tapes, caged in with high wire netting. Beyond the tennis-court lilacs and syringas partially hid the garden chairs, the low couch-hamock, and the rustic table from which Cora was wont to serve tea.

If Dougall and she had not rented this summer cottage, they would never have met the Beaubiens! She would not have been tempted. . . Nice women did not take valuable gifts from men. Yet Dougall admired Cora Beaubien. And the things Cora took! The *Cadillac* roadster which Jimmie Blake "loaned" her! *Loaned*—for six months at a time! And the motor-boat which Dickie Struthers "put at her disposal for the season!" And the riding-horse which Hugh Johnson "begged her to exercise for him!" And the extravagant clothes, which Cora would confide had been "picked up for nothing at a sale, my dear!" (Why explain, unless explanation were necessary?)

But when Edith had commented to Dougall on the generosity of Cora's "men friends," Dougall had advised her not to be catty. Much, which in his wife Dougall would have reproved, in Cora he found charming.

Edith hated Cora Beaubien. Hated her as only the irreproachable matron can hate the woman who sits securely on the two stools of privileged respectability and promiscuous flirtation.

Those crowds of young men for Saturday tennis and for Sunday bathing and tea; the drives, rides, and boating alone with one admirer—to be expected in a single girl or a disreputable woman!

Cora Beaubien, overpainted and marvellously dressed, tossing her chin under men's faces, ogling and going through inane facial gymnastics, always so hysterically *gay*—it made Edith sick.

And her affected English accent—*bah!*

Yet Dougall always defended Cora—"a perfectly straight little woman." What rankled was Edith's suspicion that Dougall might be right; "straight" implying only the ultimate refusal. Possibly. . . For there was about Cora a calculation. Like ice under

Meridian

By
Gertrude Macaulay
Sutton

Illustrated by
Herbert Rudeen



tiny bonfires. *Straight!* Cora Beaubien was as straight as a snake-fence.

Raoul, simplehearted French-Canadian, suspected nothing. What other man would suffer those "boy friends" kissing his wife's hand and calling out insolently to their host—"Lo, Beau!?" Easy to guess why Cora had married him. For the same reason that she despised him. He alone had been fool enough to offer honorable marriage and unsuspecting indulgence.

While Edith gazed slackly out of the window, two people emerged from behind the lilacs. The woman crowded against the man, tossing her head and hanging on to his arm. Cora Beaubien and one of her young men! The pair strolled up to the Beaubien cottage.

Edith McMurtry opened the little velvet box, lifted out the bracelet, and clasped it on her left arm.

Poor Raoul would be hurt if she refused it. He might give it to Cora! To accept the bracelet had been a weakness, but to benefit Cora Beaubien was more than flesh and blood could bear.

An idea shot through Edith McMurtry's brain. Instantly she knew it for a flash of genius.

She stripped the emeralds from her arm. She snapped the velvet lid over them. Thrusting her arms into the sleeves of her coat, she seized her hat, and dragged it down over her rumpled hair. She unlocked her bedroom door. If she ran, she could catch the 4.10 to town. She could be back before Dougall returned for dinner.

OVER her salad Edith smiled at her husband.

Dougall McMurtry took courage from her smile, and continued.

"Yes, I met Cora as I was coming from the station. She gets pretty lonesome. Country can be dull for a bright little woman like that, a little woman who is so full of life."

"It must," Edith spoke sympathetically.

Dougall regarded his wife with suspicion. "I don't blame her. Don't blame her a bit for trying to keep things lively. Parties and all that. I tell you what, Edith, we've let ourselves get into a rut."

"So I was thinking, dear. Perhaps a little—old-fashioned."

Dougall frowned.

"What d'ye mean—old-fashioned?"

"Oh, nothing, dear. Just that there's no harm in a married woman having men as friends, so long as she's straight."

"Humph! You women always argue from the particular to the general. I'm not talking about

'married women.' I'm talking about Cora Beaubien. Raoul's a stick-in-the-mud. In *her* case every allowance can be made. Every allowance. After all, there's no harm in a little frivolity."

"No harm at all, dear."

Dougall looked nonplussed. Disconcerting to have one's arguments so promptly acquiesced in. By one's wife... Arguments about another woman...

Edith smiled disarmingly, and served the dessert.

"Cora suggested we drop in for bridge tonight. Pretty dull for her, Edith, an evening alone with Raoul. Oh, yes, I know, he's her husband, but—a French Canadian! I never believed in those mixed marriages. Always hard on the woman. And I say that when you see a little woman trying to make a go of things, well, it's up to other people to help all they can."

"And you think, dear, that it would help if we went around to play bridge with Cora tonight?"

"Well—yes. Why not?"

"Why not, indeed, dear? I'll just slip into my cerise chiffon!"

"Nonsense! You look all right. What you want to rig up in evening dress for? It's the country. And Raoul won't notice what you've got on."

As Dougall lit a cigarette, Edith said casually, "By the way, dear, when I was in town today—you know I went in to get your shirt-cuffs from the button-hole place and to buy you some new underwear—well, I found a funny little ticket on the pavement. I put it on the sideboard there. See if you can guess what it is."

Dougall rose, found the pasteboard, and studied it. "It's a pawn ticket. Yes, a pawn ticket."

"A pawn ticket!" echoed Edith.

Dougall tossed it aside.

"Oh, but, Dougall! Why, it may be for anything! Perhaps a mink coat, or a motor-boat, or an automobile!"

"Or a house!" He laughed good-naturedly.

"But, Dougall! Aren't you *interested*? I am, fearfully. I tell you what, you go and see what it's for, and if it's worth more than what you have to pay to redeem it, why then pay and bring the thing home. What fun!"

"That," said Dougall, "would be stealing."

Edith's face fell.

"Why?" she faltered.

"Because the ticket does not belong to us."

Before they left for the Beaubien cottage, Edith found the ticket and placed it safely under a heavy

"Pawn ticket? Oh, yes." Dougall fumbled in his pocket.

silver vase. Half-way across the lawn, Edith suddenly exclaimed,

"Then we must advertise the ticket! If anyone claims it, they must do something to identify it as theirs, give the number or something. And if no one claims it, it will be ours all right then, won't it?"

"If no one claims it, it won't be for anything worth claiming."

"I'm going to advertise it. It's too intriguing. I never found anything before."

CORA met them on the verandah of the Beaubien cottage. She wore a very low evening gown of mauve tulle, and looked both dashing and coy.

"Oh, Edith! How sweet of you! Raoul and I get so lonesome!"

Cora it was who had promptly insisted on the use of Christian names all round.

"It's so *bourgeois*, don't you think, sticking to Mr. and Mrs. with one's real friends?"

Dougall's eyes were on Cora's white shoulders. Edith could of course read his thoughts like a book. After all, she was his wife. "Lovely creature, tied to that clod, Beaubien! Poor little woman! Plucky little woman! Pretty little woman! No wonder all the other women are jealous of her!"

But all that Dougall said was—"How nice you look, Cora. You do know how to dress."

Raoul was at Edith's side. Poor fat, tired-looking Raoul, but smiling. His eyes met hers eagerly, then went to her arms, then back [Continued on page 34]



Hot Off the Griddle

By Berton Braley

FOSTER GORDON'S father claims that as soon as the boy reached the rattle age he displayed signs of a dexterity unusual in babies. Where the ordinary infant finds his greatest joy in dropping rattles or toys or timepieces and watching grown folk picking them up, Foster's childish endeavor was to toss them up and try to catch them.

"And the kid rarely missed them, coming down, either," the elder Gordon insists.

One must allow some latitude for fatherly pride in crediting such tales of our hero's earliest youth, but there isn't any question that as soon as he got out of dresses and into knee-pants Foster revealed a penchant for tossing things in the air and catching them. Also for twirling sticks about in his hand and for endeavoring to balance anything and everything on his finger-tips, his forehead, the tip of his nose or his chin.

The Gordons believed in making a youngster useful about the house, and Foster was required to help clear the table and wash dishes not infrequently. There was vast carnage amidst the family china following his first circus, because the boy would persist in trying to keep a cup, a plate and a pitcher in the air at the same instant, or spin a platter as he had seen the circus performer do. Also he succeeded in setting himself and the house afire by juggling with a lighted lamp, and was discovered just in time one day with all the kitchen and woodshed cutlery in his possession, about to do a knife-throwing stunt with Rover, the dog, as the object. Rover, trustfully sitting up against the woodshed wall—his one and only trick—had no idea how grateful he should have been to Mrs. Gordon for missing the bread-knife just when she did.

Some of these attempts of Foster had a painful aftermath, of course, but he could no more help juggling everything he laid his hands on than an embryo artist can resist marking up each drawing surface he discovers.

And Foster didn't break all the dishes he handled, for rapidly he gained a dexterity most wonderful.

But he never could perform before a crowd. An overwhelming self-consciousness made a bungler of him. In the bosom of his family, in the casual gathering of his boy chums, he could balance and toss and whirl, catch and spin objects with a sureness and facility superb—but let him try to exhibit at a kid circus and the attempt was ever a dismal failure. He couldn't stand the thought of an audience, the

congregation of spectators always unnerved him.

He wasn't much use to a church entertainment, and after half a dozen failures at amateur minstrel shows he ceased to be in demand for them.

And yet, when he went away to the big city to make his fortune, he planned to be a juggler. After all, it was the trade that interested him most, and the thing he liked best to do. Why be a

clerk or business man when your hand and eye were quick enough to keep half a dozen things in the air at once, all behaving with a seeming disregard of all the laws of gravitation? Why, indeed, particularly when salaries in vaudeville were so high?

Foster Gordon didn't lack self-confidence or assertiveness. He could beard a vaudeville agent or manager in his lair and tell him how good Foster Gordon was without a qualm. It was only crowds that cowed him.

And Foster was as good as he said he was. His idea for an act was good, too. A kitchen set, with utensils and dishes galore, and even a few

things stewing on a property stove. Foster, as the small boy sneaks in for a snack, samples nearly all the viands on the table or the stove, burns himself, and gradually thus works into comedy, juggling with everything in the place, from the teaspoons to the wash-boiler.

Done before a couple of managers whom he'd corralled for the purpose, Foster's act was a wallop.

"Kid, you're a wiz," said the fatter one, who ran a half-dozen houses. "I don't often tell a new act he's as good as that, but I gotta slip it to yuh. We'll try yuh out in the Bronx house Friday night and if yuh get over big—and I think you're gonna, we'll have yuh inside the Palace inside three weeks. Your stuff's high-class and most of it's new. Suppose we say two hundred a week to start, eh?"

"I'd rather wait," said Foster, "and talk business after I've got over. Maybe you won't be able to get me so cheap, then."

IT WAS six months after this conversation that Foster Gordon stood looking rather hungrily at the flapjack tosser in the White Front restaurant. Foster had not got over.

He'd thought that when he left home and reached the stage of a regular theatre the very impersonality of the big audience would cure his stage-fright—but it only intensified it. In private his act was a wallop, in public it was a flop. One look at the massed faces beyond the footlights and all the vim went out of him, he was a "frost"—not awful enough to be funny, just bad enough to be "rung down."

He had had a dozen try-outs, with the same result. He dropped from the three a day to the "honky-tonks." And not once had he done his work well. He couldn't conquer his inhibition, he didn't "get over"—he went under.

Six months had put his little initial roll into limbo, and as Foster stood and gazed into the window of the White Front his mouth watered at the sight of the brown "wheats" the swarthy Greek was turning on the slab. Foster was hungry.

To his mind, obsessed with the thought of food, a job in that restaurant seemed about the most desirable position in the world. To work in a place where victuals were sold—what bliss! He watched the Greek a little longer. Then, "Oh, shucks, why not?" he said to himself, "I'm a failure, a bum, anyhow. I might as well be a dishwasher in a restaurant as a ditch-digger or a delivery-wagon driver—here goes."

"Nope, I don't need no waiters or dish-washers," said the manager when Foster inquired for work, "I don't think there's a thing I could use you for except—wait a minute. The Greek's gonna quit today and if you wanna' try it you might flap the wheats like he's doing. Are you handy with your hands?"

"Some," said Gordon meekly.

"Well come around tonight at seven and I'll give you a try on the night-shift when there ain't so much doing. Course there's nothing much to toast at night,



To his mind, obsessed with the thought of food, a job in that restaurant seemed a most desirable position.

Illustrated by
Kathleen Allen

but it'll help to get your hand in." In this manner it came about that Foster Gordon, juggler, after a week or so on the night-shift for practice, appeared in the window of the White Front restaurant one morning as a full-fledged pancake flapper, in white cap, coat and apron, and armed with the weapon of his trade, a pancake turner.

BY THIS time Foster had become somewhat used to the constantly shifting little crowd of people that always paused to watch him at his duties, and though the day-shift bunch was larger, it did not trouble him. There was something, too, in being behind glass, a sense of removal from the spectators which helped him. Furthermore, he wasn't up there solely for exhibition purposes, he was baking cakes and the people he had to please were those behind him, not those in front.

At first he had kept his eyes rather closely to the work of making toast, turning flapjacks and frying butter-cakes, but after a while his eyes occasionally raised to meet those of the audience without the window and in a few days he found he could gaze at them quite unconcernedly—even to the length of flirting casually with pretty girls who happened to pause to inspect his operations.

That crowd out there was rapidly turning into a little knot of curious but kindly people interested in the way a man was doing his job. And Foster Gordon's way of doing that job was becoming daily more interesting.

He began to play tricks with pancake turners, pitchers of batter and flapjacks, toast and butter-cakes. Very simple stunts at first, such as tossing

the cakes so that they made a triple somersault before they landed on the wet side, or throwing the turner spinning in the air and catching it nonchalantly by the handle. One morning when Maisie Kelly, the pretty waitress with whom he was constantly exchanging light banter, called for a stack of "wheats in a hurry," Foster answered "Hold the plate," and with a deft flip of his turner tossed four beautifully browned wheat cakes four feet through the air upon the dish in the hands of the astonished waitress.

The little crowd outside the window laughed and gasped in one breath, whereat Foster Gordon flipped a butter-cake over his head and caught it behind him with the turner, and then flipped it back again to the hot slab to continue its cooking.

At this, three or four people applauded, and the manager, lounging at the cashier's desk, came to the window to see what had caused the excitement. He arrived just in time to see Gordon pour out a cake on the slab, toss the pitcher lightly from his right to his left hand, juggle the turner in the other hand, and then flip the cake by a queer twist of his wrist, which made it spin like a top in the air before it landed. Also the manager gasped as Foster, for a concluding stunt, somersaulted the pitcher so quickly that not a drop of batter spilled, and bowed to the astonished and rapidly augmenting gathering outside. [Continued on page 52]

The crowd out there was rapidly turning into a little knot of curious but kindly people.



"Don't jump on him any more, Mr. Feldbaum," she begged.



Street Front.

A Dutch Accent

By V. W. Horwood

Registered Architect

IN building, as in other matters, the old adage is "It is the first step that counts," and it would be well to insist upon the fact at this stage; there should be a lot of deep and clear thinking. We no longer follow the customs of our forefathers whose generations were born, lived and died under the same roof-tree. Is it our restless age or our inexperience in building homes? Our patriarchal forefathers when they built generally gave thorough consideration to their requirements—a "for sale" sign did not appear often on their homes. Our restless generation build, and after a few years often the familiar sign appears. Maybe a coaxing real estate agent approaches you with a proposition which you often accept and in many cases regret bitterly afterwards, but that is not the main reason why our homes change so often. One answer is, shoddy building, and what is shoddy building? Leaking water pipes due to a false economy in installing the plumbing fittings, poor valves to the fixtures, the fixtures themselves become a shame to the housewife who instead of proudly pointing out her sink or bathtub apologizes for them. Then the heating plant is not satisfactory—and the plaster is cracked, while the floors are opened and splintered. The hardware has lost its finish and the doors sag, while the walls are wailing—I could go on for pages, for I have seen it all, and have also seen the look of anxiety on the face of the owner who wishes to sell as he watches my face. In imitation of the grandiloquent expression of a toast master at a banquet I could tell him,

"Gentlemen, we have with us—"

And alas that it should be so. I write it with great diffidence and only to gibbet the jerry

builder in the minds of all true home builders, for there are unfortunately men who debase the noblest art, that of home building, to the mere cause of money grabbing. Many of us think that we can live on business alone, and that it can buy service like any other goods. Business may be the head, but service comes from the heart. So when you are going to build or buy, find out what material has been or is to be used, and know that it is the best. One of the first things is to secure a good lot. I have already in these articles given an idea of the importance of this, but it cannot be too much stressed. Walk the slums of any town! What do you see? Residences that were homes, and now

have been abandoned to rooms—naturally in the great changing West affairs move fast, but if you are going to invest some thousands of dollars in a home, at least use a modicum of the sense you would use in buying a stock, and at best get a kick from it if the stock goes down, not the dull inertia of seeing your surroundings get drab, and sell perforce because you must—a poor reason—look ahead or the "for sale" sign will be forced on you without rhyme or reason. But here we should remember that a real estate investment is one thing and a home investment is another. Whoever wishes for a successful home for himself and his family should make his domestic requirements paramount, and let all other considerations as to real estate values take care of themselves. This is not sacerdotal advice, but a fundamental. One may live near his work and of a necessity adapt the home requirements to the district. This may be a misfortune in many ways if the district degenerates. I remember having a room in Toronto years ago and seeing the man of the house only twice in eight months. His work lay on the opposite side of the city, and every morning of his life except Sundays he left the house at 4 o'clock, returning at 7.30 at night. I presume we are not all of this inclination, life is too short. When about to build, one localizes in a decidedly immobile form a certain amount of his capital. If his work or conditions are reasonably subject to change he should, as the Irishman said, "abandon his building before undertaking it."

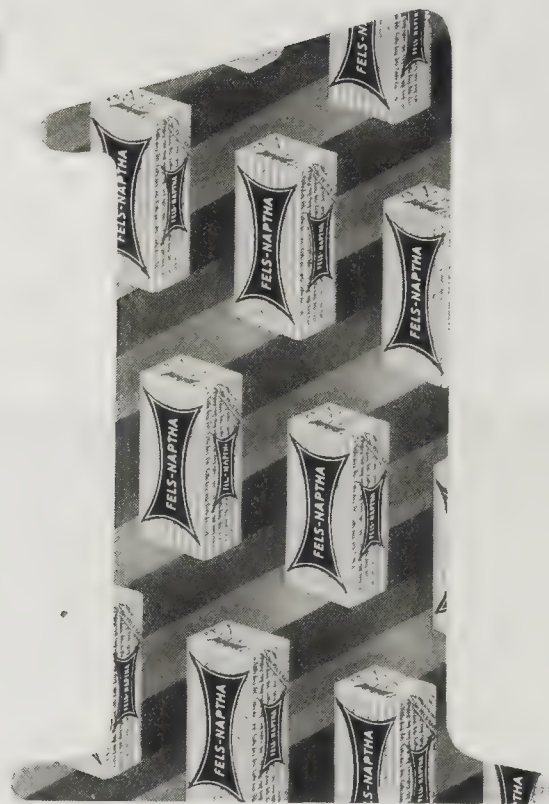
SO I come back to my start. Make sure of your contractor but make doubly sure that your materials are of the best. We read in Chronicles, "Send me now therefore a man cunning to work in gold and in silver and in brass and in iron—"

And we would do well to follow this [Continued on page 61]

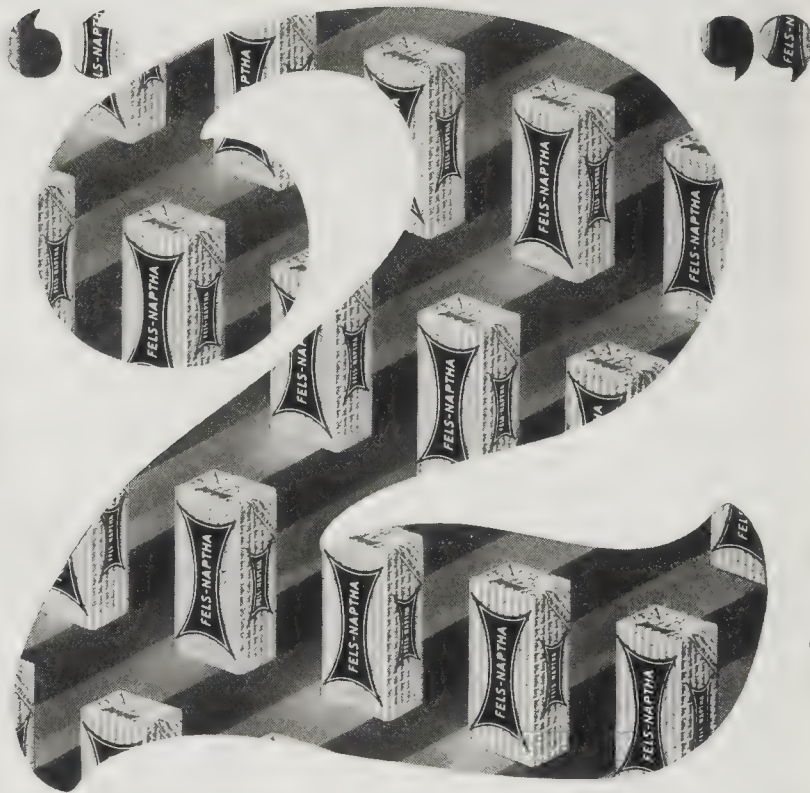


Garden Front.

THE EYES SAY



BUT THE NOSE SAYS



Turn back Fels-Naptha's red-and-green wrapper. You see a generous bar of soap—good, golden, rich-looking soap. “Ah,” say your eyes, “there’s a sure-enough helper!”

Now lift the golden bar to your nose. “Naptha!” your nose tells you. “Plenty of naptha. And that’s helper number two!”

There, in a glance and a smell, you have the reason why Fels-Naptha gives *extra* help in washing. It is two helpers instead of one. Not just soap—but unusually good soap *and* plenty of naptha.

Working busily together, these two helpers coax dirt loose from clothes gently but firmly, and wash it away. No hard rubbing is needed. The washing is done more easily and more quickly. And it is done *beautifully*. Every-

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W. H. 6-91

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper and the sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap offered in this advertisement. I enclose four cents in stamps to help cover postage.

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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Windows from Within and Without

THE day has passed when a window's principal duty was to let in a certain amount of light and to establish a current of air when opened.

Indeed yes! Today, we reckon a window as one of the truly important features in a room—one of the main centres of interest. From the outside, too, we must reckon with it—for if "the windows are the eyes of the home" when considered from *inside* the house, we must remember that on the *outside*, each passing friend and neighbor looks our house in the eye.

We Must Treat Them With Both Viewpoints in Mind

By Katherine M. Caldwell

individual charm, than did the homemakers of some years ago. Much more beautiful and varied and interesting furniture and fabrics are available now for people of modest income, than were ever to be

job. Study your house yourself, with a critical eye to this very important detail; perhaps you will decide that new shades are as necessary as new paint this spring—and will choose the color and quality of both with the same care.

Let us now look at the windows from inside the rooms. We can only generalize—for there are so very many types of windows in domestic architecture.

In the first place, if your windows are good, you will want to make the most of them; play them up; let them give all the value possible to your room.

And if the windows are themselves poor things—then your problem is to cloak their shortcomings in some graceful fashion, to try and give them a charm by their dressing that was not bestowed on them in the course of nature.

Many windows today are the better for scant curtaining. If the window itself is lovely and is so fortunate as to command a lovely view—why mask either one? Draw-curtains that can be pulled well to the side, are often all the fabric that it is advisable to have.

If, however, your window is painfully narrow for its height, or too short for grace, you can probably overcome its poor points quite successfully.

To add to the apparent width of a window, use a curtain pole that extends as many inches as you see fit at each side of the frame; enough



Twin windows in this dining-room are treated for dignity and good lighting.

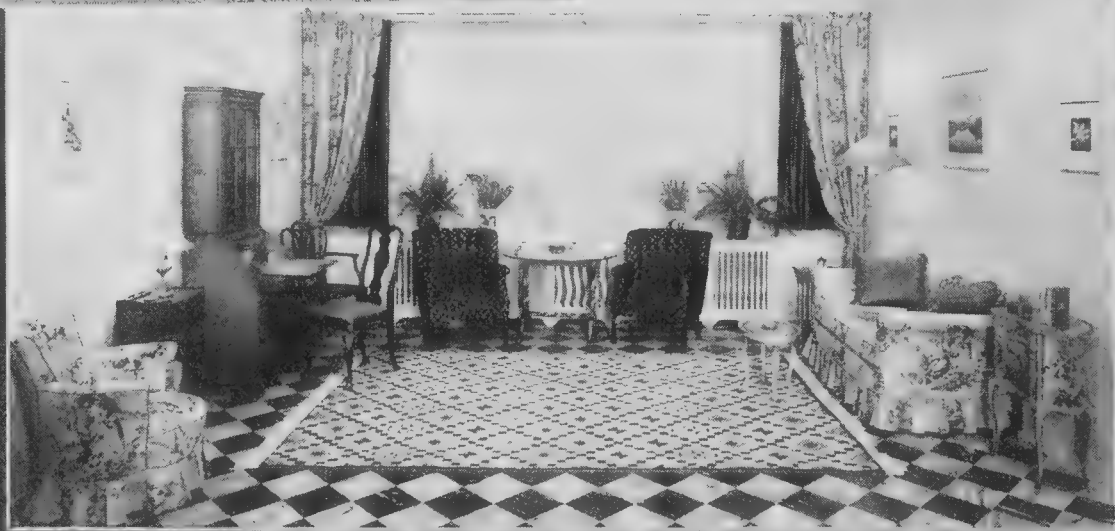
Considering for a moment then, the aspect of our house from the avenue—just what must be done for its windows, that they may "speak us fair" to all who pass or pause?

The windows are an important part of the architectural detail of the house. For the best effect, all of the windows on one side should bear a decided relationship one with another when viewed from the outside. It may seem all very well to plan straight-hanging wide-mesh net curtains for the room at the left of the front door, lace panels for the room on the right, and ruffled voile in the bedrooms over them. In each case, the curtains may be very becoming to the room they are in—but from the outside, the effect is one of patchwork.

It isn't necessary to curtain all your front windows in exactly the same manner, but that plan always effective if you can manage to do so, and it is at least well to arrange the downstairs rooms so that their windows will look alike from the street, and to make the upper windows uniform and of a style that is at least in accord with the windows below.

HAVE you ever studied how much window shades have to do with the appearance of a house from outside? Most people draw their shades with a conscientious effort to keep them straight and all on the same level—but too often any study of what they mean to the house in general stops right there.

It is too bad when this is so. Well-chosen window shades can contribute a great deal more to the appearance of a house than the average person ever dreams. House planning has taken a long stride forward in Canada, in recent years; gifted architects have set new standards of beauty for even the smallest homes, that have had a tremendous effect on building in general. And hand in hand with better architecture has come better furnishing—"better" from two standpoints. The average person gives a great deal more thought and effort to furnishing a home with



The joys of a sunroom are combined with living-room comfort—with not a ray of sunshine lost.

had before. When a conscientious architect completes a home for a client today, he very often goes farther than the mere building. One point that I know several architects always cover in their recommendations, is the type of window shade that will be used. After all, this is very logical. The windows take up quite a proportion of the front of the house; why should the planning of that front stop abruptly at the window frames and ignore what is to go in them?

The result of this careful attention to detail has paid immensely in each case. The color of the window blinds is a part of the whole harmony of the front of the house. (I am saying "front" in each case, but of course the same thing applies to any elevation). In a house of creamy-buff stucco with soft wood-brown trim, there will be no danger of abruptly-starting dead-white shades and glass curtains; you can be assured that they will be a soft cream tint that will blend perfectly into the rest of the picture. Or perhaps they will strike a well considered and harmonious color note—with every evidence of intention and artistry.

Of course, I am not implying that to effectively shade your windows you require an architect on the

curtain rings can be left outside the supporting brackets, to carry the required amount of the curtain there, whilst the rings that lie within the brackets will support the rest of it.

If the window looks too high, you can bring the eye down by the use of a valance. If, on the other hand, you would like to give it an appearance of more height—have a valance-board made that will extend well above the window frame, so that the actual hanging valance will cover that frame completely but cover no more of the glass than you want it to do.

Whether side curtains shall stop below the sill or just clear the floor, is another point that is frequently open to choice. Sometimes, of course, there is a radiator beneath the window that juts out too far to permit long curtains to hang over it; or there may be a broad sill or a projecting seat, if the window is low; anything of this kind will preclude the possibility of floor-length curtains. When there is nothing to stand in the way, however, and the windows are large enough to carry the long curtains, there is added dignity and grace to the full-length, generously-wide fabric. To tie back or not to tie back, is another question. Here again, [Continued on page 60]

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Distinguished for their beauty . . . for the irresistible grace with which they carry on an aristocratic tradition . . . the world's social leaders follow the Pond's way to personal loveliness.

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Shadowland With All Its Vagaries

"Dishonored"

THE Secret Service does not take its adjective in vain. Its heroes (or we may call them "villains," of course, if they are on the side of the enemy) remain in absolute obscurity if they work with complete success. During the Great War, however, many failed to achieve secrecy and thus won unwanted fame. And of late many lips have been loosened, and as a result the public has heard thrilling tales of spy activities during the war. Most picturesque and notorious of the women in these reminiscences was Mata Hari, professional dancer, famous courtesan and mercenary spy. Now her story has been used as a basis for "Dishonored," the new film starring Marlene Dietrich.

Josef von Sternberg, the director, has been particularly clever in his handling of this picture. He has not allowed it to be cluttered with the heavy, pretentious dialogue that has ruined so many talkies. The dialogue of "Dishonored" is effectively terse, pantomime being the principal medium used in telling the story.

Marlene Dietrich, besides being one of the most attractive women to be seen on the screen, has in this film a much better opportunity for acting than she had in "Morocco." The part gives her a chance for many short character sketches. In all of them she is excellent.

"Dishonored" is tense and lurid melodrama, as any story founded on Mata Hari's career is almost bound to be, and provides stirring entertainment for adults.

"Rango"

IF WATCHING monkeys and apes diverts you, go to see "Rango." This film, titled after the pet name for Orang-Utan, was made by one of the men who were responsible for "Chang" and "Grass." Although "Rango" is not as spectacular and pretentious as the other two pictures, it is immensely interesting and entertaining.

The jungle of Sumatra, the largest, after Borneo, of the Great Sunda Islands of the Malay Archipelago, is the setting for the picture. In case you have forgotten, I might add that Sumatra is divided into two nearly equal parts by the equator and that its area is almost as great as that of Spain. Anyway it's a perfectly grand place with a hot climate, and it is simply teeming with interesting flora and fauna. The supporting cast of "Rango" includes a tiger, a handsome two-horned rhinoceros and a very few natives. The stars of the picture are apes and monkeys of widely varying species and personalities. I am sure when you see them you will agree with me that they are infinitely more intelligent and more expressive actors than a great percentage of the regular screen stars.

Children will love this picture.

"East Lynne"

THAT famed old "tear-jerker," "East Lynne," now makes its appearance as a talkie in which the beautiful Ann Harding, as the unhappy heroine, does more weeping, sobbing and moaning than I have ever before seen in one feature picture. I fear that audiences will no longer accord the heroine tear for tear as they used to do in the old days when "East Lynne" was in its prime, for today this celebrated sentimental melodrama seems more quaint than moving.

"The Easiest Way"

EUGENE WALTERS' stage play, "The Easiest Way," with Frances Starr in the leading role, was a sensation for several years. A melodramatic and tragic story of a girl who chose the primrose path, its final line: "Get my prettiest gown. I'm going to Rector's tonight to make a hit, and to hell afterwards." was then thought to be supremely daring.

Although Rector's is now a thing of the past and many another detail of the play may well seem old-fashioned, the play was excellent "theatre," but the talkie has not grasped this strength. The producers have made an attempt to modernize the dialogue, bringing in such modern topics as references to the "five year plan" of the Soviet. They have also juggled the story about and done it so badly that the story has lost all its point. The heroine of the play was weak and luxury-loving above everything. The heroine of the picture is sentimentalized over and depicted as just another one of those sweet little girls craving for love. For the clever, harsh ending of the play, the picture substitutes a scene showing the heroine on Christmas Eve, out in the snow, wistfully peering into the lighted windows in the home of her more decorous and happier sister. And then there is a happy ending for all concerned. The one hundredth time I saw that scene of the erring hero or heroine peering wistfully into the windows of the old home I very nearly shot myself, but now that the score is up in the thousands my emotions have become so dulled that it no longer worries me.

Adolphe Menjou is excellent in his important role. Constance Bennett is pretty, but quite undistinguished as the heroine.

"Cimarron"

COLORFUL, full of action and sympathy, Edna Ferber's stories are always excellent screen material. "Cimarron," the picture version of her

as it did, from a wilderness into a land of very rich cities in a few years, makes a picturesque background for the story.

Richard Dix, as the lovable, happy-go-lucky Yancey Cravath, does unexpectedly good work.

Irene Dunne is splendid as Sabra, particularly in the latter part of the film, which, without her interesting characterization, might have dragged. Others in the cast are good. "Cimarron" is well worth seeing.



"Rango" who plays the title role in this film.

"It Pays to Advertise"

THE old stage comedy about the soap manufacturer's son whose whiz-bang advertising methods make him a fortune and win him a bride, is turned into a pleasant picture, nicely acted and directed.

"Little Caesar"

THIS is one of the best of the gangster pictures. Naturally it is not a film to which to take children, but it may prove of interest to the intelligent adult. The story concerns a gutter-rat, blustering, bullying and vain, who rises to be the leader of a huge gang, and through over ambition and excessive vanity loses his sinister power and, finally, his life. Edward Robinson as "Little Caesar," the racketeer, gives an excellent characterization.

"Body and Soul"

A CHEAP story about flying men and siren spies is used to introduce Elissa Landi, a new star, to us. Miss Landi is of the Garbo-Dietrich type and extremely attractive. She deserves a better vehicle than this silly picture. Charles Farrell, in the leading male role, has very little but his looks to recommend him. His acting, especially his reading of the dialogue, is very amateurish.

"Dracula"

BRAM STOKER'S classic novel of horror, after a long and successful career as a stage play, has now made its debut in the talkies. Considering the clever trick effects possible in the films and the tremendous scope of the camera, I expected a series of first-rate thrills and shudders. I was disappointed. Except for a very few shots of outside scenes impossible to reproduce on a stage, the picture version of "Dracula" was rather long and disjointed and failed to hold the interest as the stage version had done.

"The Great Meadow"

ADAPTED from Elizabeth Madox Roberts' novel of the same name, "The Great Meadow" tries very hard to be another "epic" of pioneer days and fails. It is long-drawn-out, tiresome and slow. The dialogue is heavy and any emotion that was in the book has been almost completely mislaid. The story tells of the Virginian pioneers who went to settle Kentucky, "The Great Meadow." Eleanor Boardman, John Mack Brown, Gavin Gordon and Lucille La Verne are in the cast.

And Others

"INSPIRATION," a sort of rehash of Alphonse Daudet's "Sapho" is a fairly attractive film with Greta Garbo as the star. "Millie," with Helen Twelvetrees, is just awful. Ruth Chatterton's talent is not shown to much advantage in "Unfaithful," just another one of those would-be emotional love stories.

Jerome Carver



Victor McLaglen and Marlene Dietrich in "Dishonored"



Richard Dix and Irene Dunne in "Cimarron."

latest novel, is particularly effective. It is a story of Oklahoma, starting with the rush of pioneers there at the opening of the Osage territory. The quick development of that part of the country, changing,

In Spain . . . beauty experts insist on olive and palm oils to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Specialists in beauty culture—more than 20,000 of them, the world over—agree on this one way to keep skin lovely.

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Luis Tejero

TEJERO, whose beauty salon is visited by many of the most important women of Spain. At right is shown the facade of Tejero's establishment.



Evidence of that schoolgirl complexion is found over and over again in the olive-tinted, warm color of the lovely Spanish senorita.



MRS. M. JOHNSTON, of the Robert Simpson Company Ltd., Toronto, who urges 'foundation cleansing' twice a day.



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DON'T think, just because nature is so kind to sunny Spain, that the lovely Spanish senoritas can afford to neglect their complexions. Tejero, the well-known Barcelona beauty specialist, will tell you otherwise.

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Simply massage a fine lather of Palmolive and warm water into the face and throat. (Don't use hot water—that is apt to redden and irritate sensitive skin.) Rinse with warm water, then colder and colder. Use that as a basis for makeup. Never fail to observe this rule of cleanliness before retiring.

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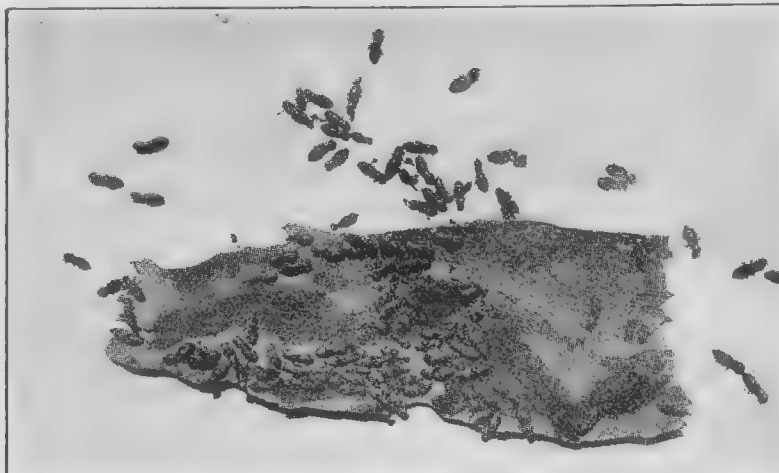
TINY AND TERRIBLE

By William David Belbeck

TO THE student of Nature there is nothing more interesting than the study of insect life. The more time spent in the study of them, the more

for their steady increase in numbers.

Herein may lie a great threat to the human race, which at best, live their separate lives in their own way. If



This photo shows one of the most destructive of all the wood-eating species of ant.

one realizes that they have a magnificent, miniature world all their own.

Of the hundreds of different species of insects there is no doubt whatever that the ant family is by far the most remarkable, resembling more closely our own habits and activities. They build cities, wherein are constructed regular "apartment houses." One famous naturalist tells us of having seen one ant city in Pennsylvania which covered approximately thirty acres of land, consisting of some two thousand separate houses, and had an estimated population of over fifteen million! Doctors and nurses are on duty day and night, and even undertaker ants are on hand to bury the dead.

Ants are agriculturists, for they grow grain in perfectly cultivated plots near their cities, and mushrooms in their underground homes. They have domesticated certain species of beetles which answer the purpose of dairy cattle, and in numerous other ways they resemble the human race in their habits.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the ants is their system. Everything they do is done on a system, and this trait is developed to such a degree that their entire lives are almost mechanical. Some scientists claim that in some future century the insects will master the world. How much truth is contained in this conjecture no one can say. But one fact which does stand boldly forth in support of this scientific prophesy is the knowledge that the insect world is steadily increasing in numbers! This is particularly true of the ant kingdom. And the reason for this is because of their highly developed systematic lives. An ant is born to a system, and is buried in the same manner. Every single ant has a definite and specified life to live, from which it cannot deviate. There are workers, soldiers, nurses and so on, each having a certain set of duties to perform. This system is responsible

the time ever comes when humanity is threatened with destruction from the insects, an elaborate system will have to be devised by coming generations to offset that employed by their tiny enemies.

The greatest danger lies in the insects of the tropics, for here in the primeval forests they abound in inestimable numbers. Let us make a passing study of some of the ants which make Africa their home. Here the buildings are mostly of wood and are yearly ravished by the wood-eating species of ant, which tunnel and cross-tunnel through walls, ceiling, posts and beams. The wood thus attacked becomes in time nothing but an empty shell, and often crumbles at a touch. Efforts made to replace this timber is all in vain, for the pests attack with renewed energy new lumber inserted. Even copious applications of coal-tar are often unsatisfactory, for unless every square inch is covered completely, the ants get inside. These pests also

destroy furniture, books, clothing and leather goods.

Through centuries of unsuccessful

battling with these tiny, persistent enemies, the natives have given up theirs to preserve their homes and household belongings. They have found it to be useless. At first the whites strove to combat the insects too, but finally threw up their hands in despair. Like the natives, they have found it is easier on the nerves to leave these wood-ants severely alone, for a man could easily lose his mind in waging a losing battle against their indomitable hordes.

DOMESTIC vegetation fares little better in this tropical clime. Armies of the big, red leaf-cutting ants swarm through the maize and cane-fields at certain seasons of the year. Sometimes these agricultural pests come in limited numbers and then the crops suffer but lightly; at other times they come in red battalions and when they leave nothing but the brown earth is left to tell where the vegetation once waved in the wind.

Inasmuch as crops must be grown for sustenance, both whites and natives make some effort to keep the red leaf-ants under control. When the insects have marched back into the bush, they are followed to their warren. Every entrance except one is carefully plugged with damp clay; through this one opening sulphur fumes are pumped into the ant city in order to destroy the inhabitants. Extreme care must be taken that the "heart" of the warren is reached, and the lizard-like snake which lies therein is destroyed; otherwise the labor is all in vain.

Natives regard this reptile as a snake. It certainly closely resembles one but differs in the respect that it possesses two heads, or at least both ends are alike in appearance. Just what it is remains a mystery of Nature. How this creature gets down into the heart of the ant city, through the small runways bored by the ants, is a conundrum—for it measures over two feet in length, is fat, blind and legless.

It is called by the natives "madre de las hormigas"—mother of the ants. Whether it should be regarded as their pet, parasite or prisoner cannot be said. But, whatever connection it may have, it is always to be found at the heart of an ant city.

The two species of ant already described cause mankind a terrible amount of exasperation with their depredations, but neither will attack animate life. But now let us turn our

[Continued on page 63]



A white ant queen. A large, loathsome cylindrical package two or three inches long, in shape like a sausage and as white as a bolster. Her body is full of eggs, of which she lays thousands every day.



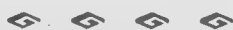
Typical ants' "apartment house." These often attain a height of fifteen feet. Natives use the smaller ones, when opened and emptied, as ovens.



"Ten minutes faster to the office this morning *and I didn't speed*"

"FIFTY minutes from home? That's going some!"

"Yes—but you can always depend on Pontiac to come through on schedule. It isn't only speed—it is easy control and snappy acceleration."



And that's the truth about the new Pontiac Six. Driving and riding are restful—and you clip minutes from journeys with safety and economy.

You may never look under the hood but it's a joy to experience the quiet smooth power-flow of Pontiac's 60-horsepower engine. Steering and gear-shifting are effortless. And if you care for that sort of thing, you can "stop on a dime"—with Pontiac's big brakes.

Then consider Pontiac's modern beauty, the luxury and completeness of its appointments. Bodies by Fisher are finished with careful attention to detail. Such unusual items as 5 wire wheels, Lovejoy shock absorbers, fender indicator lamps, radiator screen and new-style bumpers, demonstrate beyond doubt the high standard of its General Motors value.

We invite you to see the Pontiac Six and to test it. You will be agreeably surprised at what you can buy at such low prices. Likewise you will be satisfied with the low, time-purchase terms of GMAC and the generous provisions of the General Motors Owner Service Policy.

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THERE IS A PONTIAC DEALER NEAR YOU TO SERVE YOU

Announcing Kodak Competition

**\$7,500 in prizes for the Canadian District alone—
Hundreds of chances to win . . . !**

*Only Picture Interest counts . . . Snapshots made
in May, June, July or August may be entered*

286 Prizes for the Canadian District Six Picture Classes

YOU may submit pictures of *any* subject in this contest. Prizes will be awarded in classes, and your entries will be placed for judging in the classes in which they are most likely to win.

A. Children. Any picture in which the principal interest is a child or children.

B. Scenes. Landscapes, marine views, city, street, travel or country scenes, etc.

C. Games, Sports, Pastimes, Occupations. Baseball, tennis, golf, fishing, gardening, carpentry, etc.

D. Still Life and Nature Subjects, Architecture and Architectural Detail, Interiors. Art objects, curios, cut flowers, or any still life object in artistic arrangement, any nature subject, etc. Exteriors or interiors of homes, churches, schools, offices, libraries; statues, etc.

E. Informal Portraits. Close-up or full figure of a person or persons, excepting pictures in which the principal interest is a child or children (See Class A above).

F. Animals, Pets, Birds. Pets (dogs, cats, etc.); farm animals or fowls; wild animals or birds, either at large or in zoos.

\$7,500 in Canadian District

GRAND PRIZE: Bronze Medal and \$1000
44 PRIZES IN EACH CLASS

For the best picture in each class.....	\$250
For the next picture in each class.....	100
For the next picture in each class.....	50
For each of next 5 pictures in each class.....	25
For each of next 36 pictures in each class.....	10
(265 prizes, totaling \$6,310)	

The Canadian District comprises Canada, Newfoundland, Saint-Pierre and Miquelon.

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR CHILD PICTURES

For the best child pictures made and entered in May and June from each of seven provinces—the Maritime Provinces of Canada, Newfoundland, Saint-Pierre and Miquelon count as one province; Yukon Territory is included with British Columbia; Northwest Territories are included with Alberta.

First Prize, each province.....	\$100
Second Prize, each province.....	50
Third Prize, each province.....	20
(\$1 provincial prizes, totaling \$1,190)	

International Awards

The best picture in each class from each country automatically enters the international judging for further awards at Geneva, Switzerland.

GRAND AWARD: Silver Trophy and \$10,000
SIX CLASS AWARDS

The best picture in each of the six classes will receive an international class award of a gold medal and \$1,000.

Total Prize Money—Canadian District.....	\$ 7,500
International Awards.....	16,000
Prize Money for rest of world.....	76,500
Total to be won—amateurs only.....	100,000

NOTE that one picture may win a \$250 class prize, the \$1,000 grand prize for Canadian District . . . plus a \$1,000 international class award and the \$10,000 international grand award . . . a total of \$12,250 for a single snapshot.

ONE hundred thousand dollars in cash . . . for simple snapshots like those you make!

Seventy-five hundred dollars for the Canadian District, which comprises Canada, Newfoundland, Saint-Pierre and Miquelon. Hundreds of prizes offered — and only *amateur* picture-takers may compete.

Kodak International \$100,000 Competition requires no special experience . . . no photographic skill. The awards will be given for picture *interest* only.

Easy to enter, easy to win

This contest is planned to find the world's most interesting snapshots. Pictures will be grouped in six separate classes that cover every subject with all pictures standing an equal chance to win.

Any picture subject may be entered . . . the owner of a Brownie, a Hawk-Eye or the simplest Kodak has the same chance to capture a prize as users of costly cameras.

Special prizes for child pictures

Read the split-up of the \$100,000. In the Canadian District alone, there are 44 prizes in each of the six picture classes . . . plus the Canadian District Grand Prize of \$1,000

and a medal. \$1,190 will be given as special "half-way" prizes—three to each of seven provincial districts—for the best child and baby pictures made and entered during May and June, the first two months of the competition.

Pictures entered in this "half-way" contest may also win prizes in the general contest ending August 31 (see Class A).

First-prize winner in each class automatically enters the international judging at Geneva, Switzerland, where awards will total \$16,000. International Award in each class is \$1,000 and a gold medal. Grand International Award is \$10,000 and a handsome silver trophy designed by a famous sculptor.

And, as the list of prizes shows, one simple snapshot may win you as much as \$12,250.

Celebrities to act as Judges, Patrons

Photography is the universal language that brings nations, peoples, closer together and makes for international goodwill.

In recognition of this fact, famous people from all over the world have freely consented to act as patrons and judges of this friendly international competition.

European princes, oriental rulers . . . presidents and premiers, makers of history . . . leading figures in society, science and the

The Six Judges who will decide winners of Canadian District Prizes



REV. CANON
H. J. CODY
Eminent Divine



EMILY F. MURPHY
(Janey Canuck)
Authoress, Magistrate



E. WYLLY GRIER
P.R.C.A.
Noted Artist



NELLIE L. MCCLUNG
Celebrated Canadian
Novelist



L. M. MONTGOMERY
MACDONALD
Famous Authoress



LT-COL. HENRI GAGNON
Chevalier de la
Legion d'Honneur

International \$100,000 for Amateur Picture-Takers



A single, simple snapshot may win as much as \$12,250 in prizes. The owner of a Brownie, a Hawk-Eye or the simplest Kodak has the same chance to win as users of costly cameras. Only amateurs may enter; only picture interest counts.

For pictures of the prize-winning kind, use Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box or the new Kodak Verichrome Film in the yellow box with checkered stripes.



arts . . . such celebrities are sponsoring this important event.

Winners of Canadian District prizes will be determined by the committee of six distinguished judges whose portraits appear at the bottom of the opposite page.

See your Dealer today

With such prizes in sight, you will wish to

use film you can depend on for clear, sparkling pictures. You can depend on *Kodak Film* or the new *Kodak Verichrome Film*. Both come in the yellow box.

Get busy! See your dealer about a supply of film. Make lots of pictures! Enter as many as you please. Clip the entry blank below. Enter to win.

Read these simple rules for the Canadian District Contest

1. This contest is strictly for the amateur. Any resident of Canada, Newfoundland or Saint-Pierre and Miquelon is eligible, excepting individuals and families of individuals engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing or professional use of photographic goods.
2. Contest starts May 1, closes August 31, 1931. (Also see No. 14.)
3. An entrant may submit as many pictures as he pleases and at as many different times as he pleases; provided that the pictures have been made on or after May 1, 1931, that they are mailed under postmark dated not later than August 31, and that they reach Contest Office not later than September 7, 1931. (See No. 14.)
4. Any Kodak, Brownie, Hawk-Eye or other camera and any brand of film, chemicals and paper may be used in making pictures for this contest. A contestant need not own the camera. The finishing may be done by his dealer. Pictures may be made from roll film, cut film or film pack negatives. But pictures made from plate negatives are not eligible.

5. Both regular-sized contact prints and enlargements are eligible. No picture is to measure more than 8 inches the long way. Prints shall be made from unretouched negatives only. No coloring or artwork of any kind shall have been done on either negative or print. Prints shall be neither mounted nor framed. Do not write even your name on either front or back of your pictures.
6. Enclose an entry blank with each lot of pictures. Mail entries to Prize Contest Office, Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto 9, Ontario. Use the entry blank on this page, obtain others from dealers, copy the form, or write to the Prize Contest Office for a supply.
7. No entries can be returned. All mailings are at owner's risk. Do not send negatives with entries, but be sure they are in your possession and hold them ready to send on request.
8. All pictures will be judged solely on general appeal—the interest they arouse. Photographic excellence or technique will not be the deciding factor in determining the prize winners.
9. The decision of the judges shall be final. In the event of a tie, the advertised award will be paid to each of the tying contestants.
10. Each prize-winning picture, together with the negative, and the first and sole rights to

the use thereof for advertising, publication, or exhibition in any manner, becomes the property of the Kodak Company.

11. Winner of first prize in each class, including winner of Canadian Grand Prize, automatically enters the International Competition.
12. Although no entrant may win prizes on more than one picture, he may win several prizes with the one picture. Naturally, the more pictures you send in, the greater the chance that one of them will win a prize—or prizes.

The following additional conditions apply to the offer of special provincial prizes for the best child pictures made and entered in May and June, 1931.

13. To be eligible for a prize in the Child Picture Contest, a picture shall fulfill the requirements of Class A, Child Pictures.
14. Special Provincial Child Picture Contest closes on June 30, 1931. Entries must be mailed under postmark not later than that day and must reach Contest Office not later than July 7, 1931. All entries in Child Picture Contest, including winners, remain eligible for further prizes in Class A at the end of the general contest.

Important! Entrant need not specify classes into which his pictures should go. The Prize Contest Office will place each picture in the class in which it is most likely to win. No explanatory letter is necessary. In order that judges shall not know the name of the maker of any picture, entries will be filed numerically. Each entry will be acknowledged by a postal card bearing the number given thereto. However, please do not interpret this as an invitation to write about entries, as the Contest Office cannot undertake correspondence. Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, may offer to purchase desirable pictures that do not win. Winners will be notified as soon as possible after the judging.

Entry Blank—Clip it Now!

Mail blank with your entries to Prize Contest Office, Dept. E-936 Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto 9, Ontario. Do not place your name on either the front or back of any picture.

Name.....
(Please Print)
Street Address.....
Town and Prov.....
Make of Camera.....
Make of Film.....
Number of pictures accompanying this blank.....

KODAK INTERNATIONAL \$100,000 COMPETITION for Amateur Picture Takers



"Why should gums as young as mine ever 'show pink'?"

At any time or any age, a touch of "pink" may show upon your tooth brush. For "pink tooth brush" is a warning that your gums have become dangerously soft!

Due to modern food and hasty eating, your gums have become "touchy", unsound. They grow soft. They bleed. And dread infections, such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease and pyorrhea threaten the loss of your teeth.

But, taken in time, "pink tooth brush" can be quickly defeated with Ipana Tooth Paste and gum massage.

Wake up your Gums with Ipana and massage!

Massage of the gums, with finger or with brush, is what dentists order for soft and bleeding gums! Hundreds of them add "with Ipana", for Ipana is more than a delightful tooth paste, it is specifically compounded to take care of the health of your gums.

Ipana contains ziratol, a preparation long used by the profession for its efficiency in toning and invigorating tender gum tissue.

So, if your gums bleed easily, if your tooth brush "shows pink", restore them to health with Ipana and massage. Wake up the lazy tissues. Send fresh, clean blood coursing through the stagnant cells. That's the modern way to fight gum troubles.

You'll like Ipana, you'll like its taste. You will be amazed to see how clean and beautiful it makes your teeth—how healthy it keeps your gums!

IPANA

TOOTH PASTE

MADE IN CANADA

BRISTOL-MYERS CO. 1-A-4
1241 Benoit St. Montreal, P. Q.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp.

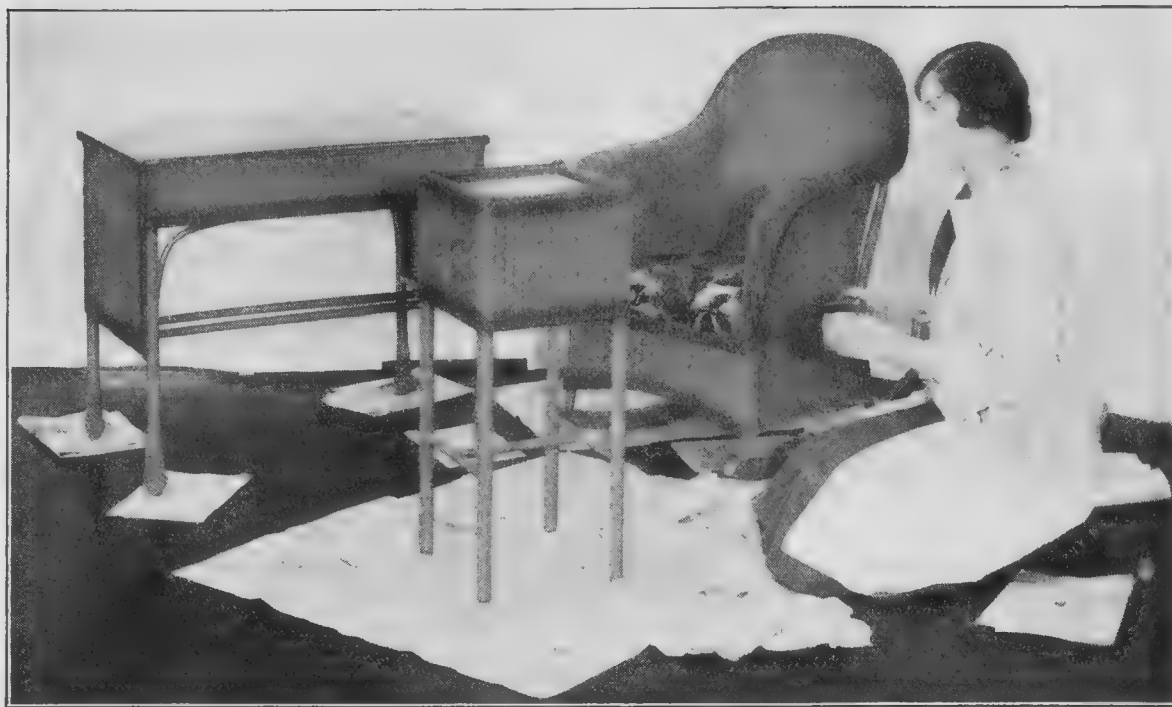
Name

Address

City

Prov.

4



There should never be an open fire in any room in which painting is being done.
Ample ventilation will facilitate drying.

Some Facts About Refinishing Furniture, Varnish and Care of Waxed Floors

GRUESOME tales are told of people long confined in rooms colored completely in red, going insane. More cheerful stories come from modern hospitals which report the beneficial results of painting the walls in pleasant pastel tones. Of course, these two examples, at opposite ends of the scale, are extreme, yet they do show the importance of the color scheme in the home.

How much of the ill temper one feels is due to unconscious dislike of surrounding colors? And how much of certain housewives' pleasure in cooking comes because of cheerful wall colors in their kitchens?



Yesterday!

OLD furniture! What a trial it is to have it around one's own house, and yet how delightful it often looks in other people's homes. Of course, it depends on what is done to the furniture. The old Boston rockers are comfortable to sit in and have a homelike air that is suited to informal surroundings. Old chests of drawers may have their gimcrack scroll-work pried off and may be painted to resemble a modern piece—and whoever had enough drawers in a house not to welcome another set? An old-fashioned bed may have the head cut down; or the head may be cut clear off, even with the top of the

mattress, and the foot used for the head if the room is low.

Every progressive maker can think of innumerable other transformations which will well repay the investment in time as well as that in paint and varnish.

Before beginning to do any refinishing it is necessary to get the furniture in a receptive mood. Dirty finishes, otherwise in good condition, should be cleaned with a soap solution containing a little ammonia, or with benzine. When dry, it should be sandpapered lightly and then brushed clean. If the finish is flaking, or if it is badly marred, it is necessary to clean down to the bare wood and start over again just as though it were a new piece of furniture. Without a firm foundation, paint or varnish will not stand up any more than will a house built on shifting sands.

The most effective way to remove finish (either paint or varnish) is by the use of varnish remover, a liquid. Apply the remover with an old brush, covering the chair liberally. When the finish is soft and sticky, rub it off with pieces of rough cloth such as burlap or denim. Occasionally, when there have been many coats of varnish, it will be necessary to repeat the application. If desired, a putty knife may be used to remove the soft finish, but there is always danger of scratching the wood where a knife is used. A nail file with a fold of cloth over it may be used to remove the finish from incised lines and from carvings. Or a stiff, stubby brush may be employed. Any holes should be filled with putty or plastic wood and when dry the wood should be sandpapered with 00 sandpaper until it is of a satiny smoothness. This is one of the most important points in refinishing furniture, for

unless the wood, itself, is smooth, the subsequent coats will not be as satiny as they should be.

BECAUSE varnish emphasizes the grain of the wood, it needs even more careful scrutiny than do opaque finishes. Accordingly, varnishing should be done with great care. The room temperature should be about 70 degrees Fahrenheit, and the varnish should be of about the same temperature. In applying the varnish the brush should be fairly full. Cover a small area with a fairly thick coat, and then spread it out evenly, brushing rapidly across the grain, afterward brushing lightly with the grain, using long, even strokes. Take care to run the strokes to the edge of the surface whenever possible.

The number of coats used depends on the effect desired and the previous condition of the piece of furniture. If the coats are applied over an old finish, one or two are usually sufficient.

In varnishing, be sure to allow plenty of time between coats, for a second coat applied before the first is dry will result in a tacky finish. Forty-eight to seventy-two hours are usually required for perfect drying. Some varnishes take less; rely on what the can's label says.

The most satisfactory and durable manner of finishing floors, to secure a wax finish, is first to apply two coats of a good floor varnish on all soft or hard wood floors, allowing a day between application of each coat.

When dry, sandpaper the surface lightly with fine sandpaper, and then polish with a good floor wax. Floors finished in this manner last for many years if properly taken care of and waxed and polished once a month. New floors are sometimes given two coats [Continued on page 60]



Today!

*The
finishing
touch of
Elegance*



NUGGET SHOE POLISH

CHAMPION National Change Week

MAY 4th to 11th



CHANGE SPARK PLUGS EVERY 10,000 MILES



Champion National Change Week has become a yearly reminder to millions of motorists of the economy and efficiency of changing spark plugs every 10,000 miles . . . All motor car manufacturers recommend the replacement of spark plugs at least once a year. The savings in gasoline and oil, and the better performance that new spark plugs insure, will more than pay their cost . . . Check your speedometer. After 10,000 miles, your

spark plugs will show unmistakable signs of wear and deterioration. A new set will restore new car performance . . . This year, the beneficial results of installing Champions will be more apparent than ever before. For the New and Improved Champions, with their broader heat range, given noticeably better performance at all speeds . . . These new Champions are so much better that we urge you to install a set of them in your engine now.

NEW IMPROVED
CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

Husband at Meridian

Continued from page 19

to her eyes. "Why didn't you wear it?" his eyes asked humbly.

Cora was leading Dougall off under pretext of showing him some new plants in her glassed-in verandah.

"Raoul," whispered Edith, "no one would have believed that imitation tale! I'm not brazen enough to attempt it. But I had an inspiration." Hurriedly Edith revealed her strategy of the pawnshop.

Raoul's small eyes glowed. "You're a genius, Edith! I always knew it. Most of the folks that float in and out of this house have no brains—not that you'd notice—but from the first I knew you were clever, Edith."

Edith smiled with pleasure and companionship.

"I may have been weak, Raoul, but at least I don't intend to be stupid."

A new light was in Raoul's eyes, they flashed with proud virility. Edith could have hugged him. The darling! He had no desire to seduce, he longed only for gratitude. Grateful acceptance, he asked no more. Cora was an inveterate acceptor, but to a husband, an of-course acceptor.

"We're friends, aren't we?" whispered Raoul, his eyes those of a school-boy.

Edith could catch a glimpse of Cora ogling and cavorting under Dougall's chin, but she could not hear what Cora was saying.

"We are friends, Raoul!" Edith was surprised at the vehemence of her own voice. "We're straight, you and I."

She looked into Raoul's eyes. For a moment their gaze held, neither seeing anything before which to waver. Raoul's eyes dropped first. He spoke hurriedly, apologetically, not the least like a lover.

"Edith, you're *my* sort. If I were free . . . You understand? Now Cora, she's different. She doesn't want a husband, she wants a string of lovers. Well, she's got 'em. I hope she's happy. But *I'm* not in the picture. But you, Edith, you don't twist your face up at every man you see. I like that."

His eyes said—"I'm doing a life sentence—don't mind my looking out of the window of my cell!"

And Edith confided humbly, sympathetically,

"Dougall is falling, like the others, for Cora. Dougall, who hasn't fluttered for another woman since first he saw me! She is wonderful, you know, in her way. I'm glad you like me a little, Raoul. It's—company. I hope she won't make Dougall too miserable."

"She makes them *all* miserable! She made me miserable! Until I married her. She pretends to be miserable herself!"

Until he married her! "You aren't miserable now? Now that you are married to Cora?"

"Oh, no!" Raoul smiled naively. "No, not miserable. Just unhappy."

Edith hated Cora Beaubien. Hated her, not with personal animosity because she was preening and ogling at Dougall, but because she was *not* straight. She had married Raoul Beaubien, whose shortcomings (if one regarded them as such) were pathetically undisguised, and then she had made him "just unhappy."

"You know, Raoul, *I* am going to be unhappy too. Women like Cora spread unhappiness. I don't intend to be melodramatic, or to divorce Dougall. But I am not going to *enjoy* having him envy you and wish I were like Cora."

"Oh, now, Edith, don't you fret! Don't take any notice! They *all* get over it! I've seen eight years of them—none of them ever lasted more than eighteen months."

He was so earnest, so kind, like a family doctor reassuring a woman about a child suffering from measles. But all that Edith comprehended was "eighteen months."

"Eighteen months! Oh!"

"Now, say, little girl, it doesn't follow that Dougall will take that long! He may be sick of her in six weeks. Don't be pessimistic."

What a brick this little fat man was!

"And you know, Edith, we can sort of help console each other! Will you? Meet me in town for lunch, and things like that? Make us feel we aren't such worms. Just till Dougall sickens of Cora, of course."

And she had thought him a fool! "Make us think we aren't such worms." That was why she had wanted the bracelet; *that*, ever so much more than its sparkle and beauty.

"When Dougall is through, I won't ask you to lunch or to meet me on the side any more. But perhaps I *can* still think of you as my friend? Can I do that, Edith?"

"Yes, Raoul, you can always do that."

They joined the other pair, and played bridge. And for once Edith was not "sickened" by Cora's flirtatiousness. She watched her impersonally. She had accepted Raoul's prophecy, Dougall would have to find out for himself as all the other men had done. The coyer Cora became, the more coolly amused Edith felt. Her eyes went to Raoul's for understanding, for comfort.

"Sweet, isn't it?" cooed Cora. She flourished a cigarette holder of mauve enamel, banded in diamonds. On the bridge table were a cigarette case and a lighter to match the holder. "Billy gave them to me. Sweet of him, wasn't it? Just a little booby prize because he beat me the last set in tennis. Dear Billy is so spontaneous! Oh, Dougall, I couldn't return it to him! But that would be *horrid*, so nasty-minded-seeming. I do think one should receive a thing in the spirit in which it is given. Pass me a brandied cherry, Dougie, like a dear."

Dougall rose and found a box of brandied cherries. Which was difficult, as Cora's "boy friends" kept the house like a candy, cigarette, flower, and book-shop.

"Aren't they dears?" Cora would say. "I do think it's awfully well bred of them, sending all these trifles, just because Raoul and I ask them out for tennis and bathing and dinner and so on. Don't you?"

Eighteen months! Edith found herself wondering whether she might not put in part of the time by a visit to her family in England. And she saw Raoul smiling at her. *No!* She'd stick it out. If Raoul could serve a life sentence, she could endure a term of eighteen months. Her revenge would be to make Raoul a little less unhappy. He was companionable in a friendly, simple way. By Jove, she would take anything he offered her, take it without subterfuge. Would brag of it, would say—"Sweet of Raoul, wasn't it, this diamond brooch just because I beat him at bridge?"

Edith heard Cora consulting quietly with Dougall—"then the day after tomorrow, no, the day after the day after tomorrow, that's Friday. And before that we'll" . . .

[Continued on Page 35]

Husband at Meridian

Continued from page 34

Raoul winked kindly at her. Edith grinned back. "Before that" she jolly well would lunch with Raoul!

"Edith dear, I've just been finding out Dougall's engagements. I want to have a little dinner-party. And of course I want some evening when I am sure Dougall won't be detained late in town. Friday. Will you and Dougall come Friday, Edith? I'll get four others and"—

Edith beamed at Raoul. "I'd love to come any time, Cora dear."

DOUGALL'S goodnight kiss to his wife had a routine and husbandly flavor. Edith realized that for weeks his caresses had been shrivelling.

The transparent old dear! Why, that evening his eyes, resting on Cora, had been definitely *boyish*. She, his wife, had watched him, and had thought, "He can't be forty-five!" Poor Dougall!

Soon Dougall was snoring. Edith listened benevolently. Snores were so respectable. She would not nag Dougall, would not show any petty jealousy of Cora. Ten years of marriage did make one feel so motherly to a man. She remembered having read about men passing through a trying phase, around forty-five. While the phase lasted, wives needed all their patience and tact. Bless his heart! "Husband at Meridian!" thought Edith, and fell asleep.

THE following afternoon Edith sat on the verandah of her summer cottage. A gentle tumult surged within her. She looked down the green lawn to the river, then back to the pile of mending by her side. She held up a pair of Dougall's BVD's and searched for further rents or missing buttons. A soft breeze swished through the trees. How peaceful it was. She folded up the masculine undergarment. Did other women find balm in such intimate wifely ministrations? Patching the seat of a husband's underwear dulled, like an hypnotic ritual, the barbs of passionate jealousy.

But—nine years ago a thing like this affair of Cora would have hurt! No! Nine years ago a thing like this could not have happened! Her hands dropped the folded BVDs to the floor, her eyes closed, she held her breath.

But Edith McMurtry had never run away from life. She shrugged and laughed. All this would soon be over. Cora Beaubien would make short shrift of poor Dougall. For Dougall, Scotch and "careful," would put no roadsters, motor-boats, or riding-horses at Cora's "disposal." Not from Dougall would Cora win booby prizes of jewelled smoking sets.

Edith unwrapped a small parcel for which she had called in town yesterday morning, just before she had happened on Raoul and had gone to lunch with him. Crumpling up the paper and throwing it into the waste-basket at her side, Edith opened out two shirt-cuffs of white broadcloth with narrow navy stripes. She inspected the four buttonholes. Yes, neatly made. Absurd to attempt buttonholes oneself when one could have them expertly done for a few cents! From the pile of mending she drew out a shirt which matched the cuffs. From its sleeves the original cuffs had already been removed. Edith began to baste on the new cuffs. These she had made from a square cut out of the tail of the parent shirt. It really was an ingenious scheme. Soon after their marriage Dougall had told her of how his

old mother had always done this to the shirts of her men-folk. And it did double the life of a shirt. Edith remembered her thoughts when first she had so reclaimed Dougall's shirts, her feelings when first she had seen Dougall donning one of these revived shirts—a shirt with irreproachable cuffs replacing the old worn ones, but with a large patch of white cotton in its tail! She had thought—"He is now definitely a husband!"

A clever wife would hide all Dougall's new shirts...

The advertisement would be in tonight's paper, also in tomorrow's morning paper and again in the evening. The following day, Friday, the day of Cora's dinner-party, Dougall must go to the pawnshop!

Sending Dougall himself, that was the really inspired part of the subterfuge.

Edith smiled at the patched tail of Romeo's shirt, and dreamed of square emeralds swimming in diamonds.

Jealous of Cora? Never!

Maternally, but severely, Edith addressed the tail of her husband's shirt—

"You understand? I want the bracelet as a triumph over Cora. Two can play at stealing husbands. And to please Raoul. Poor Raoul! But if your wearer had behaved himself, I could have resisted ten square emeralds as big as walnuts!"

SOON Dougall would be home. Soon the square emeralds would be on her arm. Soon she would be at Cora's dinner-party, blazing with emeralds and diamonds.

For, of course, no one had answered the advertisement. No one had lost a pawnticket. Even Dougall, Scotch, thrifty, sternly honest, had agreed that as no one claimed the ticket, the finder had as much right to benefit as had the pawnbroker. Dougall hated Jews.

Edith McMurtry regarded herself in the looking-glass. For a woman of thirty-eight she looked—well, not bad. Cora was probably five years younger. Not more, for Cora owned to twenty-seven.

Edith applied to her short dark hair one of Dougall's military brushes. The brush oozed solid brillianine. Again! Drastically, for Edith loathed Cora's pinked fuzziness. So "damn feminine."

Well, at least she had a good nose and a clear, if pale, skin. And, of course, the thing was to scorn make-up—almost—in reply to Cora's futuristic red and white.

Impersonally Edith studied her own image. No use trying to outshine Cora in clothes. Still there was a something about this evening gown of white chiffon, a classic serenity. Yes, the effect wasn't bad—sleek, dark hair, a decent nose, clear pale skin, simple white gown. The whole a background for emeralds and diamonds.

What could be keeping Dougall? His train had passed some time ago. The station wasn't five minutes walk from their cottage. Edith descended from her bedroom, and walked out on to the front lawn to watch for Dougall.

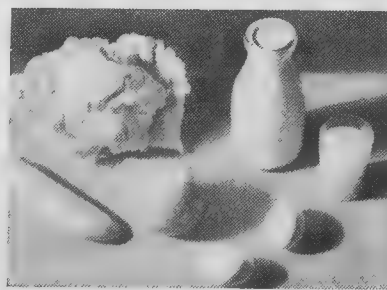
There at the Beaubien gate was Cora, talking of course to a man. And Cora was still in a sports frock. Unless she hurried, her dinner guests might arrive before she changed. Edith knew that Cora would not be a quick dresser.

Why—the man was Dougall!

Hurriedly Edith re-entered her own cottage. Hateful, to seem to be spying on one's husband.

[Continued on Page 36]

DO THESE TWO THINGS... AND USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY



1. Follow this diet daily:

One or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery. ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk, and other food to suit the appetite.



2. See your dentist twice a year (children oftener).

Baby Teeth are important, mother

Neglect them and your child may pay the penalty in later life. Here is some helpful information.

NO mother needs to be told how easily the first (baby) teeth decay. What many do not know is the trouble these teeth, if neglected, may cause in later years.

To be safe is so simple. Take your child to your dentist every few months—*immediately* should you notice the slightest sign of decay or other trouble. Between times make sure your child uses Pepsodent tooth paste night and morning—without fail.

Pepsodent is safe

The cleansing agent in Pepsodent was developed after thousands of experiments and many years of research. It polishes enamel to a brilliant lustre. *Pepsodent is supremely safe*, as hundreds of laboratory tests on teeth have proved conclusively.

Remove Film from Teeth

Pepsodent tooth paste is the most effective way of removing the



Amos 'n' Andy brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network.



Film

is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay... to cause unsightly discoloration on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

Pepsodent

—the special film-removing tooth paste

What's your name and address please?

We want you to shave with Palmolive Shaving Cream for 7 days at our expense. That's how we win new users.

GENTLEMEN: When we began Palmolive Shaving Cream, we made a great discovery. Men do business with the house that leans over backwards to be fair.

Then and there we set up a policy that has played a major part in our success. Men are asked *not* to buy our product until they've tried it first at our expense.

That's our request to you. Hold your money. Let us spend ours. The merit of our product wins as steady customers 86 of every 100 men who try it.

We let 1,000 men decide

We had 1,000 men write down their ideas of a shaving cream. They told us where the others were at fault . . . what the one they wanted should be like. It took 129 attempts before we reached perfection—overcame the common evils and incorporated everyone's demands.

The olive oil principle, for the second time in this company's history, turned the trick. Five unique advantages were the result:

1. Multiplied itself in lather 250 times
2. Softened the beard in one minute.
3. Maintained its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles held the hairs erect for shaving.
5. Fine after-effects due to olive and palm oil content.

Please send the coupon

We want to repay you for your courtesy of giving us a trial. Accept this supply of shaving cream and see if you agree that it's entirely different from the rest. Your face deserves this much consideration. Please send the coupon.

Made in Canada



New! Palmolive Shave Lotion

Here's a new way to leave the face tingling, fresh and clean. Try it! Also Palmolive After Shaving Talc.



7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc
Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. WHM-5 64 Natalie St., Toronto 8.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....Prov.....
(Please print your name and address)

Husband at Meridian

Continued from page 35

Ah! Dougall's step on the gravel path. Dougall smiling at her.

"Hello, Dougall! You've just time to dress, but you'll have to make it snappy."

Dougall flung his hat and newspaper on to a table, and turned to go upstairs.

"Won't take me long," he called over his shoulder.

"And oh, Dougall! Dougall, did you go about the pawn ticket?"

"Pawn ticket? Oh, yes." Dougall fumbled in his pocket.

"Oh, Dougall, what was it? Something nice?"

Dougall flung a small parcel on to the table beside his hat and newspaper, and then walked quickly up the staircase.

The moment he had vanished around the turn, Edith tore the wrapping paper from the small parcel. Her heart began to thump frightenedly. *This box was smaller!*

The paper was off. It was a different box. A cheap cardboard box. She opened the lid.

A brassy-looking brooch, clumsily set with red-glass rubies!

Edith slumped on to a chair.

At last Dougall reappeared. She realized that she had been sitting motionless for nearly half an hour.

She could not speak of the brass brooch. Perhaps the pawnbroker... She would ask Raoul what they could do... Had that wretched Jew... perhaps Dougall had let out that he did

not know for what article the ticket was...

Dougall made no reference to the brooch.

They walked across the lawn to the Beaubien cottage. Raoul met them at the front door.

"Cora will be down in a minute. Not quite dressed. Won't be a minute."

Two more guests were at the gate.

"Cora!" called Raoul.

"Co-om-ing!" carolled Cora musically.

Dougall entered the cottage at Cora's voice, apparently eager for her appearance.

"Oh, Raoul! Raoul!" In abject misery Edith confided about her tawdry brooch.

Raoul's face fell, but before he could reply the other guests were with them.

"Hello, people! Hello! Sweet of you to come!"

It was Cora. Gayer, if possible, than was her wont. A halo of fair curls framed the pink and white artificiality of her face. She wore an elaborate gown of blond lace. With assumed childishness she extended her arms in welcome to everybody.

On Cora's left arm something flashed—three square emeralds in a tangle of diamonds and platinum lacework!

"Yes, effective isn't it?" Cora's words came to Edith through a sort of roaring in her ears. "Picked it up in town today. I do think these new imitations are *too* clever..."

Delusions

Continued from page 4

be no more than animated bodies, in which the soul has died from inanition or been killed outright. The illusion of Life and delusion of Death as a Finale remain the two greatest human weaknesses against which Christ, and the Philosophers, fought to overcome in their respective days. We still attach too much importance to Life as such, too little to preparation for Death as a Rebirth. Most of all do we delude ourselves that we are indispensable in our worldly niche. Reluctant to relax, fearful of "falling out," overworked men and women drive themselves to nervous breakdown, uselessness or death. The irrevocable tide of routine closes over their fallen heads. Their place in the world is soon filled, even if loving hearts yearn cravingly. No better examples of the delusion exists than in the cases of statesmen and world-figures, whose disappearance, mourned as a national catastrophe, becomes "history" in a few months. We imperil personal achievement under the self-conscious delusion that "people"—that vague cloud of human witnesses existing only in our fatuous imaginations—will see, hear, think, or believe something or other equally futile.

AMORALLY dangerous delusion is that "self-expression" is a more advanced culture than decent self-restraint. There is no freedom save self-mastery. "This freedom," of which we boast and realize so little, is the privacy of our own emotions; it is a sane perspective, detachment, objectiveness; it is the steely might of cool self-control; it is the privilege of calling our souls our own, legacy of martyred saints and philosophers. "New" countries, such as the United States, delude themselves as to the relative bearings of Civilization and Culture, when the first is but the material expression of an epoch, and the latter the essence of a spiritual cycle.

Where is there a greater delusion than the cynicism that "love" itself is a delusion? And where is there greater reality in the world than Love, since "God is Love." Our inability to sense the mystery of that Harmony which is Truth, and the Truth which is Love infinite, deludes us into believing that the Will-o'-the-Wisp of passion and desire, the provocation of propinquity, the relaxation of familiarity, is Love, the mystery which makes gods of men, and a Man of the Son of God.

Spring's Housecleaning

By H. H. Fariss

Spring pinned her wild rose apron on
And cleaned house all the day,
She washed the skies with little rains
And whisked the clouds away;
She swept and brushed and dusted well
Till everything was clean,
Then shook the trees and called, "Wake up.
Put on your coats of green."

"Violets are wearing purple gowns
And jonquils gleam like gold;
Wake up, this is my busy day,
Come, do as you are told."

She cleared the stubble from the fields
And washed them with brief showers,
Then when the brisk winds swept them dry,
She sowed a million flowers.

Of soft green grass she wove long mats
And laid them here and there,
And smiled to see her handiwork,
For all the earth seemed fair;
Then she whistled to the bluebird
And coaxed him with a smile,
And said, "Sing to me, bird of blue,
I think I'll rest awhile."

A Happy Family

By Marjorie Dorset



During the Winter the Children go to School on Skis.

OUT in Alberta there lives a family that cheers the heart of every person who has the privilege of visiting it, a family that would give fresh courage to those new settlers who are depressed by the hard years that most people meet with in a new land before they have become accustomed to changed conditions.

The father came out first and learnt how to farm by working for other men. When he felt in a position to start a home he wisely refrained from wasting money that he could not afford by going home to fetch his bride. She came out and stayed with friends until her future husband had finished building the house. While she was waiting this practical young woman learnt how to make bread and became familiar with a number of farmhouse duties that she had had no opportunity of learning in her London home. When the wedding day came she was indeed ready to be an helpmeet to her husband although it was probable that she herself scarcely realized to what an extent this help would be necessary in the next few years.

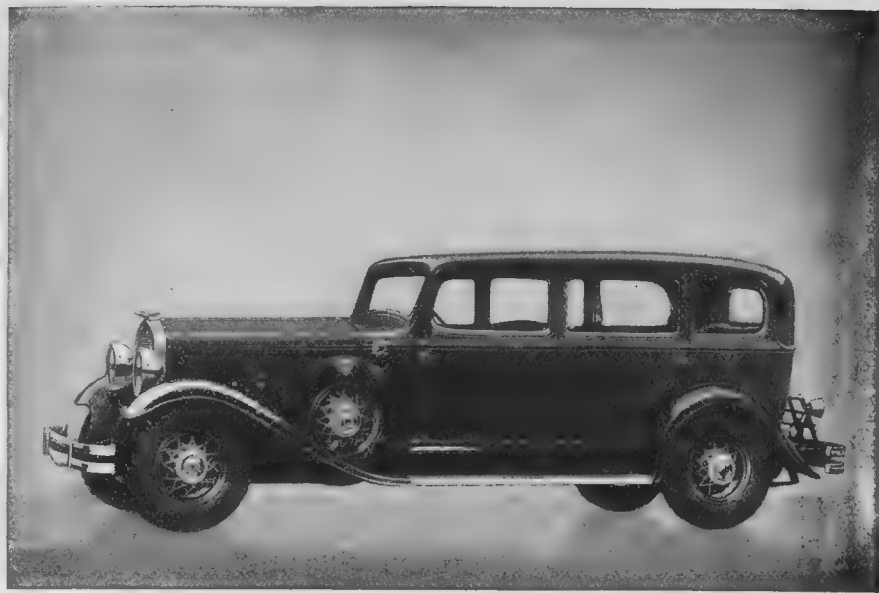
Soon a baby came and the father had to make a still greater effort to meet everyday expenses. He was so busy breaking land and doing the numerous tasks necessary for producing a good crop that he had no time for doing chores. His plucky wife once more came to the rescue and milked the cows and fed the pigs; sometimes she had to put her baby in a deep box and take her out to the barn in order that she might not cry or get into mischief while her mother was milking. Nothing daunted, this courageous woman who had formerly held a comfortable position in the Civil service tackled anything; her pluck was only equalled by that of her husband who was able to do almost superhuman tasks—thanks to the support he received at home.

As time passed, things became better, but the need for hard work was ever present as the size of the family increased. Two sons and a daughter came to join the first two daughters, but the parents remained cheerful and found time to be chums with their children. They maintain to this day that a Canadian farm is the best place in the world to bring up a healthy family of children and the picture given seems to prove that they have put their theory into practice.

THE family today consists of a girl of sixteen, another of fourteen, a boy of twelve, a girl of ten and a boy of eight besides the father and mother. The result of the parents' wise training is evident everywhere. All these children share the work of the community in which they live. Every one can milk and the rule last summer was that if anyone was excused from milking it was "mother." In practice this was not always possible because the father had sometimes to do urgent repairs to machinery. Chores were shared by the children who were allowed to trade chores to suit their own arrangements provided that no work was left undone. The parents had contrived ingenious devices to avoid argument. For instance the eternal problem of whether the wood box was full or not was solved for ever when Daddy put a mark on the side of the box which must be reached before wood-fetching ceased! The capabilities of the two eldest daughters are worthy of special mention. The one is a fearless horsewoman and a skilful tractor driver. In whatever she does on the farm every man in the neighborhood agrees that she is as useful as any hired man. The next girl is as essential to farm life as her sister, for she is an excellent cook and very interested in rearing poultry. These two occupations combine to make her a very useful member of the family.

Although these children are so useful and their parents so courageous these are not the most noticeable characteristics of this charming family. One remembers above all the spirit of good fellowship which makes children go on working when they are really tired because they knew that their parents need them, and makes the parents be forever planning little treats for the children because "they helped us so splendidly last week." When the busy season is over and there is more time for pleasure, every one has a good time either round the stove at home or skiing and tobogganing out in the bright winter sunshine that Canada provides so abundantly.

Readers have seen that there have been hard times for this family and even now it might not be so happy if its happiness depended on spending money, but it does not, and this example should help all those who have the courage to keep a smiling face and build up a happy family spirit in their homes in spite of the undoubted difficulties that surround them.



The Club Sedan Meets Every Requirement of True Luxury

Instinctively you group the Greater Hudson Eight with those few cars that men acknowledge truly fine. But do you compare its price with theirs? That contrast is the emphasis of Hudson value.

Take for example the Club Sedan, shown here. Forget, for a moment, its low price. Regardless of your ability to buy any car you choose, let us see if it is really necessary to pay a higher price for the distinguished appearance and comfort that most men designate as luxury.

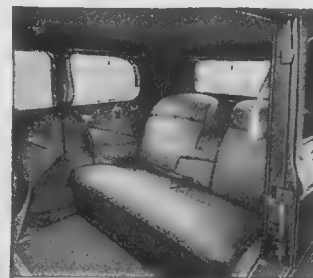
Look at this Club Sedan. Its style and beauty are apparent. Close examination of the car itself reveals the completeness and good taste of its interior appointments. Its long wheelbase, deep cushions and many important mechanical refinements assure Rare Riding Comfort. Thus the Club Sedan fulfills all of the requirements of a really luxurious car.

Go farther, if you will. Include performance and reliability in your comparison. What other car combines such speed, acceleration and power with the economy that all, regardless of their means, welcome today? Its 87-horsepower motor follows the design of the highest-priced cars in using light-weight moving parts and in motor speed—your assurance of long life, lasting satisfaction and enduring dependability.

Hudson won its fame because of its performance and reliability—not because it was the least expensive of the really outstanding cars. Today's market cannot fail to further emphasize Hudson's price advantage.

Canadians are examining more critically. They are buying with greater vigilance. They will not sacrifice quality, fine performance or their accustomed car comfort and distinction to save money—but neither are they in a mood to imagine advantages merely because the price is high.

The Greater Hudson Eight Club Sedan meets *all* these requirements—at a price surprisingly low for the luxury it affords.



A folding center arm-rest and smartly done interior appointments mark the Club Sedan as a fine, luxurious car.

The
Greater
HUDSON 8
CANADA'S FAVORITE EIGHT

IN *the* HEIGHTS OF *the* Rockies

IN the heights of the Canadian Rockies were health and recreation, and so national parks were established and hotels were built. ¶ Where only the Indians had hunted on the mountains, now the great hotels at Banff and Lake Louise arrest the eye. ¶ In time, from one end of the land to the other: in the Maritimes, in the quaint old French City of Quebec, in Toronto, the Queen City of the Dominion, in the cities of the plains, in the Rockies and on the shores of the Pacific Ocean, magnificent hostelries have arisen, which give Canada a new and enviable opportunity to tell her story to those who come and see her beauties and opportunities at first hand. ¶ Every Canadian Pacific hotel embodies the ideal of service that has become a tradition of the Company and the country.

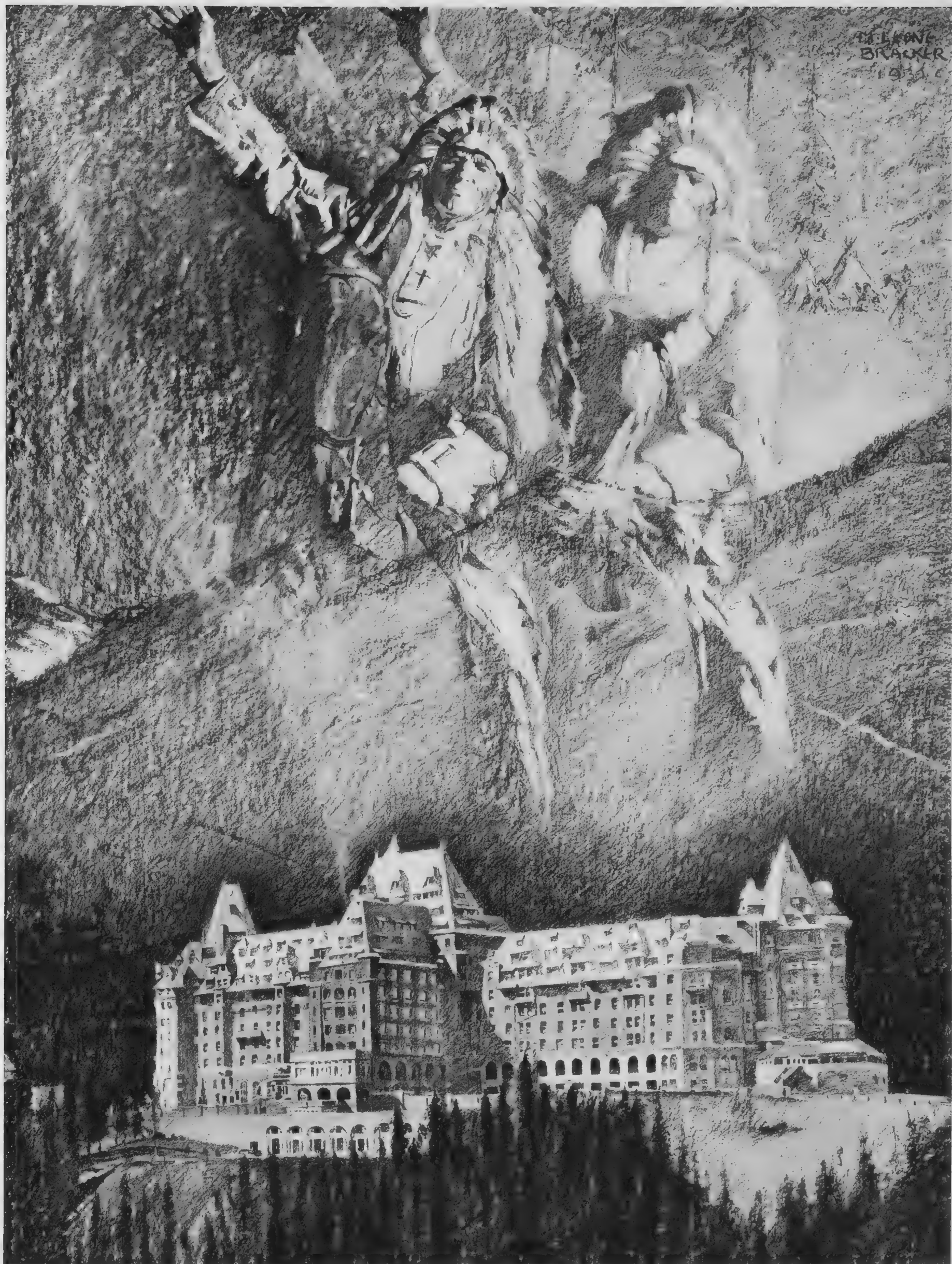


CANADIAN PACIFIC TODAY

The Canadian Pacific Railway runs from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Its liners sail from Vancouver and Victoria to Japan and China, and from Montreal, Quebec and Saint John to Great Britain and the Continent. It operates winter cruises to the Mediterranean, the West Indies and Round the World; summer cruises to Norway and a winter service to Bermuda. Its chateaux and hotels represent the latest word in comfort and luxury. Its telegraph service employs 225,000 miles of wire. Its express travellers' cheques are current all over the world. Canadian Pacific offices and agents are to be found everywhere.

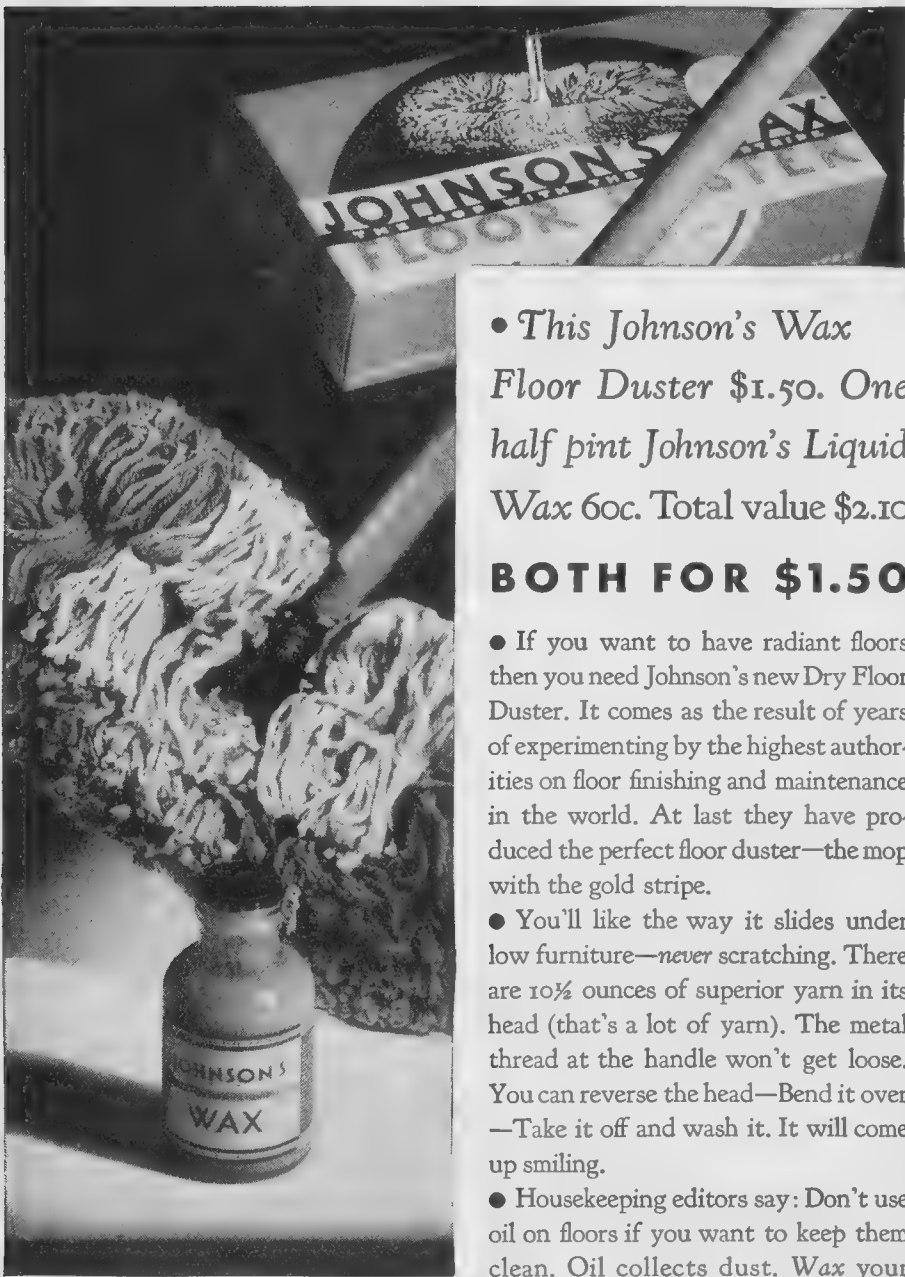
CANADIAN PACIFIC

1881 fiftieth anniversary 1931



Look at this BARGAIN for

A DOLLAR AND A HALF



• This Johnson's Wax Floor Duster \$1.50. One half pint Johnson's Liquid Wax 60c. Total value \$2.10

BOTH FOR \$1.50

• If you want to have radiant floors then you need Johnson's new Dry Floor Duster. It comes as the result of years of experimenting by the highest authorities on floor finishing and maintenance in the world. At last they have produced the perfect floor duster—the mop with the gold stripe.

• You'll like the way it slides under low furniture—never scratching. There are 10½ ounces of superior yarn in its head (that's a lot of yarn). The metal thread at the handle won't get loose. You can reverse the head—Bend it over—Take it off and wash it. It will come up smiling.

• Housekeeping editors say: Don't use oil on floors if you want to keep them clean. Oil collects dust. Wax your floors occasionally, then, when necessary merely dust them off.

• Here is the perfect duster for every kind of floor and here is the famous Johnson's Wax that goes with it.

FEATURED BY

HARDWARE • GROCERY
DRUG • DEPARTMENT AND
PAINT STORES EVERYWHERE

If dealer cannot supply you send coupon • S. C. Johnson & Son, Ltd., Department WHS
Brantford, Canada. Please send me the new Floor Duster (\$1.50) and ½ pint of Johnson's Wax Polish (60c).
Total value, \$2.10, special introductory price, both \$1.50. ☐ check ☐ money order ☐ stamps.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Province _____

The Artist Who Won't Be "Arty"

Continued from page 11

"It just comes or it doesn't."

A good model is always a great help, of course. "I don't necessarily mean the most beautiful model is the best," he went on to explain. "Grace is one of the most important things, and dancers generally make the best models because they are taught to pose their bodies and hands and they fall most easily into symmetrical attitudes."

There are a great many professional models in New York, and almost any type is available, from babies to old men and women. There are two big agencies which do nothing else but supply artists with models. Their catalogues are expensive and beautiful affairs, consisting of picture after picture of the cream of New York's model class.

Many of the models are on the stage, or are aspiring to work on stage or screen. Not a few of the movie stars of today have posed at one time or another for Mr. Brown. Among the number is Norma Shearer, also a Canadian, who was very popular as a model in New York in the days before she made her successful entry into the moving picture field.

The average model makes from \$60.00 to \$100.00 a week, as the standard pay is \$5.00 an appointment. An appointment means an hour's work in the field of commercial art, and from two to three in others. In the case of models who are in great demand, however, the charge is higher. One of Mr. Brown's models has reached the point where she is able to demand \$50.00 an appointment—and get it!

The transition from models to women in general is a natural one. Mr. Brown has some decided views on women. He doesn't see much difference between American women and the women of other countries *en masse*, but he does see a difference between New York women and all others.

"New York women are the smartest in the world," he says. "They have learned how to dress and how to make the most of their appearance, and, generally speaking, the women outside of New York haven't. They have learned, too, the art of make-up, which I consider a very valuable one in enhancing the beauty of women. I don't mean that I admire the appearance of a girl who dabs on a lot of rouge and lipstick in a dark room and goes out on the street looking as though she were on fire. But I do believe that make-up, properly employed, adds immeasurably to a woman's attractiveness."

For purposes of drawing, Mr. Brown prefers tall women with long necks. Their lines are usually more graceful, and long necks set heads off to better advantage. He is also enthusiastically in favor of the present styles. "I think they're gorgeous," he says. "They conform to the natural lines of the body, and it is these lines which make for grace." He likes long hair, or a long bob, not so much, perhaps, because of their intrinsic beauty, as because they go so much better with today's fashions.

ANYONE who is under the impression that the life of an artist is one grand, sweet song should hear Mr. Brown expounding on the subject of an artist's trials. In the first place there are the taboos. Some magazines won't allow an illustration of a woman smoking; others object to pictures showing cocktail shakers or liqueur glasses; a great many refuse to have a

bed shown in a picture; others object to corpses, and still others to snakes. And so on, almost *ad infinitum*.

Then there are the mistake finders. Mr. Brown says there are millions of them lying in wait in all parts of the country ready to pounce upon the artist who loses sight of the smallest detail in making his illustrations.

"Once I drew a picture of a man who was described in the story as having a gray moustache. I forgot to give him one. My impression is that more people wrote in to me about that man's not having a moustache than answered the Literary Digest's straw vote on prohibition.

"Another time I drew a picture of some men standing on a bridge. It looked like a perfectly good bridge to me, but it seems it wasn't, because some big bridge builder down in New Mexico came forth with specially drawn plans and specifications which he sent to the magazine showing that all those men would have drowned if the bridge had been built the way it was drawn, because it couldn't possibly stand up."

Mr. Brown's own special bugbears are horses and babies, and he says he never feels entirely at his ease when he starts work on a new story until he has scanned it and assured himself that there are none of either to be drawn.

"It is this necessity of paying close attention to detail that makes the illustrator's job a hard one. It isn't just a question of sitting down and drawing pictures. You have to know an infinite number of things. You have to follow the changes in style, not only in women's dresses, but in their shoes, jewelry and pocket-books. You have to know the changes that are going on in interior decorating, modern art as well as the older periods. I have to study fashion magazines regularly in order to keep abreast of the times on these items."

The studio at 116 West 87th Street where Mr. Brown does all his work, would be a big disappointment to anyone who went there looking for "atmosphere." It is a big, bare room with an uncarpeted, soft-wood floor, and it contains four or five pieces of very plain old furniture—two small tete-a-tetes, upholstered in cretonne, two straight-backed chairs, a sort of bookcase and mantel combined, and a small chest of drawers, painted white. In the middle of the room there is, of course, his easel, with a low work table beside it on which is arrayed a bewildering assortment of pencils and brushes. On the plain white walls are two or three fine illustrations, and on the mantel is a photograph—the only one in the room. It is of Mr. Brown's grandfather, Adam Brown, known as one of Canada's grand old men.

At the conclusion of the interview, feeling that something must be done to offset the bourgeois implication of woollen underwear at the beginning, Mr. Brown was requested to say something about art, with a capital A, preferably. Mr. Brown thought for a minute. Then he squirmed, uncomfortably.

"Too much talk about art gets on my nerves," he said. "Those who talk most about it usually produce least of it. That kind of talk should be left to the young, enthusiastic student. Illustrating—what I do—is a business, like anything else. In fact—it's a racket!"

And the artist grinned broadly and unabashedly.

Alice and the Apparition

Continued from page 15

"Though why, goodness knows. But men are such fools. Well pip-pip, Helen of Troy, old thing," and this most objectionable person was gone.

"What a creature!" breathed the sympathetic Elise.

"Hardly worth even considering," replied Alice off-handedly, though she looked about as angry as a dark-eyed daughter of Eve can look, "But when she sees our reunion on the next world, her small soul will realize what real faithfulness means."

"She probably won't be there," prophesied Elise, the loyal.

"But my health is a consideration," pursued Alice, rather illogically for one to whom life itself did not matter, "I must be at my best for Athelstan. Therefore, I have been thinking, I shall go back to the Lake this summer. Not for pleasure, heaven witness, but merely for the healing balm of nature."

So she went to work and packed sixteen frocks and a wide assortment of shoes and stockings, not to speak of an array of less mentionable articles, in a pair of handsome, new trunks, and, accompanied by Elise, who, incidentally, was quite plain, and had no lovers, she set forth in pursuit, solely, of the Healing Balm.

BLISSFUL LAKE, scene of the Athelstan affair, was much as it had always been. All was gaiety except for Alice the tragic figure, and her twenty-one worshippers, who now followed her, without hope, wherever she went. Elise was also there, but nobody noticed her.

After the first week, however, the bodyguard began to become a little restless. There were other girls at Blissful Beach and, while they were not Alice's equal, neither were they entirely devoid of attractiveness.

This was being gradually borne in upon the twenty-one. They realized that, even should Alice actually choose one of their number—there would still be twenty of them left stranded.

So one day, after a secret conference, they presented their ultimatum to their aloof sovereign.

"Either" said the ringleader, "Choose one of us now, or we turn our attention where we will be more appreciated."

"Would I care?" she asked contemptuously.

"Yes, you would!" answered the ringleader, gaining courage with heat, "You'd be horribly mortified if even one of us deserted you, but if twenty-one of us did, you'd look like a perfect fool." The other twenty nodded vigorous assent.

Handsome, dark-eyed girls are noted rather for their passion than their discretion. Alice went white with rage.

"Go!" she cried angrily, "Every one of you! How can you dare such insolence to me—to ME? Away with you—scum!"

So twenty-one young men went back and infested the rooms of Blissful House, making themselves spick and

span for the pursuit of beauty on the Beach.

And it was on this day, curiously enough, that Athelstan's phantasm made its latest and last appearance.

Still in high dudgeon, Alice was strolling by the water's edge.

Suddenly, from behind a ledge of rock, appeared the spirit of her departed lover. With him was a decidedly pleasing female spirit.

Ignoring the latter, Alice stopped, dramatically clutching her heart—or its neighborhood—with one hand, while reaching out pathetically with the other.

"Aaaathelstan!" she cried hoarsely.

"Hello, Al, old top," replied the phantom cordially, "Haven't seen you since Napoleon was a pup. What's the matter? You look all drawn and quartered."

Alice, for once, was at a loss for speech. She had at the very least expected him to call her "thou."

"Fine weather we're having," went on the wraith, with a ghostly smile, "A darned sight finer weather than when I saw you last. Remember how it rained?"

A ghastly suspicion was beginning to dawn upon Alice.

"Aren't—aren't you dead?" she asked him hesitatingly.

"Aren't I What?" It was Athelstan's turn to be surprised.

"D—didn't you drown off the end of that dock?"

"Drown? Of course not. What-ever put that into your head? I merely stepped into the boat, and chugged away, minus hat, to the station."

"But they told me at your office that you were dead!"

"They couldn't have. They must have been pulling your leg."

It occurred to Alice that what the switchboard girl had actually said was "Mr. O'Tavish is not with us any more." And that, she had to admit, might not necessarily have meant that he was dead.

"But I saw your ghost afterwards."

"That was myself in person. I did feel sort of sick about things for a while, and sneaked up to see you a few times. But I didn't know you had ever noticed me."

"But I spoke to you twice through mediums." Alice still was reluctant to believe her senses.

"Couldn't have. Must have been two other fellows."

"Well, then—what about the girl in your office? She said you weren't with them any more."

"I wasn't. I took a job in the West shortly after that. I'm only back here now on a holiday."

Alice was dumb struck. She tried to piece her crumbling world together in her mind.

The female spirit was looking enquiringly at Athelstan. The latter nodded.

"By the way, Al," he said, "I want you to meet my wife."

A CORRECT DENTIFRICE CONTRIBUTES TO GOOD TEETH AND GOOD HEALTH...



how do you go about SELECTING ONE?

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- 95%** of the answers stated that germ acids most frequently cause tooth decay and gum irritation;
- 95%** agreed that the most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth and gums meet;
- 85%** stated that the best product to prevent these acids from causing decay and irritating the gums is Milk of Magnesia.

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It keeps the mouth clean-feeling and refreshed—smokers especially appreciate this point. Get a tube from your druggist and begin using it regularly.

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SHE DANCES WITH CHEERS IN HER EYES . . . YET SHE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

SO gay; so feather-light on feet that fairly flit across a gleaming floor. You'd say this laughing little lady didn't have a care in the world. But, while her eyes give three cheers to each new partner in the dance, there's a *bar sinister* on her happiness.

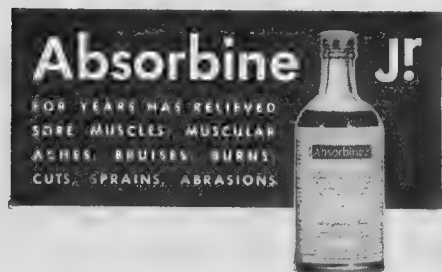
At the back of her mind, a vague worry begins to intrude. Even as she dressed for the party she noticed it again: An unnatural, moist whiteness between her little pink toes. It made her feel hardly dainty. What would her partner think of the twinges she feels—even i-t-c-h-i-n-g? She hates to ask even her dearest friend about it; doesn't know what to call it, though thousands of similarly immaculate people have this same trouble—"Athlete's Foot."

Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection, so easily tracked into homes?

"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us* because, unlike most diseases, it persists in the cleanest places. A tiny vegetable parasite, *tinea trichophyton*, generally causes this ringworm infection and it thrives on the edges of showers and swimming pools; on locker- and dressing-room floors; in gymnasiums. And from all these places it is continually tracked into countless homes. It may live and

***Watch for these distress signals that warn of "Athlete's Foot"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment! If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.



thrive for months in your own spick-and-span bathroom; and it is possible for it to cause infection and re-infection—with great persistence. In fact the official reports have shown that "probably half of all adults suffer from it at some time."

It has been found that Absorbine Jr. KILLS this ringworm germ

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways.* All of them, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates fleshlike tissues deeply and, wherever it penetrates, it kills the ringworm germ. Results in actual cases confirm these laboratory tests.

Examine YOUR feet tonight

It might not be a bad idea to examine your feet tonight for symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any one symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. You can get it at all drug stores—\$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman Building, Montreal.

The Moreland Complex

Continued from page 10

put one arm around Wade's shoulder and helped him to sit up.

Wade drank the stuff with difficulty. "Much obliged," he muttered thickly. "I—let's see, did I whip—how did it end? He didn't lick me—that fellow Ball?"

"He shore didn't," smiled Moreland. "Not by a big sight! He fell out fust. His own pap will hardly know him, Bill!"

"You take a man named Bill," creaked Granny Heck, "and he'll shore fight ye. Now thar was my Uncle Bill, him at could jump a nine-rail fence—"

News travels rapidly in the big hills. The Morelands began to gather at the home of their chief to see the man who had whipped Black Adam Ball; every Moreland able to walk came to see Bill Wade. For three hours he was lionized, but he didn't enjoy it. The water left pains in his chest, and his head ached dully.

There was a thunder-shower in the afternoon, and the mountain evening fell with a chill. A fire was made in the wide-mouthed stone fireplace in the guest's room, and when supper was over the family gathered there with Wade. The light of the blazing logs was sufficient, and the big gas lamp was not used.

After a few minutes' silence Wade said to John Moreland:

"If your brother David could know, don't you think he'd want you to get the value out of the coal?"

"I hain't never looked at it that way," and Moreland bent forward, his sober eyes gazing thoughtfully into the fire.

"That's the right way to look at it," Wade declared. "But you shouldn't sell the property as it is."

The mountaineer turned an inquiring face toward his guest.

"How in thunder could I handle it if I didn't?"

"Why not let me develop it for you?" Wade said earnestly. "I won't charge you anything but my expenses, and I won't be extravagant."

"It'll take consid'able money to start things movin'; have you got it?" asked Moreland.

"No. But I can get it. Almost anybody would be willing to lend money on so good a thing as this."

For a little while Moreland sat there and looked squarely at Wade, and Wade returned his gaze without a sign of flinching. John Moreland was trying to find a motive; he was not of the class that expects something for nothing.

"How comes it 'at you, who ain't known us but two days," he finally asked, "can be so much int'rested in us?"

The question came sharply, and it demanded a straightforward answer. Wade realized that there was but one way in which he could explain himself. That was by telling the truth, but not the whole truth as he surmised it, for then his efforts would go for naught.

"Here I feel that I have come into my own. I was discontented where I lived and I came away, not to return. The people here are genuine and I'm going to stay. And I want to see the

great benefits that will come to you all with the development of your natural resources. I think I can help you to develop them, and there's a motive away back of it all that I can't give you; but it's not a selfish one—I must ask you to believe that."

The Moreland chief rose and faced his guest. For a moment he seemed to be weighing his decision; then he suddenly held out his hand.

"You'll make this land, your land, and these people, your people?" quoted Moreland. "You'll suffer, an' fight an' be happy with us?"

"I will," Wade answered eagerly.

Their hands clasped.

"I have your word?"

"You have my word, John Moreland!"

Out of the night a face appeared at the window beside the chimney. It was a feminine face, and beautiful, but it seemed anxious and frightened. The face pressed closer to the glass,

then disappeared quickly. A moment later Babe Littleford came into the room.

She went to Wade, walking softly in her bare feet. She looked down, and colored a little; then she said:

"Black Adam is going to kill you tonight, Bill Wade."

"Is that so?" Wade's smile was sort of pale.

"I waded the creek at Black Cat Shoals to git here 'head o' him," she whispered softly. Then she backed toward the door, her eyes never leaving his face, and a second later she was gone.

Caleb brought water and drowned the fire. The three Morelands and Wade took chairs; they sat in the darkness and waited.

John Moreland took his hat and his repeater and went out alone into the night.

Some fifteen minutes later there came to their ears the sound of shooting. There were twelve shots in rapid succession. Five minutes more and John Moreland came back.

The woman's voice was low, and filled with anxiety:

"What happened, John?"

"I seen a man comin' toward me, an' I thought it was Ball," her husband said slowly, "so I up and tells him to show me how fast he can run, an' commences to shoot over his head. But it didn't happen to be Adam Ball—it was Ben Littleford a follerin' Babe to see what she was up to."

"How do you know it was Ben Littleford, Pap?" Caleb asked.

"How do I know?" growled John Moreland. "When I got through a shootin' he yells to me, 'Tomorrow, John Moreland, we'll have a Gettysburg o' our own!'"

"What did he mean?" Wade asked.

"There'll shore be a fight tomorrow," Moreland answered. "And I give you time, Bill Wade, to back out ef you want to."

Bill shook his head.

"Nothing doing—I'll stick. You have my word, John Moreland!"

AN HOUR after John Moreland had sent his twelve rifle bullets whining over the head of Ben Littleford,



The Moreland Complex

Continued from page 42

every Moreland and every Littleford in the valley knew of the declaration of war. And each man of them oiled his rifle and put it in better working order.

When Wade went to bed there was too much on his mind to render sleep easy for him. He thought of the everlasting wonder, the tale of John Moreland's prayer; "And bless our kinfolks, and our friends, and our enemies—an' specially the Littlefords—"

How a man could go down on his knees and ask the blessing of the Almighty upon men whom he meant to fight the next day was a thing that Bill Wade could not understand.

It was midnight before he slept. He awoke at the break of day, rose, dressed himself, and went out. He turned toward the front yard, and found himself facing a very angry John Moreland.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Matter enough," growled the mountaineer. "I'm a goin' to ask you a question, an' I want the truth. Will I git it?"

"You will!" Bill answered, emphatically.

"Do you know anything about my gun?"

"I do not," readily, "Why?"

Moreland's eyes were steady and cold. He thrust his hands into the pockets of his corduroy trousers.

"I reckon I ought to ax your pardon," he said in a low voice. "My gun's plumb gone, and I ain't got nothing to fight them damned Littlefords with."

"Gone!" Wade repeated, wonderingly.

"It must ha' been them Littlefords, I guess" frowned Moreland. "But for the life of me I can't see how they got in an' took my rifle without me wakin', 'cause I sleep twice as light as a sick mouse."

Within ten minutes all the Moreland men had gathered at headquarters. Everyone of them had lost his weapon during the night.

The chief of the Moreland faction called Wade aside and said to him:

"You're high on the good side of them triffin' Hecks, and so far as they know, you hain't int'rested in the fightin'. I wish you'd light out toward there and see By and his mother, an' see if you can find out anything."

Wade nodded and walked down the dusty ox-wagon road. A little more than a quarter of an hour afterward he entered by the gateless gateway at the dilapidated cabin home of the Hecks, which stood beside the river.

He crossed the threshold and accepted the creaking chair that By dusted for him.

"The Littlefords," he said, "have declared war."

"Sakes!" laughed the old woman; "why, that ain't no news, Mr. Bill. We knowed that when we heered them shots on the Moreland side last night."

"And all the Moreland rifles are missing!" Wade watched the effect of his words.

"What!" the Hecks cried in one voice; and their surprise seemed so real that Wade no longer suspected that they knew about the mystery.

Fifteen minutes later he started homeward by way of the pool above the blown-down sycamore. There was a chance that Ben Littleford's daughter would be there fishing; and it was just possible, Wade told himself, that she could throw some light on the mystery of the Moreland rifles.

He crossed the river by means of the blown-down tree. Babe was there. She sat on the stone that she had been sitting on the morning before; her back was to him, and her bare feet were in the water to her ankles. He went close, stooped and gathered a handful of wild violets, rose and dropped them over her shoulder into her lap.

Babe looked around and smiled.

"What have you caught, Miss Littleford?"

"Nothin', An' I don't want to catch anything," she said, slowly. "I came down here to get away from the noise that Pap and the rest o' them are makin'."

"Was he mad at you?"

"No. But he would ha' been if he hadn't ha' had all o' his madness turned against them Morelands. You knew that Pap got in trouble on th' side o' the river last night, didn't you?" she asked.

"Yes, I knew that," Wade answered.

Babe turned around suddenly.

"What did the Morelands think about their guns bein' gon'?"

Wade straightened.

"How did you find that out?"

"Don't matter how," she answered. "I knowed 'bout it 'fore you did, Bill Wade. Don't you think whoever done it done a kind thing?"

Wade didn't know much about the feuds in the hills.

"To disarm the Morelands so that they cannot defend themselves? No, Miss Littleford, I can't say that I think it was a kind thing to do."

Babe Littleford rose to her feet and faced Wade. Her cheeks were flushed.

"Has the enemy come to harm them?" she demanded, icily.

"No, but—"

"All right," she interrupted, angrily. "If they ain't come, what are you kickin' about?"

"I beg your pardon," Wade said, slowly;

"I seem to have offended."

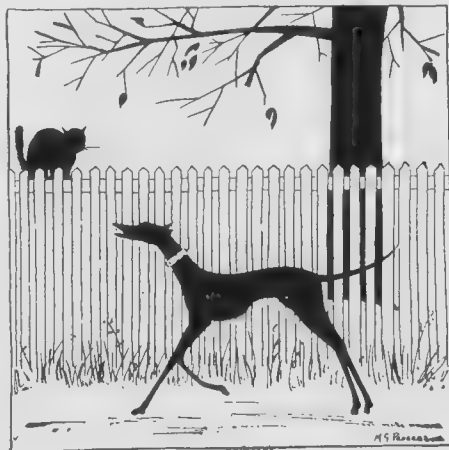
His quick contrition struck the young woman.

"I've seen so much of this fightin'," she murmured tremulously, "that it makes me go t' pieces. I ought to beg your pardon for bein' so mean, but I've seen a good many fine, strong men brought home dead or dyin' from a Moreland bullet. And the Littlefords have killed Morelands, too. I'd give my life to stop it!"

"I'll help you if I can," Bill told her. "Perhaps we can make friends of the Morelands and your people."

"You don't know what a hard thing that'd be," she replied, tearfully. "The

[Continued on page 44]



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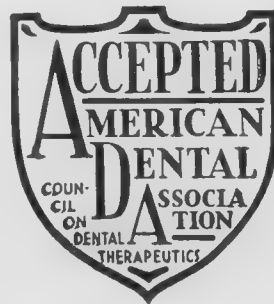
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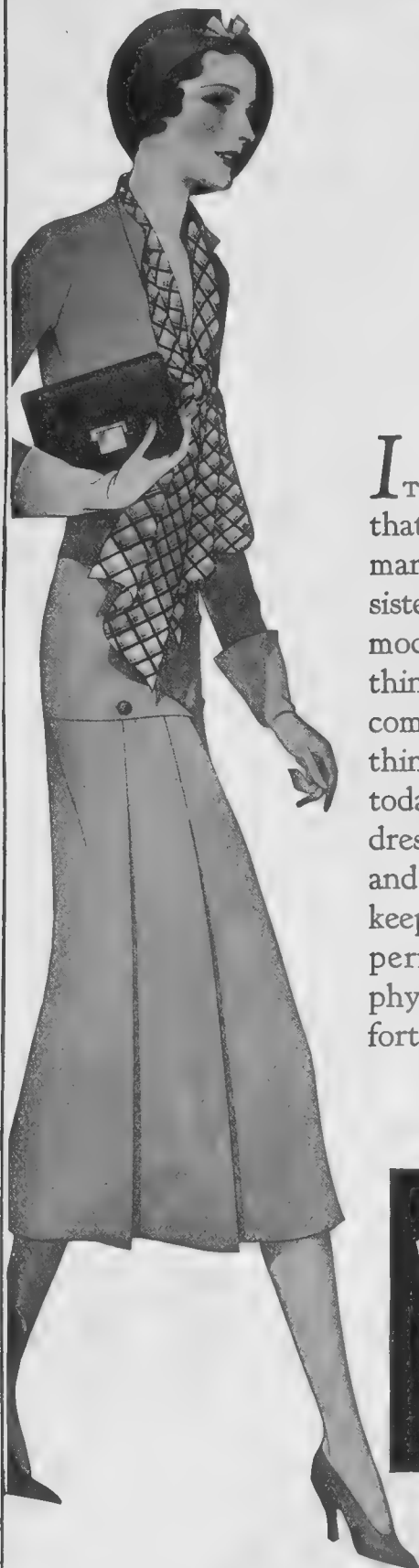


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The Moreland Complex

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two sets has hated each other ever since I can remember. And yo' won' be here very long, I reckon."

"I may be here the rest of my life," said Wade.

"Is it the coal?"

"Partly—yes, it's the coal. I'm to develop it for the Morelands."

She looked up and her eyes were bright with hope. But before she could speak her father's voice sounded from somewhere in the meadow:

"Babe! O—oh. Babe!"

"Comin'." cried Babe, half turning. "Pap wants me," she said to Wade, "an' I have to go, but we'll try to make 'em friends. Old Major Bradley'll be up here afore long to spend the summer, an' he'll help us. He gen'ally stays at our house, an' he teaches me what I should learn if I'd a chance to go to school; he's fine, an' you'll shore like him. You try to get John Moreland, an' I'll handle Pap. There ain't no danger o' trouble, right now anyway. Good-bye, Bill Wade."

"One moment, Miss Littleford," and he took a step after her. "Are you sure there is no danger right now?"

Babe stopped, faced about, and laughed nervously.

"Don' call me 'Miss' no more," she said. It makes me feel as old as Granny Heck. Call me what everybody else calls me. Why, every one o' the Littlefords lost their rifles last night, jest the same as the Morelands did! Meet me here at sundown, an' I'll tell you all about it. Good-bye Bill!"

"Good-bye, Babe!" he answered.

JOHN MORELAND met Wade at the gate.

"What did ye find out?"

"I learned," was the answer, "that the Littlefords all lost their guns just as the Morelands did."

"What!"

The mountaineers began to crowd about Wade.

"And who," asked their chief, "do you think done it?"

Bill Wade shook his head slowly and threw out his hands.

"How should I know?"

John Moreland tugged at his thick brown beard.

"And who was it 'at told ye what ye found out?"

"Babe Littleford. I saw her down at the river—she was fishing."

"Did she say anything," pursued the Moreland chief, "'at sounded like she knowed whar the guns went to?"

"She told me," said Wade, "that she would be glad to give her life to stop the fighting. She seemed rather badly worked up over it."

From the cabin doorway came a woman's sorrowful voice:

"And me, too; I'd be glad to give my life to stop the fightin'. I had a boy, a big, strappin' boy—"

The Moreland chief frowned toward his wife and interrupted;

"Now, Addie, honey, don't do that."

It ended the talk.

Mrs. Moreland dried her eyes on her gingham apron and announced the noonday meal. When the mountaineers had finished eating, Wade cornered his host on the vine-shaded front porch and suggested that they look over the coal property that afternoon. He was eager to go to work—eager to be doing something, he told Moreland. The hill man stood very still for what seemed to the other a very long time, and had no word to say. When he did speak, he said simply:

"All right." [Continued on page 45]



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The Moreland Complex

Continued from page 44

They set out immediately for the north end of David Moreland's Mountain, a distance of more than a mile.

They went to the spot at which the coal vein ran out to the light of day. Wade took up a piece of the shining black stuff and examined it closely. Judging from the little he knew and by the great amount of descriptions he had heard, the vein was very large and the coal itself of the highest grade.

"It was a great find," he told his companion, "a great find. It was a pity to let it lie here untouched for so long; and yet, it's worth more today than it was ever worth before."

His enthusiasm ran warm, and Moreland caught it quickly. Together they hurriedly planned out the little railroad that would wind its course through the wilds and connect the mine with the big railroad at a point near Halfway Switch.

"I know I'm a doin' right about it," the mountaineer said twice for the benefit of his conscience; "I know pore David he would want me to if he could know."

"Certainly he would want you to do it if he could know," hastily agreed Wade. "I'll start for Cincinnati tomorrow. I've got enough money to take me there and back. I have a very wealthy friend there—his name is Harris; I think I can borrow enough money from him to finance the beginning of this thing. And I'll buy a locomotive and cars, and all the other necessary machinery while I'm in Cincinnati—unless I fail to get the money from Harris. When I get back, which should be within eight days, we'll start to work. How many men can be spared from the farms?"

Moreland rubbed his chin, thoughtfully.

"Le's see; one man can manage two o' these here little farms. I reckon we might stir up thirty right now. And after the corn and stuff is gathered we could git the rest o' them. Would that do?"

"Sure! That is, I think so."

At last Wade was happy. He had something to do now—an aim in life. He had difficulties to overcome, obstacles to remove, barriers to surmount—it was his big chance!



IT WAS almost sundown when Wade returned from his visit to the coal vein—Big Pine Mountain hid the sun at a little after three in the afternoon. He borrowed a fishing pole and a minnow pail, which made his going to the river seem proper enough to John Moreland, and set out to meet Babe Littleford. He was glad that nobody expressed a desire to accompany him.

He found Ben Littleford's daughter where he had met her twice before, and he sat down on a stone at her side. She moved over a little shyly, and hid her bare feet under her calico skirt. Her feet were very shapely, he thought.

"Now tell me about the rifles," he said.

Babe smiled.

"You will keep it a secret?"

"I promise," agreed Wade.

"I want to tell you some other things

first, so's you'll understand better when I come to the part about the rifles," began Babe, looking thoughtfully into the still, cold water. She continued slowly, choosing her words carefully. "I was brought up to hate them Morelands, but—I don't think I do. My people is jest like the Morelands. The biggest difference you can find in 'em is 'at one side mostly has gray eyes like you, an' the other has brown eyes like me. They're all good people except for their everlastin' hatin' and fightin'."

"Grandpap Littleford and John Moreland's pap got in a dispute over some part o' the Bible, an' they went to fightin'. Thank heaven 'at it was Sunday, an' none of the families had any guns with them, or there would have been some serious trouble right there."

"I see," muttered Wade, sympathetically.

Babe lifted her rod until the small end cleared the water, and went on in a voice that throbbed:

"I've seen sisters watch their brothers die from Moreland bullets, and young women watch their sweethearts die. John Moreland's oldest son was killed by a Littleford. Addie Moreland, she knows what it is to set down on the floor an' take her dyin' boy's head into her lap, with the blood runnin' through her dress to her knees, and now," Babe Littleford went on, dabbing wet eyes, "you can guess where the rifles went to, can't you? The women hid 'em last night after the men had gone to sleep. Addie Moreland started the idee, an' Granny Heck spread it amongst my people. When the fightin' fever sort o' dies down, the guns'll all be brought back an' put whar they belong—some night. It worked this time, but next time it may not. I don't know!"

She rose and stood there smiling down upon him.

Her voice brought him to himself.

"What are you thinkin' about Bill Wade?"

Wade jumped to his feet. He, too, was smiling now.

"I was thinking of the difference between you and some of the women I know," he said, slowly.

"An' I reckon they put me in the shadows," she answered. Her smile died and the long eyes widened.

"No. Not at all—it is quite the opposite. You make them look unnecessary and unreal."

Babe Littleford's face brightened instantly. She did not doubt that he meant it. He wasn't the sort that lied and flattered. She began to like Bill Wade.

And Wade told himself as he went homeward that he was beginning to care for Babe Littleford. He did not fight the feeling—it made the world seem like a regular place; everything looked good to him!

EARLY the following morning Wade made ready for his journey to Cincinnati. Having learned the evening before that he was going, By Heck had come to accompany him to

[Continued on page 46]

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IF you really want to save yourself a lot of work, worry and expense just wax your floors with this new compound which is emulsified and blended by a new secret process—called the Koric Process.

This remarkable process removes the objectionable features of ordinary wax and makes a super-fine wax compound that is creamy-smooth, supple and unusually durable.

It is neither heavy, slow-drying nor sticky.

When you use this new wax compound you'll discover, first of all, that in a very few minutes it gives the floor a soft, lustrous beauty

that adorns a room like gay sunlight.

Then, as time goes on, your admiration will increase as you watch the rich, velvety surface resist heel-marks, scratches and wear much longer than you ever expected.

Now, with less work, keep your floors gleaming... whether varnished, shellaced, painted, waxed or covered with linoleum... and furniture gleaming just like new... Use this new process wax.

Attention: There is only one wax prepared by the Koric Process, and that is Old English.

Made by the A. S. Boyle Company, Windsor, Ontario.



THE ONLY WAX MADE BY THE KORIC PROCESS

Old English Wax

PASTE and LIQUID



"How d'you do, Mr. Rooster! Do you want to know the latest at our house? Mother's 'scovered a new powder and it's the best ever. You know they used to think I was a good deal of a nuisance, I used to cry so. But it really wasn't my fault, I was always so chafed. But this powder is so soft and fine. I feel as comfy as possible all of the time and I'm no trouble at all."

1 1 1

BABY POWDERS ARE DIFFERENT—largely because of the difference in talcs. The high-grade Italian talc used for Johnson's Baby Powder is made up of soft, tiny flakes—but the inferior talc used in some baby powders contains sharp, needle-like particles! You can feel the difference by rubbing a little Johnson's Baby Powder between your thumb and finger.

For your baby's sake decide wisely! Use Johnson's Baby Powder. As Baby should have the best of soap too, there is the specially made Johnson's Baby Soap—and, Johnson's Baby Cream for extra comfort.

Your dealer has all three.

Johnson's Baby Powder



SOAP

CREAM

FREE SAMPLES! In order that you may test Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream, without expense, we will be glad to send you a generous sample of each—free of charge. Write to Johnson & Johnson, Limited, Montreal.

The Moreland Complex

Continued from page 45

Halfway Switch. Heck became very enthusiastic and declared he would like to go clean to Cincinnati, just for the sake of seeing the town; and he looked decidedly blue when John Moreland said, with a sly wink at Wade, that Cincinnati was made up almost wholly of revenue officers.

Heck finally became desperate. He didn't care, he could lick revenueurs, he said.

"I shore wisht ye could see yore way clear to le' me go with ye," he growled into his long and drooping mustache. "Ef ye could, I'd take along a jug o' yaller whisky twenty years old."

"Which was made the day before yesterday," laughed Wade.

Heck was forced to admit it.

Wade took up the heavy suit-case, and they started. They had three hours in which to cross David Moreland's Mountain before the arrival of the north-bound accommodation train, and they walked leisurely.

The two had not gone a dozen rods when there came from somewhere down near the river the sound of a rifle shot. Both stopped and faced about quickly.

"I'll be dadgummed ef the Little-fords hain't found their rifles!" exclaimed By Heck.

"How do you know?" Wade's voice was troubled.

"I shore know," and Heck narrowed his gaze. "'At was Ben Littleford's old .45 Winch. I'd know that gun ef I heard it at the nawth pole!"

"I think we better go back and see what's happened," muttered Wade, turning toward the cabin.

John Moreland and his wife and their son Luke were standing at the weather-beaten gate, with their eyes turned anxiously toward the river. Caleb was coming through the meadow with his hat in his hand.

"Who fired that shot?" asked Wade.

"Ben Littleford," John Moreland answered, readily.

Two minutes later Caleb leaped the old rail fence on the other side of the road and approached them hastily. He was breathing rapidly, and his face was drawn and pale—with the old hate.

"Well," said his father; "tell it!"

Caleb held up his broad-rimmed black hat and ran a finger through a hole in the upper part of the high-peaked crown.

"He didn't miss!" snapped John Moreland.

"No," quickly replied Caleb; "he didn't miss. He don't never miss. You know that, Pap. He said to tell ye 'at the women folks had hid our guns, and 'at we'd find 'em under the house floors."

John Moreland turned to his wife, who looked at him squarely.

"Addie, honey," he said, "I'm mighty sorry."

"If—if you was as sorry, John," the woman sobbed out, "you wouldn't go down there to the river."

Moreland smiled a pale and regretful smile, and faced his two sons. Always he was the general, the leader of his clan. He sent Caleb in one direction and Luke in another, to arouse his kinsmen.

Then he beckoned to Wade.

"I don't want you in this here mix-up," he said decisively. "You must stay clean out of it, and ef I get my light put out today I wan' you to do the best you can with the coal. But of course you will—an' aft' I'm gone I wan' you to do me two favors; will ye?" [Continued on page 47]



USE Diamond Dyes today and see the perfectly gorgeous colors they give to dresses, drapes or lingerie. See how easily the bright, clear, new-looking colors appear in place of out-of-style or faded ones. Then you'll know why these perfect dyes are the choice of a million women!

Diamond Dyes always give clear, bright, true colors! Even in the hands of a child, they cannot streak, spot or run. And their colors hold true through months of wear and washing.

The ease with which they go on and the gorgeous colors they yield are due to the abundance of pure anilines they contain. Anilines are the very life of all dyes; and Diamond Dyes contain the highest quality anilines that money can buy. 15c packages—at all drug stores.

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SAIL East!



DIRECTLY in your path towards the East lie Lakes Superior and Huron. Why make a detour when you may sail their dancing blue waters, stretch your legs on wide decks, and enjoy two real days of refreshing air and good company aboard one of our large, luxurious liners? You step from train aboard ship at Port Arthur, and from ship aboard train at Sarnia.

You may book your tickets to include the steamer and, without fuss or worry, make the transfer and get the full benefit of sea breeze and scenery.

By crossing the neck of land from Sarnia to Toronto, you may embark once more to sail, via the Thousand Islands and the famous St. Lawrence Rapids to Montreal, and then on, if you wish, to the distant Saguenay River in the heart of old French Canada. A gorgeous inland water journey.

Reservations from any Railway Office, or nearest offices of this Company, or to R. Crawford, G.P.A., Northern Navigation, 234 Portage Ave. Winnipeg

**NORTHERN NAVIGATION
DIVISION**

• CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES •

NN1

The Moreland Complex

Continued from page 46

"Certainly," answered Wade.

"The fust is this: I want ye to go to Ben Littleford, if he's still alive, an' tell him about the end o' my bedtime pra'r; I want him to know 'at I was a bigger man inside than him. The second is: I want you to take good pay for yore work out o' what the coal brings. An' you've promised me, Bill—so you go ahead to Cincinnati jest as though you didn't know about this here trouble."

"I don't like the idea," began Wade.

"Go on!" Moreland said, almost vehemently. "You cain't do no good here!"

Wade looked for a second into the mountaineer's face, then he held out his hand.

"Good - bye, John," he said.

Moreland grasped the hand.

"Good - bye, Bill, an' good luck to ye, my boy."

Wade turned and followed the moon-shiner. There seemed to be nothing else to do.

A battle between the two factions was not such a new thing to By Heck. He hummed a rakish old song of the hills as he toiled on up the crooked and rain-washed path:

*"When I die, don't bury me deep;
Put no tombstone at my head an' feet;
Put a bear's jawbone in my right hand
On my way to the Promised Land—
Oh! On my way to the Promised Land!"*

When they had reached a point a little above the foot of David Moreland's Mountain the pair halted and looked back. They saw the Littlefords and the Morelands, every one of them armed, going toward the river. As the fighters reached dangerous ground they dropped to their hands and knees and began to crawl through the tall grasses, the iron-weed and the meadow clover; each side was slowly making its way to the shelter of the trees that lined each side of the stream. The river here was very shallow and more than fifty yards wide; this was the Blue Cat Shoals.

"I think," muttered Wade, "that I'd better not go away until tomorrow. I can't leave matters like this. Let's go back to the cabin. Do you know—can you think of any way to stop that down there?"

By Heck shrugged his thin shoulders and shifted the suit-case to the other hand.

"Can you think o' any way to stop the risin' and settin' o' the sun?" he grinned.

They went back to the cabin.

IT WAS altogether by accident that the Littleford chief had found his weapons. He had dropped a dime through a crack in the floor. Babe was quick to say that she would crawl under the house and look for the coin, although she had just put on a freshly laundered white calico dress. Her anxiety showed plainly on her face. Her father questioned her sharply, and

she stammered in spite of herself. Ben Littleford's suspicions were aroused.

So Ben Littleford came out from under the cabin floor with his hands full of the steel of rifle barrels, and with the dime forgotten. He placed the rifles carefully on the grass, turned and caught his daughter by the arm.

"Who hid 'em?" he demanded, gruffly.

"I hid 'em," was the ready answer, defiant and bitter—"I, me! What're you a-goin' to do about it?"

Littleford flung his daughter's arm from him. His keen eyes stared at the young woman's face as though they would wither it.

"What made ye hide 'em?" he growled. "Ef I want my guns hid, I'm able to do it myself! What made ye do it?"

"To try an' save human lives, 'at's why!" she answered.

At that moment the gate creaked open. Babe turned her head and saw Black Adam Ball coming toward

them. He was armed heavily. In one hand he carried a new, high-powered repeating rifle, and around his waist there was a new belt filled with long, bright smokeless cartridges filled with steel-jacketed bullets.

When Wade and his companion reached the cabin Addie Moreland met them. Anxiety was breaking her heart.

"Mr. Wade," she pleaded, "I want you to go down thar to the river and see ef the's anything you can do to stop it afore it begins. You jest walk out bold in the open an' you won't be shot at, an' I'll sure be obliged to you."

Wade knew that he could do nothing toward bringing about peace; and he knew that John Moreland would be angry at his interfering. But he nodded and went toward the river. He didn't have the heart to refuse her.

Then there came the keen thunder of a rifle shot.

Wade halted for a moment. Between two sycamores on the nearer side of the river he saw a puff of white smoke rising lazily from a water oak on the farther side; a Littleford had fired first. Wade moved rapidly and boldly, trying always to keep himself in plain view for this was the only safe way.

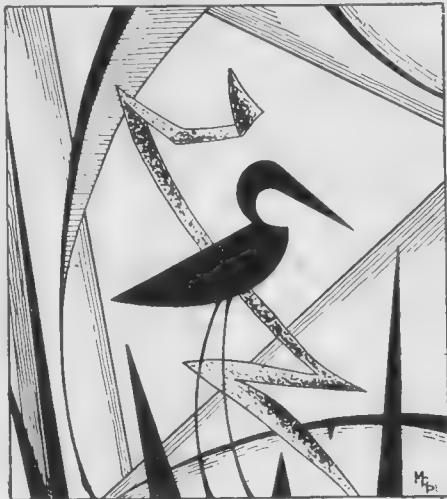
When he halted again it was on his knees behind the big white sycamore that sheltered John Moreland.

"Back, are ye?" frowned the mountaineer. And then, with the grimmest humor; "I reckon ye had a big time in Cincinnati. Ye found yore friend Harris well, I hope. Git that money from him?"

"Yes," Wade said simply, "I'm back."

Then the mountaineer turned his gaze over Wade's shoulder, and his countenance seemed to freeze. Wade looked around quickly and saw Babe Littleford, less than ten feet from him. In one hand she carried a white flag made of a man's handkerchief and a willow switch. She stopped and sat up.

"Babe!" Wade cried out, "what are you doing here? You're in danger!" [Continued on page 48]



Humanity has good reason to fear *pyorrhea*

MANY people are self-conscious and uncomfortable today with false teeth who might have been spared the loss of their own.

Pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of every five who pass the age of forty, can rob you of your teeth and break down your very health if permitted to go unchecked.

The first symptoms are tender gums that bleed easily when brushed. As it progresses, it makes gums soft and spongy until teeth often loosen in their sockets and either fall out or must be extracted.

But don't wait for these symptoms. Many people have the beginnings of pyorrhea in their mouths for ten years before outward signs appear. To be safe, see your dentist at least twice a year and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's.

The formula of a pyorrhea specialist

In your own home your teeth are your own responsibility. It is up to you to give them the finest care possible.

Forhan's was created by R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., who for 26 years specialized in the treatment of pyorrhea.

It is unique in that it contains the benefits of an ethical preparation developed by Dr. Forhan, which thousands of dentists use in the treatment of pyorrhea.

Don't gamble with pyorrhea

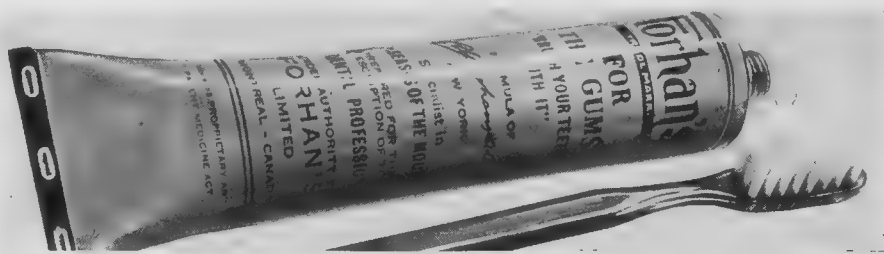
Start using Forhan's today. You can make no finer investment in the health of your mouth and the safety of your teeth.

False teeth are a great invention, but keep your own as long as you can. Forhan's Limited, Montreal.

FALSE TEETH ARE A
GREAT INVENTION
BUT KEEP YOUR OWN
AS LONG AS YOU CAN

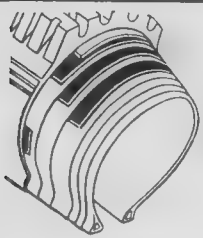


False teeth often follow pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of every five past the age of 40



Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS



GUTTA PERCHA TIRES

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The cords must pass the severest tests

A tire is no stronger than its weakest cord. For that reason—only the highest grade, long staple cords are used in Gutta Percha Tires. But highest grade cords are not sufficient in themselves—they must have the proper twist to give them strength and the vitality to absorb shock without destroying the "life" of the cords.

Our specifications demand that our laboratory exhaustively test all cord material for twist—even down to the minute strands that comprise the cords. Each cord has major strands and each major strand has minor strands. The correct twist, in both major and minor strands, is a vital factor in prolonging tire life. That is why Gutta Percha Tires are better and last longer than ordinary tires.

"A Tire is only as good as its cords."

Gutta Percha & Rubber,
Limited

TORONTO - CANADA
100% Canadian



The Moreland Complex

Continued from page 47

She opened her lips to speak, when John Moreland cut in angrily.

"You git away from here. This ain't no place for you!"

Babe went pale.

"The' isn't no time to lose, John Moreland. I'm goin' to tell ye o' this danger, an' trust to you bein' a man enough to do what I ask ye to," she said above the roar of the firing. "Black Adam Ball has come back. He's brought a new-fashioned rifle and smokeless ca'tridges. And in a few minutes he'll be hid in a clump of sassafras back in your meadow, where he means to set an' pick off you Morelands one by one. Hold up the white flag, John Moreland—quick, for God's sake!"

Babe thoughtlessly rose to her feet, and one side of her brown head appeared before the sight of her father's rifle. He fired quickly—too quickly for a perfect aim—but the bullet burned its way across her temple and through her hair. She crumpled at Wade's feet.

Wade gave a hoarse cry and took her up in his arms. John Moreland waved the white handkerchief and belatedly to his kinsmen to stop firing. Then there was silence.

"Come over here, Ben Littleford!" shouted the chief of the Morelands. "You've shot yore own gurl!"

Then to his brother he said:

"Black Adam is hid somewhere in the meadow; go an' ketch him, an' don't take no chances with him—shoot him like a dawg if he tries to trick ye."

A dozen men ran to look for the would-be sniper. The Littlefords, still armed, came dashing across the shallow river. Ben Littleford threw down his rifle and knelt beside his daughter; he wrung his big hands and cursed the day that had seen him born.

Wade held her close. His face was as white as hers, and his eyes were flaming.

"Why don't you shoot all your women folk?" he said to Ben Littleford, and every word cut like a knife. "It's the best way by far. It's merciful. See, she isn't breaking her heart over your murderous fighting now. Keep your hands away! Don't touch her! She's mine now—you killer of women!"

They brought water and wet the young woman's face, and washed the red streak across her temple. They did all they knew to bring her back to consciousness; but except for her beating pulse and slow breathing, she remained as one dead.

"When does the next south-bound train pass the Halfway Switch?" Wade asked, shortly.

Moreland looked toward the sun. "In about three hours, but it's the fast train, an' it won't stop at the switch."

"Then we'll hold it up!" Wade declared. "This is evidently a case for a surgeon. Get a blanket and two poles and make a litter—we'll carry her."

Moreland hastened away obediently. Wade turned to Littleford.

"It's only a few hours ago," he said accusingly, "that this poor girl told me she would be glad to give her life to stop the fighting, and now, perhaps, she's done it! You're a brute, Littleford. I like to fight myself, but not when it costs women anything."

The Littleford chief gave no sign that he had heard. There was silence save for the low murmur of the river and the song of a bird that was hidden somewhere among the branches of the white sycamore. [Cont'd on page 49]

Dragging Days and Restless Nights

Lack of pep is frequently caused by clogged-up systems. Feen-a-mint is thorough, dependable yet gentle in action. Effective in smaller doses because you chew it. Modern, scientific, safe, non-habit-forming.



Feen-a-mint
FOR CONSTIPATION



"Her Blonde Hair won me!"

ROMANCE always comes to blondes who keep their hair golden. And it's so easy with Blondex. This special shampoo not only prevents darkening—but safely restores natural golden color to dull, faded light hair. Brings out sparkling lights—adds gleaming radiance. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Fine for scalp. Used and recommended by scores of famous blonde movie stars. At all leading drug and department stores.



Lawson's
Snowflake



At
Your
Grocers

Cleans
Pots &
Pans.

Sinks, Bath Tubs,
Dishes & Floors.

The Moreland Complex

Continued from page 48

EVERY man of the feudists was numbered in the party that filed across David Moreland's Mountain to intercept the next south-bound train. The old enmity was for the time being forgotten. Members of one clan rubbed elbows with members of the other clan, and thought nothing of it. John Moreland himself carried one end of the crude litter that held the limp figure of Babe Littleford; Bill Wade carried the other end. Close behind walked Babe's father, seeming broken and old with remorse for the thing he had done. The grief of Ben Littleford was touching now, and Carlyle was a little sorry that he had spoken so bitterly to him.

They reached the Halfway Switch ten minutes before the arrival of the fast mail. A short passenger train was there waiting. Wade gave over his end of the litter to Caleb Moreland, and strode up to the locomotive. The engineer sat quietly smoking in his cab. Wade wanted the fast mail stopped, and he gave his reason.

The engineer smoked and considered. It was against the rules. Wade swore at rules. The engineer said he would see the conductor. He did, and the conductor stepped to the ground and began to consider.

"Better put her on my train," he said finally, "and take her to Barton's station. There's a good doctor at Barton's—"

"But this a case for a surgeon!" impatiently interrupted Wade.

They disagreed. The old trainman was a close friend of the doctor at Barton's Station. What was the difference between a surgeon and a doctor, anyway? Wade became angry.

"You'll stop the fast mail for us," he snapped, "Or we'll take your red flag and hold her up long enough to put the girl aboard. Now which? and decide quickly!"

The conductor was obdurate. The mountain men were too hotheaded to have much patience. A dozen rifles were leveled toward the old trainman, who immediately turned pale and spoke of the law—but he agreed to stop the fast mail.

As he ordered his flagman up the tracks, the sound of the south-bound's whistle came to their ears.

The fier came to a halt with sparks streaming from its wheels. Bill Wade and John Moreland passed the litter and its burden into the baggage car, and followed it hastily. After them came Ben Littleford. John Moreland leaned out at the doorway, and asked his son Luke to pass him his rifle. Luke obeyed promptly. There was a screech from the whistle and the brakes were released; the train began to move forward rapidly.

A baggageman approached John Moreland and asked why the rifle. Moreland half closed one keen gray eye and slowly patted the walnut stock of his repeater.

"Oh, I jest brought it along to see 'at everybody gits a square deal," he drawled—"go on about yore business, Mister."

The baggageman went about his business.

The conductor of the fast train was very unlike the conductor of the short train. When he had learned something

of the circumstances, he told Wade he had done exactly the right thing. He would see if there was a doctor aboard. Within five minutes he came back to the baggage car, and with him was an elderly man wearing a pointed beard and nose-glasses.

"Doctor MacKenzie, Mr. Wade," he said, politely.

The two nodded, and the physician knelt beside the litter, which had been placed with its ends on boxes to allow the centre to swing free. He made as thorough an examination as was possible under the conditions, then rose and stood looking down upon the young woman with something like admiration in his sober, professional eyes.

"She will have to undergo an operation," he told Wade. "The bone there is broken in slightly, making a compression; she will doubtless be unconscious until the pressure is relieved. But she has good chances for a quick and entire recovery, with a good surgeon on the job, so there isn't much ground for worry."

Wade was glad. They were all glad. Ben Littleford laughed nervously in his sudden joy. He sank down on his knees beside his daughter, took one of her limp hands and stroked it in a way that was pitiful. When he rose, he spoke cordially to Moreland. But Moreland didn't reply. He still looked upon his old enemy with contempt.

Doctor MacKenzie was leaving the train at the next town of importance, and he would wire Doctor Braemer to meet them at the Capital with an ambulance, if Wade wished.

"If you please," was the reply.

They reached the city a little before midnight, and were promptly met by the surgeon, a stocky, bald man with a perpetual smile. Braemer took charge of Ben Littleford's daughter, put her into an ambulance, and hurried her to his private hospital. Bill Wade and the two clan chiefs followed in an automobile. The hill men had never before seen an automobile; but they asked no questions about it, and made no comment.

Everything had been made ready for the operation, and Babe received surgical aid without delay.

The two mountaineers and Wade waited in another room. Wade had induced John Moreland to unload his rifle, both chamber and magazine.

Babe's father paced the floor anxiously. Moreland sat like a stone, with his empty rifle between his knees, and watched his old enemy queerly. It seemed a long time before Braemer came to them and told them smilingly that it was over, and that the girl was then coming

out from under the effects of the ether. She would be all right soon, he was pretty certain. No, they'd better not see her just then. But perhaps they could see her at some time during the afternoon of the following day.

SOME two hours before daybreak, Wade took his two companions to a modest hotel and had them put in a room that had two beds; by thus throwing them together in a strange land, he hoped to do something toward making them friends. Then Wade went to another room, undressed and went to bed. [Continued on page 50]



"Listen to them *Crackle!*"

YOUNG and old — everybody likes the delicious crispness of Kellogg's Rice Krispies. These toasted rice bubbles actually crackle out loud in milk or cream.

And what a flavor! What tempting goodness in every spoonful. Fine for you! Nourishing rice in easy-to-digest form.

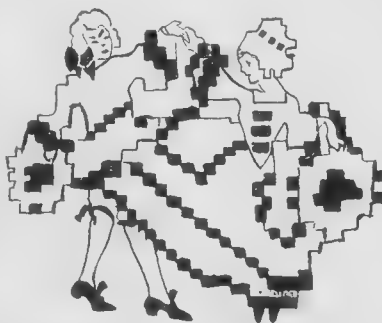
Serve Rice Krispies for breakfast, for lunch. Extra delicious with fruits or honey added. Ideal for nursery suppers. Children love milk with Rice Krispies.

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"Keep your eye on the ball," says the pro. And yet how can you? . . . when rising on all sides of the golf course is the scenic majesty of the mightiest mountains on the continent.

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Swimming. Trail riding. Motoring. Mountain-climbing—alone or with Swiss guides. Every sport you can desire . . . and all the

luxury and comfort of the famous Jasper Park Lodge with its congenial informality and pleasant companionships. Delightful rooms or your own completely equipped cabin in the pine woods.

Canadian National takes you everywhere in Canada. It operates steamship lines, telegraph and express services and a chain of 14 broadcasting stations.

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For those interested in Jasper and other Canadian National vacation spots, showings of Canadian travel films may be arranged on application to any Canadian National agent, who will also gladly furnish beautifully illustrated booklets.

CANADIAN NATIONAL

The Largest Railway System in America

M29-D

The Moreland Complex

Continued from page 49

When he awoke the following morning, it was late. Some one was yelling greetings into his ears, and shaking his hand with much heartiness. He opened his eyes sleepily and looked up to see the best friend of his other life, Robert McLaurin, a newspaper man.

"By George, Bobby—so it's you!" He sat up in bed and quickly returned the handshake with interest. "How did you know I was here, anyway? Your boasted nose for news; eh, Bobby?"

"Perhaps," smiled McLaurin. "I got word that a young hill woman had been brought to Braemer's Hospital, accidentally shot, and I smelled a feud. So I hurried over to get the story. They didn't know much about it. The girl was asleep; besides, it was too early after the operation, they said, for her to see me. One of the nurses whispered to me that you brought her, and said that I would find you here; and here I came a-running, to interview you. Now give me the story, and I'll 'phone it in; then I'll tell you some big news."

"The story mustn't be published, Bobby," replied the man in bed. "For one reason, there is a feud; and if the law knew, it might take a hand—you see, I think there is a better way of taking care of that feud. And I am of the opinion that the girl wouldn't like the publicity. Besides, there's not much in it for you. Suppose you forget all about it; eh?"

If McLaurin was disappointed, he kept it well to himself.

"They said she was pretty, a sort of primitive Venus," he said, winking. "Is there a romance connected?"

"Not yet," smiled Wade.

"But soon?"

"It may be," frankly. "Tell me the news."

"All right," and McLaurin sat down on the bed. "I married Patricia Clavering the day before yesterday. We were married in an automobile, with her father and that boob 'Dear Cousin Harry' chasing us like wildfire in another car. Yesterday we went to housekeeping in a little suburban bungalow—rented house, furniture on the instalment plan. Her people won't even look at us, Bill! But do we care? Bill Wade, I ask you, do I seem to be worrying? Honest, I'm so happy that I'm afraid something is going to happen to me! I'm to get a raise in salary soon, and we won't be long about paying for our furniture; and when that's done, we'll buy the bungalow. Oh, we're going to get along, Bill."

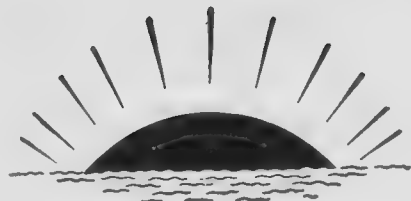
"And I'm informing you now," he continued, "that you're having dinner with us this evening. Don't fail us; Patricia will want to thank you for 'casting her aside' at the altar."

Wade laughed, boyishly, but was not as surprised as he doubtless would have been had he not known that his best friend had long loved the girl he had almost married.

"There's more news," McLaurin went on. "Your father has been trying hard to find you. He sent a man to Atlanta to look for you. He told me he'd give me a house and lot if I'd find you for him, and he meant it. But I shan't claim the reward, of course; it would be too much like highway robbery, Bill!"

"He did!" exclaimed Wade, wondering. "And my mother—have you seen her? And did she say anything about me?"

[Continued on page 51]



GOOD LOOKS..



Even the most costly cosmetics can't offset the effect of a soiled or faded gown. And yet how easy it is to bring back freshness and charm to dresses and lingerie when you use

SUNSET SOAP DYES

for Fast Dyeing

All fabrics! (silk, wool, cotton, linen, or mixed goods) are dyed the same shade in one dye bath with any of the 22 colours of this wonderful, concentrated soap dye.

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The Moreland Complex

Continued from page 50

"I've seen her twice since the near-wedding."

"And what did she say? Tell me the whole truth, Bobby. I can take it. I'm big enough."

McLaurin frowned. "Since you've asked me, Bill: your mother—er, I heard her tell your father that she never would forgive you for the scene you made. The papers—not mine, though—made the most of it. She feels that you've eternally disgraced her."

"I see." Wade began to get out of bed. "As soon as I can dress and take my two friends down to the dining room, Bobby," he said, "you'll go with me to Father. We're going to get that house and lot for you."

"For Patricia's sake, I've a thundering big notion to take you up," laughed McLaurin. "Your father wouldn't miss it."

"That's it, take me up for Patricia's sake," said Wade. "You'd be foolish if you didn't. You should be willing to do anything, almost, for Patricia; because Patricia is a jewel."

Half an hour later, they caught a passing car that soon carried them to the old coal king's palace of granite and stone and cream-colored brick.

At the wide front gateway Wade drew back. "Bring Father out here, Bobby," he said, in a low voice. "From what you told me, I gather that Mother wouldn't want me to come in. But you can find out about that; and if she does want me to come, let me know."

McLaurin smiled a somewhat worried smile, and went to the front door. The old servant, Isham, met him and took his card, and a moment later he was shown in. Another moment, and John K. Wade, his florid face beaming with gladness, hastened out to the wide front gateway. The son was instantly touched by his father's new attitude toward him.

"You've come to stay, haven't you, Carlyle?" said the older man; and his voice was full of pleading. "What you did is all right. We'll never mention it again. You'll stay, won't you, Carlyle?"

"No," young Wade answered, a little coldly in spite of himself. "I've spent all the idle years I'll ever spend. I'm getting ready to develop the coal in David Moreland's Mountain."

"David Moreland's Mountain!" The retired coal magnate uttered the words in a husky tone. He put forth a hand and rested it against one of the huge stone gateposts, as though to steady himself, and some of the color went from his face.

"You say David Moreland's Mountain, Carlyle?"—jerkily.

"Yes."

"And you—you learned about David Moreland?"

"Yes." Bill Wade folded his arms and stood there looking at his father with eyes that accused.

"You know who killed him?" old Wade muttered.

His son knew then and nodded. "It was a shame!"

"Yes, it was a shame—a black shame. Nobody knows that half so well as I know it," said John K. Wade.

Wade the younger looked toward the house. Robert McLaurin was coming slowly down the verandah steps. Mrs. Wade was nowhere in sight. She didn't want to see her son; she didn't want him in the house. Bill Wade read it all in his friend's downcast, sympathetic countenance, and it made him doubly bitter.

"You'll need money, if you're going to develop that coal property," said Wade the elder. "You haven't any money, and those mountain folk haven't any. I'll give you all that is needed. I'll send you mining machinery, and expert mining men; I'll—"

"You needn't," broke in his son. "I can get the necessary funds without difficulty. I'll pay the debt myself. You've had a good many years in which to try to make amends, and you haven't done anything. You might have helped the Morelands without their even knowing that it was you—especially as they seem to have known you by another name—once; and that's the only way you could have helped them. Here you have one reason why I cannot accept assistance from you. Don't you see, Father? The Morelands wouldn't have it, and I couldn't lie to them."

He motioned to McLaurin, who had stopped at the front of the verandah steps in order that he might not overhear, and turned and walked away. McLaurin followed, and soon overtook him.

Bill Wade suddenly halted and faced back to his father.

"Remember that McLaurin gets his house and lot!"

"Yes," replied John K. Wade, "McLaurin gets his house and lot," and he went sadly toward the house.

Young Wade touched his friend's arm. "Tell me, what did my mother say? I know it's going to hurt, but—tell it."

"Your mother was sitting beside an open window in the library," said McLaurin. "I told her that you were at the gate, and asked if she would like to see you. At first I was afraid she hadn't heard me. Then she opened a book that she was reading, found her place and marked it with her finger, and looked toward me."

"Who did you say was at the gate, Mr. McLaurin?" she asked.

"Your son, Carlyle," I answered.

"Mr. McLaurin," she said to me coldly, "I want you never to forget this: To me there is no such person on earth as Carlyle Wade!"

They went down town in silence.
(To be continued next month)

Haunted

By Hilda Ridley

*I'd gone to bed that night in fear,
Because our host till nearly ten,
Had told me tales that made me creep,
Of ghosts that wear the shapes of men.*

*I'd hardly touched oblivion's brink,
It must have been my first sweet sleep,
When o'er the floor with fitful pace,
I heard a stealthy footfall creep.*

*And all the tales my host had told
Of haunted houses came to mind,*

*I knew that footfall, stealthy, swift,
Was not the sound of winter wind.*

*I rose in bed—my hair rose too,
I really thought my heart would fail,
When by a moonlight ray I saw
'Twas kitty, playing with her tail!*

*O naughty kit, with ribbon blue,
Purring so loudly, full of bliss!
I took the small, sweet ghost to bed,
And quelled her mischief with a kiss.*



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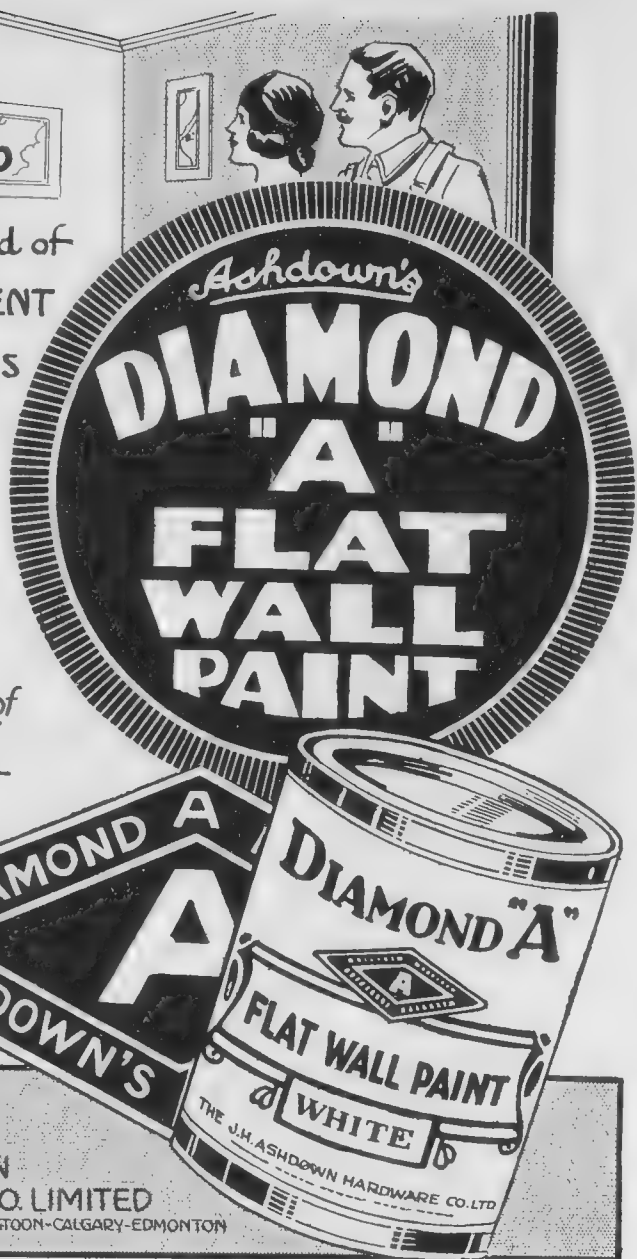


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Hot Off the Griddle

Continued from page 20

"What's this, what's this?" demanded the manager. "What's the idea of this funny business with the eats?"

"Just adding a little variety to my work," replied Foster. "You'll notice I haven't spilled any batter or spoiled any food."

"H'm," said the manager. "Can you do any other stuff like that?"

By way of answer Foster seized a pile of plates, and while he tossed three of them in the air with one hand, spun one on the corner of the pancake turner with the other hand.

"H'm," said the manager again. "You are handy with your hands, aren't you?" He looked with a grin at the jam outside. "Good advertisement," he observed, being a wise manager, "go as far as you like but don't lose no batter. And any plates you break comes out of the old pay envelope," he added.

"Sister," remarked Foster smilingly, when Maisie Kelly called out her next order for butter-cakes, "can you throw with any accuracy?"

"I used to be pretty good for a girl," said Maisie. "Why?"

"All right," commented Gordon, "next time you come up for an order of wheats or something you call out the stuff and then throw the plate my way. I'll get it."

"But suppose it busts!" cried Maisie. "And besides, what'll the manager do to me?"

"It won't bust, and if it does I'll pay for it," said Foster, "and the manager is with me. You and me will stage a little act for that populace that'll make the police call out the reserves to handle the crowd. Take a chance."

"I'm one of the 'anything once' kind," agreed the girl. "I'm game."

Which is how Maisie Kelly, bright-eyed, immaculate, and pretty as only a blue-eyed, black-haired Celtic girl can be, was "added to the act," as Foster put it. For the manager was a wise man, as has heretofore been noted, and after he'd seen Maisie throw plates at Foster a few times he took her away from her table and made her assistant to the "flapperjack," a "feeder" to the stunts which Gordon was daily and hourly adding to his repertoire.

The juggler was near right when he prophesied that there would be a call for the reserves to handle the crowd. Nowhere are there so many people with a few minutes to spare as in a great city, and this window-display was much more interesting than watching a chauffeur fix a puncture or a demonstrator prove the superiority of Slide Easy ties over the old kind that catch in the collar. It did become necessary to keep an officer in front of the restaurant to make part of the sidewalk clear and to shoo along those who loitered for too much time.

Nor was the difficulty lessened when one of the spectators, a *Courier* reporter, working on space, wrote a column feature on the cake flapper who juggled everything but the stove. Where prior to that story the audience was composed only of loiterers whose path led logically past the White Front, after it appeared, people began to come from other parts of town purposely to watch Miss Kelly toss plates at Gordon, who caught them unconcernedly and flipped beautiful brown flapjacks and light yellow butter-cakes upon them with many twirls, spins and flourishes.

Foster Gordon was enjoying himself because he was juggling things, and not less because he'd made the manager come through with thirty dollars

a week when he saw what the act was worth in fame and increased trade for the White Front restaurant.

Besides this, it was fun to work with the girl whose ready tongue and sparkling eyes had been winding his heart round with bond after bond, ever since he had come in, hungry, to ask for a job, and had been fed by her hands, and—as he learned afterward—at her expense.

So perhaps she wasn't as surprised as she seemed to be when Foster Gordon, tossing a butter-cake lightly over his shoulder for her to catch on a plate and picking another plate she threw him out of the air, remarked casually:

"Say, kid, don't you want to make it a team for good? I'd rather have you throwing plates at my head for the rest of my natural life than any other frail I've ever seen, no kidding."

"Are you trying to sign me up for a window act?" replied Maisie evenly, "or are you referring to something more permanent?"

"Matrimony was my idea," said Gordon. "What would you say about it?"

"If you want an answer this minute with all that mob looking on," replied Maisie, "It'll be No!—none whatever. But maybe if you'd come around this evening to the little old flat where my mother and I hold out, and you put it to me proper with some romance to it—well, I might consider it differently."

Which reply caused such a surge of gladness into Foster Gordon's heart that it unsettled his head and his hand, and he dropped the batter pitcher and smashed the three plates he was spinning and disorganized his work for the time.

So it's doubtless lucky that Sam Feldbaum, the vaudeville agent, didn't happen by at that moment, but an hour later, when Foster was doing dazzling and spectacular things with his utensils and his foodstuffs, Feldbaum stood and watched him until the cop told him to move on, and then he moved on—into the restaurant.

"Where'd you hire that juggling act?" he demanded of the manager.

"None of your business," said the manager, who did not like Feldbaum's peremptory tone.

"Excuse me," said Feldbaum, "I didn't mean to speak so rude. I'm a vaudeville agent and that act looks good to me. Did you get it from a cabaret agency?"

"I hired the young fellow as a pancake turner and the girl as a waitress," said the manager, "and if you want 'em in vaudeville you've gotta pay me for 'em. They're worth cash money to me."

As has been suggested before in these pages, he was a wise manager.

"I'm a business man," said Feldbaum. "How much?"

"Ten per cent of what you get for them every week. Cash money down in the hand."

Feldbaum thought quickly. "You're on," he agreed, "lemme talk to 'em."

GORDON buried his head in his hands in despair. Again his act had flivvered. The confidence that he thought he had gained deserted him when once more he stood before a theatre full of people, in spite of his familiar griddle, the pitcher of batter, the cake-turner, and the pretty waitress, Maisie Kelly—who assisted him on the stage as she had in the restaurant.

[Continued on page 54]

Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

The Blind Alley

MENTION has been made from time to time in these columns of what are called blind alley occupations. In the dictionary, a blind alley occupation is described as one that fails to fit a person for anything further. Whether there are as many blind alley occupations as people think, is a matter of doubt, and in this connection an interesting article appears in a recent issue of Pitman's Journal of Commercial Education:

"We constantly hear occupations of various types described disparagingly as blind alley occupations. The term is commonly applied to work that is confined to the performance of some special set of duties restricted in character, and not involving any direct training in any other definitely different set of duties. The suggestion is that a worker engaged in some such sphere has no chance of advancement. In most instances, a fallacy is involved; and it may be suggested that real blind alley occupations are, after all, rare. It may be further contended that no branch of the duties of the office worker, however specialized, falls strictly within that category. There are apathetic office workers who are content to be mere routinists. But to those who are not, opportunities of promotion generally present themselves. The office worker whose mind is concentrated on his work is always learning something of the business in which he is engaged. Feeling a real interest in it, he avails himself of every means of increasing his grasp of its nature, its methods, and its requirements. His intelligence, his increasing knowledge, and his interest reveal themselves in a thousand ways in the course of his daily work. And chances come to the capable, because their capability has made an impression. The worker with a real spirit of enterprise will never find himself in a blind alley."

Examinations

AT this season of the year, with the June finals in view, a talk on examinations may not prove very popular, but the idea is suggested by a remark of Dr. Cyril Norwood, a member of the British Board of Education. Dr. Norwood says: "I have had my share in helping to create the examination system, and I am not very proud of it."

A remark of this kind always brings to the defence some of those who are prepared to speak on the other side of the question. Quoting the remark of a commentator described as a great educationist that the examination system of this country is capable of doing more subtle and permanent harm to English wits than drink, Mr. W. W. Miller observes in his preface to "How to Succeed in Your Examination" (Pitman) that that system seems likely to grow more universal and more severe rather than less. Nobody has so far succeeded in suggesting an acceptable substitute; and the value of an effective test of one's attainments as the result of one's studies is altogether beyond dispute. Therefore, examinations are practically certain to continue and to increase. They have to be faced and made the subject of careful preliminary preparation. The candidate who desires to feel a well-founded confidence in his ability to pass successfully has to see that he gives himself a chance. He must adopt the right methods of study, employ them systematically and rigorously, and put himself into the position of knowing that he has mastered the subject, and, further, that he has acquired the

ability to express his knowledge in his answers to all reasonable examination questions that he may encounter.

The Test of Education

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD says that the great test of education is whether it enables us to sit down by our own fireside by ourselves for a couple of hours, and then rise up with a sense of the companionship each has found in himself or herself.

In these days of cramming, it is highly desirable that professional educators should keep in mind the truth of Mr. MacDonald's suggestion. Another thinker has put the problem in this way: "Can you be happy in your company?"

Education should be more—much more—than the learning of names. The student who has spent his entire energy in cramming for examinations and who has neglected to take advantage of educational opportunities as a means of self-development, has missed the great purpose that his educational environment should provide.

E. T. Campagnac, Professor of Education in the University of Liverpool, suggests that education should enable us to entertain wide interests and not to dissipate the mind; to have a special business and not to cramp and narrow the mind. To do these two good things and to shun these two bad things is what we greatly need and may reasonably attempt. He says further that one principle of education which those men especially who form educational schemes should keep before their eyes is this—children ought to be educated, not for the present, but for a possibly improved condition of man in the future; that is, in a manner which is adapted to the idea of humanity and the whole destiny of man. This principle is of great importance. Parents usually educate their children merely in such a manner that, however bad the world may be, they may adapt themselves to its present conditions. But they ought to give them an education so much better than this, that a better condition of things may thereby be brought about in the future.

Howlers

A GLANCE through the material in these columns before it goes to the printers indicates a larger proportion of educational suggestions than is usually the case, and so we might as well complete the contribution by adding something on the lighter side of education. Our reference is to "The Book of Howlers," by H. Cecil Hunt, published in London, England, by the Bodley Head, Limited. A few selections are presented:

Warren Hastings was the English admiral at the Battle of Hastings.

Columbus was a great navigator who cursed about the Atlantic.

William Tell shot an arrow through an apple when standing on his son's head.

Many people say that free trade is better than perfection.

The constitution of the United States was adopted to secure domestic hostility.

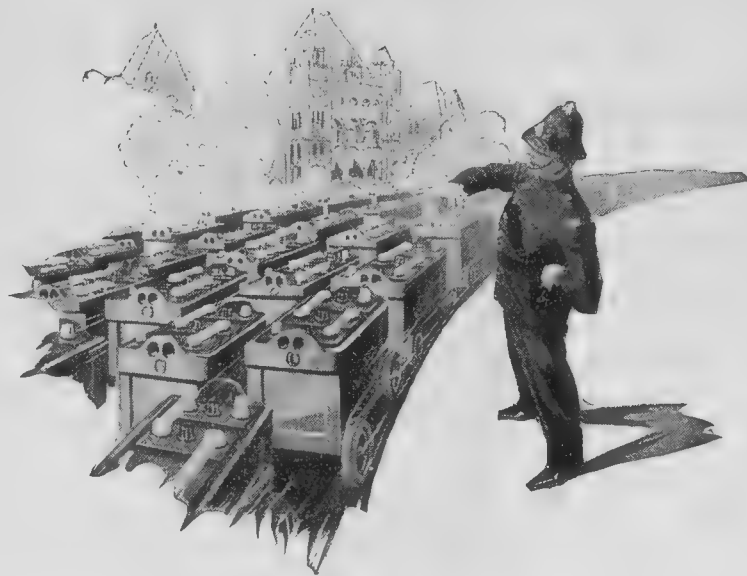
Nero was a cruel tyranny who would torture his poor subjects by playing the fiddle to them.

"Domesday Book" is a book which tells about the animals in the country. It has got in it how many tadpoles there are in a pond.

A volcano is really a corruption of the earth.

Turf is dirt with grass on.

There are three kinds of nouns: proper nouns, common nouns and pronouns.



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Hot Off the Griddle

Continued from page 52

Feldbaum, the agent, had just finished his say. It had been a complete job. There wasn't much of anything possible to call Gordon, Feldbaum had not called him.

"Lay off, lay off," finally said the juggler, "enough's enough. I know there's a rotten yellow streak in me somewhere. But I thought I'd worked it out. I'm done. I'm through. I'm sorry you're stung the way you are, but remember you made the proposition yourself."

"I thought you was a juggler with nerves like a man," said the agent, "not a bungler with nerves like a sick child. I thought—"

Maisie Kelly interrupted him.

"Don't jump on him any more, Mr. Feldbaum," she begged "he's had plenty. Foster," she said to the discouraged partner, "you beat it out of here, go down to where the other acts are and chin with 'em. Never mind if they kid you, brace up. I want to talk to Mr. Feldbaum."

Meekly, with a sigh, Gordon rose and shambled out of the door.

"Well, what's the idea now, sob stuff?" asked Feldbaum, as the girl faced him.

"Not a bit of it," said Maisie. "I've got a hunch, that's all. I know what's the matter and I want you to take one more chance on our act. Will you? Listen," she continued, as he shook his head, "all I'm asking for is just one more night's performance. And it doesn't need to cost you a cent. I've got a little money put away and I'll pay you anything you lose if we don't get over this time. You get us another date—say in three days, and I'll get the act ready—I'm betting about all I've got on it and if I lose—well, I guess Foster and I can get living wages down at the White Front again."

"Kid," said Feldbaum, "you're game and I'm for you. I'll give you another date up at One Hundred and Eighty-first Street, but positively the last chance. Friday night then—and you look after the props and stuff."

"Friday night it is," Maisie acquiesced.

AS FOSTER GORDON took his place behind the practical griddle of the set he and Maisie had used in the fearful flivver of a few days before, he felt the old sick fear of the assembled audience coming over him. And the presence of Maisie, whispering, "It'll be all right, brace up, Foster," didn't seem to help him any. Tonight, he knew, meant only one more failure—a complete, final and irrevocable cataclysm. He could never hope to put an act on again, he was doomed to toss flapjacks for ten hours a day all

the rest of his life. He'd have to stand up in that old White Front window with the crowd looking in from the outside—

The curtain slid up, the lights flared for an instant, then the footlights died and Foster Gordon looked out over his griddle to see—a little knot of people gathered in front of the window of the White Front restaurant, even to the small letters on the glass. He blinked in wonder at the sight. The front rank of the little knot of people pressed closer to the window and he recognized one or two of the "regulars" who used to watch him at the White Front. Why, for all practical purposes this was the White Front!

He seized the batter pitcher and poured out a cake on the griddle. He tossed it high in the air making it somersault in the fashion which had won plaudits from the crowd at the White Front. It won them now—they craned forward a little, staring. Then as he began to add flourishes to his stunts and Maisie started tossing plates, his eyes were—as they had been at the White Front—too busy to notice the crowd in front of the window, which melted away so that the audience in the amphitheatre could watch the act. Maisie's psychology had been correct—Gordon needed the familiar crowd and the old familiar window to start him.

And Feldbaum in the wings and Maisie "feeding" him behind the griddle—knew, as the audience laughed and applauded together, that Foster Gordon had found himself at last.

So the high-class juggling act—"Gordon and Kelly," the Fapperjack and the Flapper—thanks to Maisie, landed with a wallop—and is now playing twice daily to the tune of seven hundred and fifty a week—though the title has been changed to "Gordon and Gordon." And every week Doolan, of the White Front, is drawing his little ten per cent. Which, as Gordon says when Feldbaum kicks about it, is fair all around, since it was Doolan who gave him the chance to work up his act.

"But it was Maisie who thought of the glass window and the crowd outside and who rustled 'em for you and put over the act," argues Feldbaum.

"Sure," replies Gordon, "I know it. And while Doolan's getting one-tenth of my salary, my wife's getting all the rest that you don't take. So there isn't anybody's really got a holler but me!"

"And are you hollering?" Maisie asks.

"Well, I think I ought to have more than ten dollars a week for spending-money," says her husband wistfully.

Tag Day

By Vera V. Robertson

*There are girls on the streets tagging people today,
See, they stop everybody that passes this way.
And I sing from top-most bough of the tree,
"Is Tag Day not meant for the wee birds like me?"*

*I must move along with my big load of coal,
And a driver behind me without a soul.
I'm a broken down horse as tired as can be,
Surely Tag Day is also for creatures like me!*

*My old master died and his house went for sale,
I was shooed from the door though I wagged my wee tail.
When a little dog strays, and his eyes hardly see,
He wants to say, "Please is this Tag Day for me?"*

*My mistress married a cross vegetable man,
Who drove me away—I had young in his van.
There were five kittens last year, this year I had three,
Is Tag Day not meant for a poor cat like me?*

*Yes, Tag Day is meant for a poor cat like you,
For the bird, for the horse, and that blind doggie too.
Each kind person tagged helps for love of you all,
And most gladly responds to the Tag Day call.*



ON April 2, Regina ratepayers defeated a by-law which would have given the Tri-Cities Utilities Ltd. a twenty year franchise to supply their city with natural gas. In doing so, Regina took the same stand as Saskatoon only a few weeks previous.

Natural gas has been a contentious issue in the urban centres of Saskatchewan for a good many months. Close to half a dozen proposals were made to Regina, Saskatoon and Moose Jaw by competing interests, all of whom were satisfied that providing these centres with natural gas for commercial and domestic purposes would be a sound economic venture.

In both Regina and Saskatoon, strenuous campaigns were waged and in the latter a larger vote was polled than in any civic election in the history of the city.

As a fuel, natural gas comes into direct competition with coal. It is a fair observation to say that the Western Canada coal industry finds no small satisfaction in the endorsement accorded by the people of Saskatoon and Regina. It is obvious that they have recognized in coal its characteristic merits, that they realize what a tremendous industry the production of Western coal represents, and that they have consideration for the thousands of men and women whose livelihood is dependent upon it.

Average production per year in Western Canada has been seven million tons. Doubtless much will be heard from this source during the next few years, for although production is comparatively heavy, it represents less than one-fifth of Canada's annual requirements.

Latest figures reveal the fact that 30,000 individuals find their means for existence in the actual production of coal. Some idea of what Western coal means to the railways is the fact that its movement into Regina, Saskatoon and Moose Jaw alone during 1930, provided employment for 7,840 trainmen and enginemen.

The coal industry has been assured a National Fuel Policy on the part of the Federal Government. A recent Order-in-Council was designed to curb importations of American coal on the Winnipeg market. Another has prevented the importation of Russian anthracite into Canada. Steps are being taken to develop a greater market for Western coal in Ontario. Greater recognition is being given the fact that, although Canada is richly endowed with one of the most essential of all commodities, that same industry is faced with a geographical handicap. Distances bring transportation costs and these represent a large portion of the price paid for coal.

In the face of these developments, the Western Canada coal industry receives the defeat of the gas franchise as an endorsement worthy of its deepest gratification.

* * *

Answers and Queries

Chamberlain, Sask.

Q. About 30 years ago I bought 16 shares of stock in the Sullivan Consolidated Gold Mining Company and never had them transferred to my name in the company's books. The treasurer's office at that time was in Boston, but now I don't know where to write to find out anything about the company.

I wonder if that same Sullivan Company is the one connected with the Bunker Hill & Sullivan which I believe has paid out over \$43,000,000 in the last 40 years according to an item I read a few days ago which said this company had a half interest in the Sullivan Mining Co., which had a lead zinc mine in Canada being developed by the Treadwell Company.

Please tell me if you can find out anything that would indicate whether or not my shares have any value, whether the Sullivan Consolidated is doing business today or has it been absorbed by the Bunker Hill as that company has some interest in a mine of that name. Could you advise me where to write in that case?—J.M.

A. The service which we offer to our subscribers does not include information as to foreign investments. We are unable to inform you whether the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Company was ever connected with the Sullivan Consolidated Gold Mining Company. We know, however, that the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Company was incorporated in 1885 in Oregon under the same name as the present company. The head office of this company is 1022 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, and if you write to them they may be able to inform you as to the company in which you are interested. There is a Sullivan Gold Mining Company Ltd. operating in Canada but as it is of comparatively recent origin it probably is not connected with the company to which you refer.

* * *

Gladstone, Man.

Q. Please let me know if the Baymar Oils Limited is working or if it is worth anything as I have some shares in it but I never hear from them.—T.S.

A. Our information is that Baymar Oils Ltd. is at present inactive. We understand that the company commenced operations in the Ghost River field but that no very satisfactory progress was ever made. The head office of the company is at 300 Grain Exchange Bldg., Calgary, and if you write to the company they may give you more information. It is difficult to place more than a nominal value on the shares at present.

* * *

Ladysmith, B.C.

Q. Several years ago a friend bought shares in an oil company called "Coast to Coast Oil." He has never heard anything of that company till lately he has had word that the Altamont Oils has taken over the stocks of the old company and wants to sell more shares.

I would like some information regarding these two companies.—J.H.

A. We have no record of the Coast to Coast Oil Company. Altamont Oil Co. Ltd. is at present inactive although apparently owning a large acreage in the Devenish area. Last August the company commenced the erection of a derrick in the Red Coulee field but we have no information that any definite progress was made on this well.

* * *

Sioux Lookout, Ont.

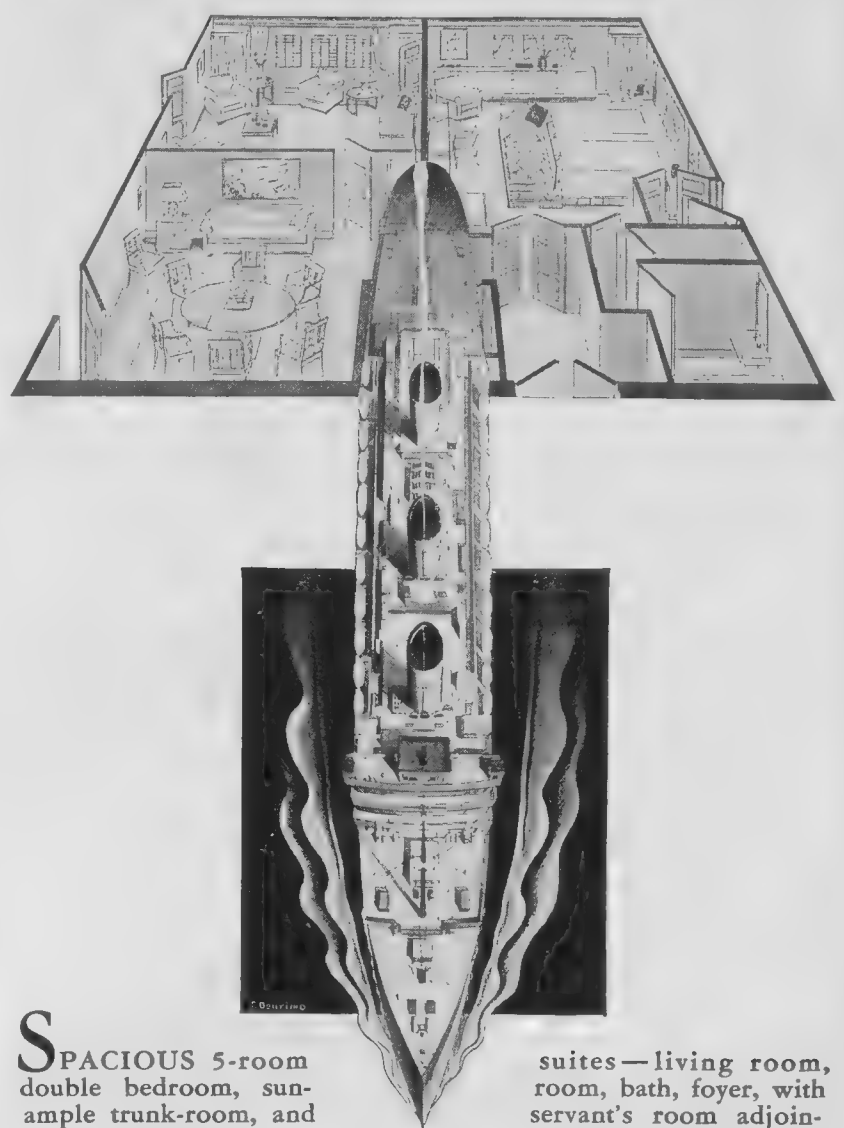
Q. Please advise me as to the standing of the Winnipeg Mutual

[Continued on page 56]

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Continued from page 55

Benefit Association, 702 Lombard Bldg. Is this a safe company to insure with?—A.R.H.

A. This association is incorporated under the Charitable Associations Act of Manitoba. We understand that the company is not a regular insurance company and is not licensed under the Insurance Act of Manitoba and we presume it is not licensed under any of the other provincial insurance Acts. We understand that the Association operates on the basis that whenever a member dies each other member of the Association contributes \$1.00 for the heirs of the deceased. The record of such associations in the past has not been attractive and we consider that you would be better advised to insure in a real insurance company than to put your money into the Winnipeg Mutual Benefit Association. The advantage of insuring in one of the regular insurance companies is that such companies are required under the law of Ontario to maintain on deposit with the Department of Insurance securities which are considered sufficient to pay all claims arising in the Province of Ontario against such companies.

* * *

Portage la Prairie, Man.

Q. Would you please tell me, through your legal column, if the Metropolitan Insurance Company is a reliable company to insure in?

—M.M.D.

A. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is one of the largest insurance companies and is considered a reliable company to deal with. We cannot advise you whether they made a fair settlement with you without reading your policy, but we imagine that they would not intentionally pay you anything less than the contract in your policy provided. We also believe that if through mistake the amount which you received was smaller than it should have been that the company would be quite prepared to reopen the case and pay you whatever you are entitled to receive.

* * *

Canwood, Sask.

Q. Three years ago I bought ten shares in the International Loan Co., 404 Trust & Loan Bldg., Winnipeg. I am paying \$60.00 a year on the shares which were valued at \$120.00 each when I bought them. What do you think the prospects are for a mortgage company and do you think I made a good investment?

—F.H.E.

A. The shares of the International Loan Company are a fairly attractive commitment in their class. The company has been growing steadily and during the past ten years has shown fairly good progress. The success of such a company depends upon the ability of the management to choose safe investments for the company's money. You cannot anticipate any spectacular growth of assets but under conservative management there should be reasonably good security of principal.

The chief disadvantage of holding shares in such a company is that as long as the company is selling Treasury stock it will be difficult for you to find a market for your shares if you wish to sell them; also the shares are not listed on any of the stock exchanges so that is an added disadvantage in endeavouring to realize upon them.



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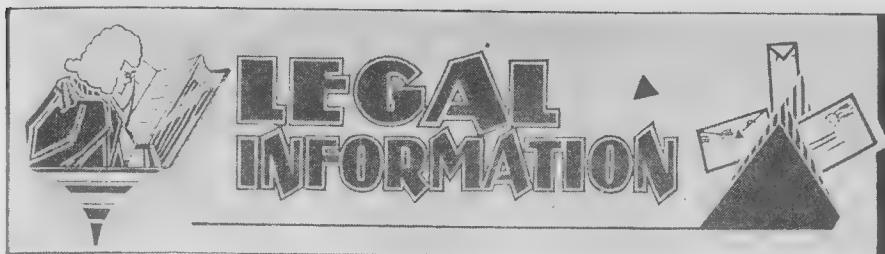
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This department is conducted by one of the best known Winnipeg legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases one dollar should be enclosed with questions.

Huxley, Alta.

Q. I sold a $\frac{1}{4}$ section of land to a man in Alberta in 1927. He has paid no taxes for three years. This year the place can be sold for taxes.

1. If he does not pay how can I protect myself?

2. If I pay the taxes how can I make him repay me if he still stays on the place?

3. If the place is sold for taxes there is one year to redeem it, who could redeem it, he or I?

4. If I redeem it has he still a claim on it?—K.O.

A. If you sold the property under an Agreement for Sale you must pay the taxes in order to protect your agreement. If you took a mortgage for the balance due to you when you sold the land it will not be quite so necessary for you to pay the taxes, provided the purchaser is financially responsible for payment of the balance due to you.

We presume that you will have to look to the land for payment and if you pay the taxes you are entitled to add the amount thereof to your agreement and require immediate repayment from your purchaser. If the property is sold for taxes you can redeem it, or, if you prefer, you can ask the tax purchaser to give you an assignment of the tax sale certificate and he will have to give you the assignment. If you redeem the land it leaves the title the way it is at present but the amount you pay would be added to your claim. If you take an assignment of the tax sale certificate it might be a cheap way of obtaining the title because later you could apply for the certificate of title through tax sale proceedings.

It would be cheaper still to take the property back if the purchaser will convey to you.

* * *

Mozart, Sask.

Q. About 12 years ago A purchased some land from a certain company and while he was in possession of this land he set up some buildings on it. The house erected is about half on road allowance or street. About 5 years ago land went back to the company. At that time A did not claim the buildings. Last fall B purchased the land in question with the impression that buildings belonged to the farm. Now A claims buildings on the farm. The company acts indifferent and says it is between A and B to settle.

Please advise me whether buildings belong to A or B.—M.J.S.

A. The ownership of the buildings on this land will depend upon several facts, including the degree of annexation to the land and the intention that existed in A's mind at the time he erected the buildings, as showing whether he intended them to be there permanently or not. Probably the best evidence of this intention can be deduced from the fact that A was the purchaser of the land, and buildings such as a dwelling house would be

presumed to be intended by him to be permanent fixtures and attached to the land. If the house is on a good foundation, and not merely resting on the surface, then it must form part of the land whether or not A intended it to be a permanent fixture. When A lost all his title to the land he would not thereafter be entitled to go upon the property to remove the buildings unless he removed them immediately after he lost his interest. For these reasons we are of the opinion that B, having purchased the land, is now entitled to any buildings, and A has no right thereto.

The fact that the buildings were partly upon the road allowance cannot affect A's right to claim them. Any building, that is wholly on the road allowance may be in a different category. If A has not been on the property for 5 years we are of the opinion that he cannot now claim the right to remove any of the buildings, even small buildings.

* * *

Abbotsford, B.C.

Q. 1. Can a farmer legally discharge a man who is working for him by day or by month for refusing to work on Sunday?

2. What can this man do? What steps should he take?

3. If notice was given on Saturday night could the farmer legally discharge the man on Saturday night for refusing to work on Sunday?

4. Is there such a law in British Columbia, if so can it be enforced? (For Sunday Observance)—M.C.C.

A. There is a Sunday Observance Statute in force in British Columbia which forbids any laborer to do any work on Sunday, except works of necessity and charity. We believe that this means that a farm laborer would not come under the provisions of this Statute so long as his work was necessary, such as the feeding and tending of stock. If the laborer refused to do such work on Sunday then the employer will be justified in discharging him and he would not be obliged to give him any notice or any salary in lieu of notice.

* * *

Winnipeg, Man.

Q. Some friends of mine are in arrears with their rent and as their furniture is not worth much they have been threatened with eviction. They are taking matters quite calmly however as they claim that there is a law in Manitoba to the effect that a family cannot be put in the street during the winter. If this is true will you please tell me during what months of the year this is effective?—A.H.S.

A. There is no law in Manitoba or elsewhere in any British jurisdiction as far as we know to the effect that a tenant cannot be evicted during the winter time for nonpayment of rent. A landlord is always entitled to possession of his property if rent is not paid promptly.



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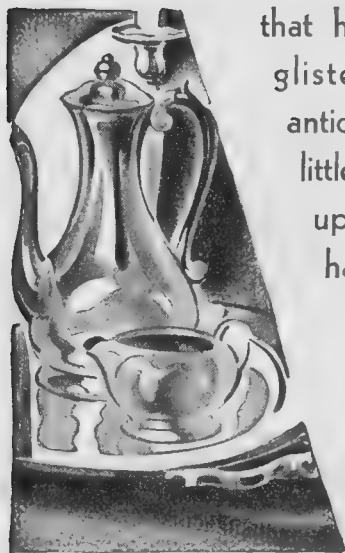
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Memories of Mother

By Irene Wilson



AS WE read over these lines and as we think over the past and the sacrifices that our Mother has made in our behalf, we each must feel that this little couplet was written as a special tribute to our Mother. Although through the year we may have forgotten Mother, on this second Sunday of May, whether we wear the white carnation or the red, our thoughts return to Mother and all that she has meant to us. That memory carries us back to the earliest stages of our recollections, and the older we grow the more vividly those recollections stand out.

We remember so clearly the early spring walks with Mother in the woods, searching for the first spring violets. We smell again the freshness of the earth and the budding leaves; we hear, in imagination, the chatter of the birds as they gathered in the tree tops to discuss family prospects, and we hear Mother's sweet voice as she explained the habits of the little feathered folks. We remember the gathering of wild flowers while Mother sat on the hill-side in the sun—then the making of the dandelion chain and the daisy wreath, the counting of the petals, "little house, big house," etc., or "silk, satin, cotton and rags," while Mother sat by with an understanding smile.

Then there were the berry-picking excursions, and the red letter days when Mother went along, and how zealously we picked when the berries were plentiful. How we raced over the patch, climbing over logs and going into impossible places, encountering bees and wasps' nests, laughing and shouting in the joyousness of old clothes and unrestrained freedom. How the hot sun would beat upon us as we filled our dishes with ripe, wild berries; but how delighted we were to hear the call for dinner, and oh the joy of sitting in the shade of the trees with a kettle of cold spring water, and Mother portioning out the eats.

Then, there were the picnic days when Mother filled the baskets with the most wonderful cakes in the world. How we all scrambled into the big democrat—if there was any

*"God made you, dear Mother,
And then broke the mould,
When he gave you to me,
With your heart of pure gold;
A lifetime of love at my
Feet you have laid;
You're the best little Mother
That God ever made."*

room over it was filled with neighbors' children—then off we started in the early morning sunshine. How we did enjoy that drive, how sweet the air smelled, and how beautiful all nature looked to the eyes of childhood. Then, after we arrived, what joy we had scrambling over the hill-sides exploring new regions. Captain Cook or Champlain never were more zealous explorers than we children

on those picnic trips. Under Mother's wise direction the camp fire was laid. While the boys, with masculine superiority, attended to the important tasks, the girls went forth and gathered berries to add to the picnic dinner. What merriment we had over that dinner, with no haste, and supervision somewhat relaxed; how we enjoyed the drive home in the early dusk, Mother leading the singing of the old favorites such as "I Was Seeing Nellie Home," and "The Dying Nun."

Then, there were our childish secrets, happy or otherwise, which we confided only to Mother, knowing that here, at least, we would meet understanding and sympathy. With all our recollections of early days come thoughts of Mother—Mother always ready to lend the helping hand—Mother so patient in times of sickness—Mother so understanding and sympathetic.

All down the years when we had need of her, Mother stood by, ready to guide or direct us, to sympathize with, or rejoice with us as the need might be. If Mother has grown old and weary with the passing of time, surely it is our turn to "stand by," and extend the helping hand if need be. The little acts of kindness which we might extend to her will be but a meagre compensation for a lifetime of devotion. In our childhood days, we may not have fully appreciated all her sacrifices; but as we reach mature years we learn to separate the pure gold from dross—and the love of a Mother shines out beyond all else.

If Mother has passed beyond the "Great Divide," we can still show our devotion to her by living the life that she would have us live. Whether we wear the red carnation or the white, let us make the wearing of it more than a time honored custom.

Maytime

By A. Allison Kennedy

*Oh! woods ring as birds sing,
And flowers blossom gay!
Our lives chime in Maytime
And pulse in perfect sway
With Springtime! 'Tis Springtime;
And Earth will have her say,—
So winds blow and hearts glow
In sweetest month of May!*

*Oh! gold sheen and soft green,
How beautiful to stay!
For Spring's smile has no guile
And Truth will homage pay
To Springtime! 'Tis Springtime;
'Tis Love will have the say,—
So eyes meet and hearts greet
In romance month of May!*



Smart and Practical Suggestions



7124 — Percale, and other cotton prints are suitable for this model. It is made to slip over the head. A belt holds the back in place and its ends are stitched over the fulness at the sides of the front.
Designed in One Size: Medium. It will require 1¾ yard of 35 inch material. To finish with bias binding as shown in the large view, will require 4¾ yards 1½ inch wide.
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.



7123—Ladies' Morning Frock. Designed in Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 3¾ yards of 35 inch material. For contrasting material ¾ yard 35 inches wide is required, cut lengthwise. Price 15c.

7128 — Girls' Dress. Designed in Sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size with long sleeves requires 2¾ yards of 35 inch material. With short sleeves the material will be 1/3 yard less. To face with contrasting material requires ¾ yard 35 inches wide. Price 15c.



7138—Boys' Shirt or Blouse. Designed in Sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 1¾ yard of 35 inch material for a 10 year size in Shirt length. In Blouse length 1¾ yard will be required. Price 15c.



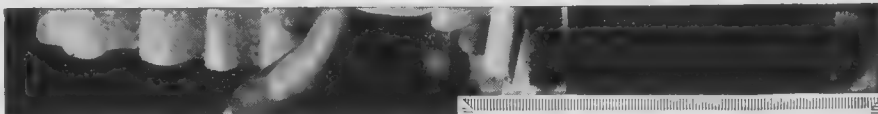
7135 — Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed in Sizes: 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. A 4 year size requires 2¾ yards of material 32 inches wide for the Dress and Bloomers of one material. ¾ yard of contrasting material 32 inches wide is required cut crosswise. It requires ¾ yard of plaiting to trim collar edge, and 3¾ yards of bias binding, braided or insertion put on as illustrated. Price 15c.



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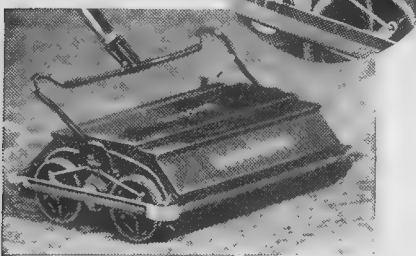
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Windows from Within and Without

Continued from page 24

personal taste and the type of window, material and room, will all have some influence on the decision.

Tied back curtains do not necessarily mean that they are *permanently* caught back; the band of fabric that is generally used, can have a hook at one end that is readily fastened and unfastened, so that the curtain can be drawn quite freely.

ONE question that frequently comes to me from readers, has to do with the treatment of double or triple windows; should each window be treated as a separate unit, I am asked, or is it best to regard two or three windows as one?

Insofar as the glass curtains are concerned, a happier effect is always gained by planning to curtain each window separately. When it comes to over-curtains, however, the point is decidedly an open one.

Our dining-room illustration shows twin windows that are very successfully handled. Each pane has its own pair of fine marquisette glass curtains, that hang full and straight from the top moulding to the sill. On a single heavy rod that extends the entire width of the double window frame, hangs one pair of side curtains—and these, by the way, are an example of curtains that are caught back in the daytime but freed when the lamp-light hour arrives so that the rich damask is drawn close, making, in this instance, a glowing rose-red panel in a dining-room of impressive dignity.

In the more informal room that is shown in our other photograph, there is still another treatment. Here we have the room that combines living-room and sunroom characteristics. One entire end-wall is given up to a series of six windows.

Each of the six is individually curtained, so far as the net glass curtains

are concerned. These are given a narrow heading and three-inch hem, and they hang full and straight, on individual small rods fitted to each window.

If you will look closely, you will see that there are two heavy rods that extend the full width of the window group—being supported (as is necessary when the windows are wide) by a third bracket placed in the middle.

On the inner of these rods hang curtains of fade-proof casement cloth; these curtains are wide enough to meet when drawn. They stop at the sill and are allowed to hang straight.

On the outside rod, cretonne curtains fill a rôle that is purely decorative. They are tied back, and remain so when the casement curtains have been drawn. I think you will agree with me that this framing of the windows, as done by the figured curtains, is extremely attractive—and the whole effect better than would be gained if there were many breaks made by draw-curtains hanging at each window division.

However, this manner of dealing with a bay window or a long group as a single unit is not always the best to adopt. I have recently curtained a bay window in my own house which has five fairly wide windows. They are casements, in this instance, with a leaded section over each one. I found it best to omit glass curtains entirely, as this sunny bay is a delightful spot, open to the light and sunshine and overlooking the garden. I have used a heavy silk slub rep to make draw curtains, hanging one wide curtain at each intersection so that when drawn half of it extends to half the width of one window and the other part is drawn half way across the neighboring window. The result is excellent both in the daytime and at night when the curtains are drawn.

Some Facts About Refinishing Furniture, Care of Varnish and Waxed Floors

Continued from page 32

of pure shellac before waxing, but this is not as durable or handsome as the varnish.

If old floors become dark and soiled with the accumulation of wax and dirt, clean them thoroughly with benzine or turpentine, then wash with soap and water before re-waxing.

ENAMEL, paint and lacquer are the three sisters who cover the grain of wood and add joyful color.

Flat paint or enamel undercoating is used for undercoats for enamel. One or two coats of enamel are advisable for refinishing, and two or three coats, in addition to priming, are advisable for new work. Enamel is flowed on; that is, it is applied with a full brush and allowed to smooth itself out with a minimum of brushing.

Enamel can be purchased which will dry to a glossy or a dull finish. Some is designed to be rubbed down by hand. Other is quick-drying; and will be hard in a few hours. In purchasing your enamel, tell the dealer what you want to use it for and the type of finish you want, so he will be sure to give you the proper kind.

Paint is applied over a flat paint undercoat. Or it will adhere well to any other base which is in good condition. It should be brushed into the wood thoroughly. First, brush it with the grain of the wood, then across the grain and finally with the grain.

Lacquer is the newest of our paint finishes and is fast becoming one of the most popular where a fast-drying, colorful coat is desired.

Lacquer is applied with a full brush, and will smooth itself out. If it does not, it may be that it is too thick, and a little lacquer thinner should be stirred in with the lacquer in a can. This is apt to happen when the piece of furniture is large, as the quick drying means quick evaporation in the can. If the lacquer fails to smooth itself out on the wood, it may be gone over very quickly with a brush which has been dipped in a little lacquer thinner, but it is much better to avoid going over it at all.

ALTHOUGH the merely mechanical aspects of refinishing furniture have been discussed here, it must not be forgotten that dividends in beauty as well as in utility will reward the person who carefully refinishes old pieces. The glow of old walnut or mahogany which is imparted by carefully rubbed varnish—the gay insouciance of daffodil lacquered bedroom furniture, the turquoise of a painted breakfast table—the dignified cream of enamelled woodwork will be sufficient reward for the painter.

And if he wants to go a step farther and add striping, decalcomania stencils or antiquing to his repertoire, he may become not only an amateur painter but also a happy addict.



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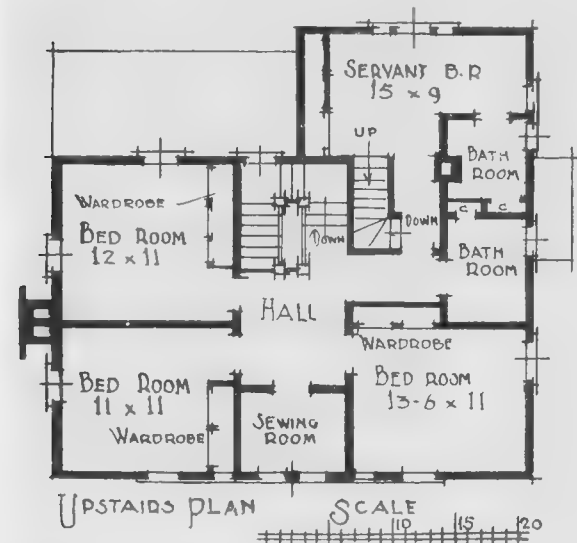
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A Dutch Accent

Continued from page 22

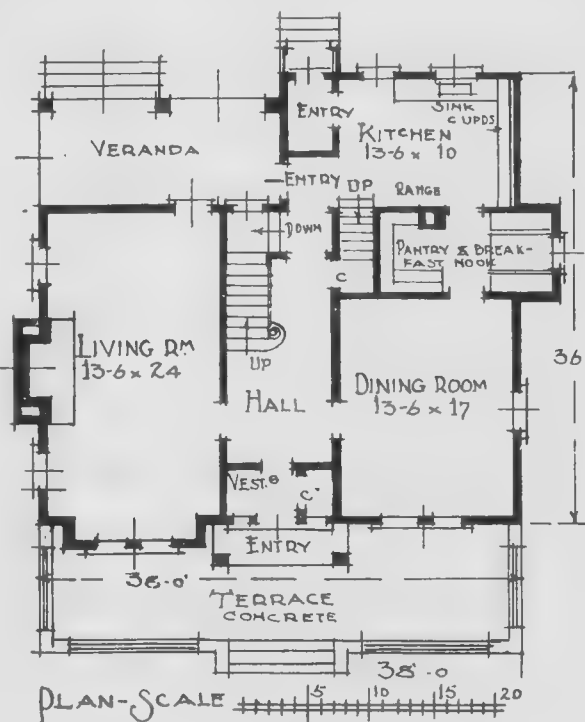
advice—and this is not advertising propaganda but common sense gathered from bitter experiences in the building trade. One of the most exasperating defects in home building is inferior wood finish. It is impossible to remedy it except in the instance of floors, which can be covered with linoleum, but when laying hardwood floors you want only the best. Oak is generally a choice in the downstairs. It has a great value in the decorations with its dark tones giving ready-made a foundation to build your decorative scheme from. Upstairs, birch or maple

Colonial Dutch home is shown. This style came from New York State, which was settled by the Dutch and called New Netherland, and the style of home built in the New England States did not suit them. A long low house with the roof coming down to the top of the first story was much more to their liking. The Van Rensselaer, the first patroon, built a home at Greenbush using the Gambrel roof of the style shown in this design. It is often erroneously called a "hip" roof. These early colonial houses all along the Atlantic Coast were generally planned as this one, with a central staircase hall, and the living-rooms on either side. This hall is often objected to in the West on account of its space but it really performs the task of a reception room and can be made exceedingly handsome with a well-designed staircase and a window filled with leaded and stained glass. The walls of the living-room, hall and dining-room are panelled in pine, and the low ceiling is beamed. The fire-place is built of soft-toned brown brick.



is often used, or if a soft non-splintery wood is used, painting is usually the finish, painting the floor to correspond with the rest of the colors in the room. Linoleum in the kitchen and also in the bedrooms is an ideal covering, being easy on the feet, but even under them and their mats I would advise a hardwood floor as being practically everlasting. We have to confide to a great extent in the manufacturer of our plumbing and heating materials, but if the plumbing, piping and fixtures are chosen from a reputable firm's catalogue you can be sure of getting satisfaction. One item which is often overlooked as of no importance and which is one of the greatest is that of valves or turn cocks to regulate the supply of both heat and water. A mere thin stream seeping from a water tap will often double your water rate. All these things are to a certain extent due to lack of foresight—and these articles are written not so much to give a plan to be slavishly copied but to direct the prospective home builder along correct lines. Before building, make up your mind definitely as to what money you wish to spend, and then plan accordingly. There are three live factors which enter into a home building, Owner, Architect and Builder, and each should thoroughly perform his part of the task and leave it at that. Many home builders do not employ an architect, having well grounded and defined ideas of what they want, but always have a contract drawn by a lawyer as to what you are to get, or in the end your purse and temper will suffer. In this design a

THE hall is the oldest room of the private dwelling and its history is saturated with traditions and romance. We often strive to bring back these in vain, forgetful of the origin and purpose of the room. It was in the early feudal days the house itself, being used for entertainment, eating and sleeping in turn, and as time went on other rooms were tacked on for privacy. With the added rooms came the staircase, generally stowed away in the thickness of the wall. There are several things which have



been considered in the planning of this hall. It has a vestibule. This gives two doors between the house and the out-of-doors. It is planned to be the communication with the various rooms, and is really the heart of the house. The staircase is well lighted by the leaded window on the landing, in silvers and blues. An all-important consideration in this stair is that of

[Continued on page 62]



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A Dutch Accent

Continued from page 61

its proportions of tread to rise. The usual rule for determining this is that the product of tread and rise should equal 70 to 75. So as in these stairs the tread is 10 inches and the rise 7 inches. I have planned a small separate stair for the service portion, and the service part of the house is complete in itself. The hall is panelled in pine and finished in ivory white, the newels and balusters are of the turned kind and are also enamelled, with the handrail in mahogany and treads of oak, and risers enamelled, while the wood wainscoting runs up the stairs around the upstairs hall. I kept the ceiling low, as is commonly done in this style of house, the downstairs ceiling being 8 feet 6 inches in height, while upstairs is the same, the basement ceiling being 7 feet 6 inches if the drainage problem will allow this depth.

In the finish of the trim where the panelling comes, the top moulding runs around the casing over the door head, and the doors are in two panels. All the trim is to be painted, and is in pine or some other equally non-staining wood.

IN the lighting fixtures I would advise a more or less modern touch in the shades. In the living and dining-rooms with their delicate tones of ivory the triangular frosted bracket shades would look very well, and over the dining room table should be a well-designed hanging light, with wall brackets on the wall, and attachments for both table and buffet lighting effects. In the kitchen a dense milk-white all-enclosing glass fixture should be right up against the ceiling, the globe being flattened so that the light is diffused over the room. In addition a bracket lamp over the sink and work table and close to the range, within the pantry a ceiling light, and connections made for lighting the breakfast-nook table fixtures. If electric power is installed, special wiring will have to be provided for outlets to the different fixtures. In the hall two large hanging lanterns would look well, and in the living room bracket lights supplemented by connections for reading or other lights should be provided for. In the bedrooms it is desirable to have bracket fixtures at either side of the mirrors and dressing table, with connections for a night lamp, and a central light in the ceiling. The bathroom lighting should be from the ceiling, and brackets on each side of the mirror.

In all the hardware and lighting fixtures have the finish brass to harmonize with the ivory trim.

Now in the bathroom, and it is true of all sanitary fittings, get the best, which does not mean the most expensive. A model bathroom may be installed in any home at a cost determined on by the owner. Select your fixtures from the recognized lines and you will have fixtures that will last a lifetime.

Now as to the construction of the home. Outside it is of wide clapboards mitred at the corners and painted white, with the window and door frames in green, and sash in white. The roof a deep Indian red, and the chimney grey stone. The construction is of the usual frame type with plenty of insulation, as fully 40 per cent of heat loss can be traced to neglect of insulation, and there are many good types of insulation on the market to choose from. The front entrance columns are painted white, and with the cornice should make a very attractive entrance to this Dutch Colonial home.

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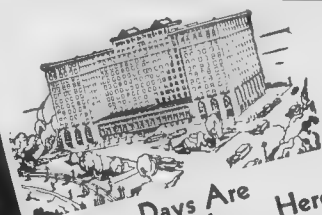
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Have You Any Legal Problems?

REMEMBER the columns of the Western Home Monthly are always open to you. Send in an enquiry regarding any of these worries and the same will be explained to you.

Tiny and Terrible

Continued from page 28

attention to another species of ant which has no compunction in so doing.

The driver ants derive their name from the fact that when on the march nothing can stand in their path and come out alive; in other words they drive all before them. They surge out of the bush at times in a living, crawling horde—so broad and deep—they are simply irresistible. They swarm over everything before them—living or dead—and when they have passed only clean-picked skeletons remain to tell the story of the creature who stood in their way.

Hot ashes, burning cinders, lighted kerosene spread across their line of march has proven useless in stemming their tide. Faster than the vanguard can be destroyed, the swarming masses in the rear forge ahead.

Though no man-made defense will avail to break up the line of march of these driver ants, Nature has provided one very effective means to rout them. The boles and branches of trees in equatorial Africa are disfigured with dried clay nests of what are called the "stink-ants." If one of these nests be taken and broken and scattered about among the driver battalions, the result is that the defiant besiegers will literally melt away quickly and resistlessly. It is presumed that the stench of these little ants effectively gasses the larger pests, resulting in their rout.

It is interesting to note here that in Nature's plan she has provided at least one enemy to every species of animal, insect and plant life. This she has done with a purpose—to balance the plan of life—so no one species would choke the other from existence. With this in mind, would it not be to the advantage of mankind to make use of our insect friends in our battle against our insect enemies?

Around the World in a Day

Continued from page 17

In the open wooded enclosure is presented the first Zoo of its kind in France, barred cages and fenced runways are done away with. The animals are in natural surroundings. Deep trenches, skillfully landscaped but secure, take the place of bars and gratings.

Among some of the other scenes created of far-away places, making possible a glimpse of the greater part of the entire world in 80 minutes, are a Thibetan theatre; a Senegalese village; temples to Buddha and Mahomet and the bull-deities of Madagascar; a Samoan village, a Moroccan soukh. One can listen to the funeral dirges of Madagascar, see the temple priestesses of Cambodia, witness a Senegalese baptism, a Moroccan wedding, a Pondichery betrothal. One may ride in native canoes of several tribes, or upon a zebra, camel, elephant or miniature railway. Lovers of art can see displayed more of the strange variety of African and Oriental work than if they visited Saigon, Haker and Tananarive. In the interests of the children of natives brought to the exhibition and those of exhibitors, a regular school has been erected.

As a proof that civilization has other fields of action than that of battle, and what nations of the 20th century can do toward advancing the cause of peace, this Overseas Grouping of many foreign lands which have been aided by the influence of the colonizers is singularly instructive—the largest attempt of its kind in history.

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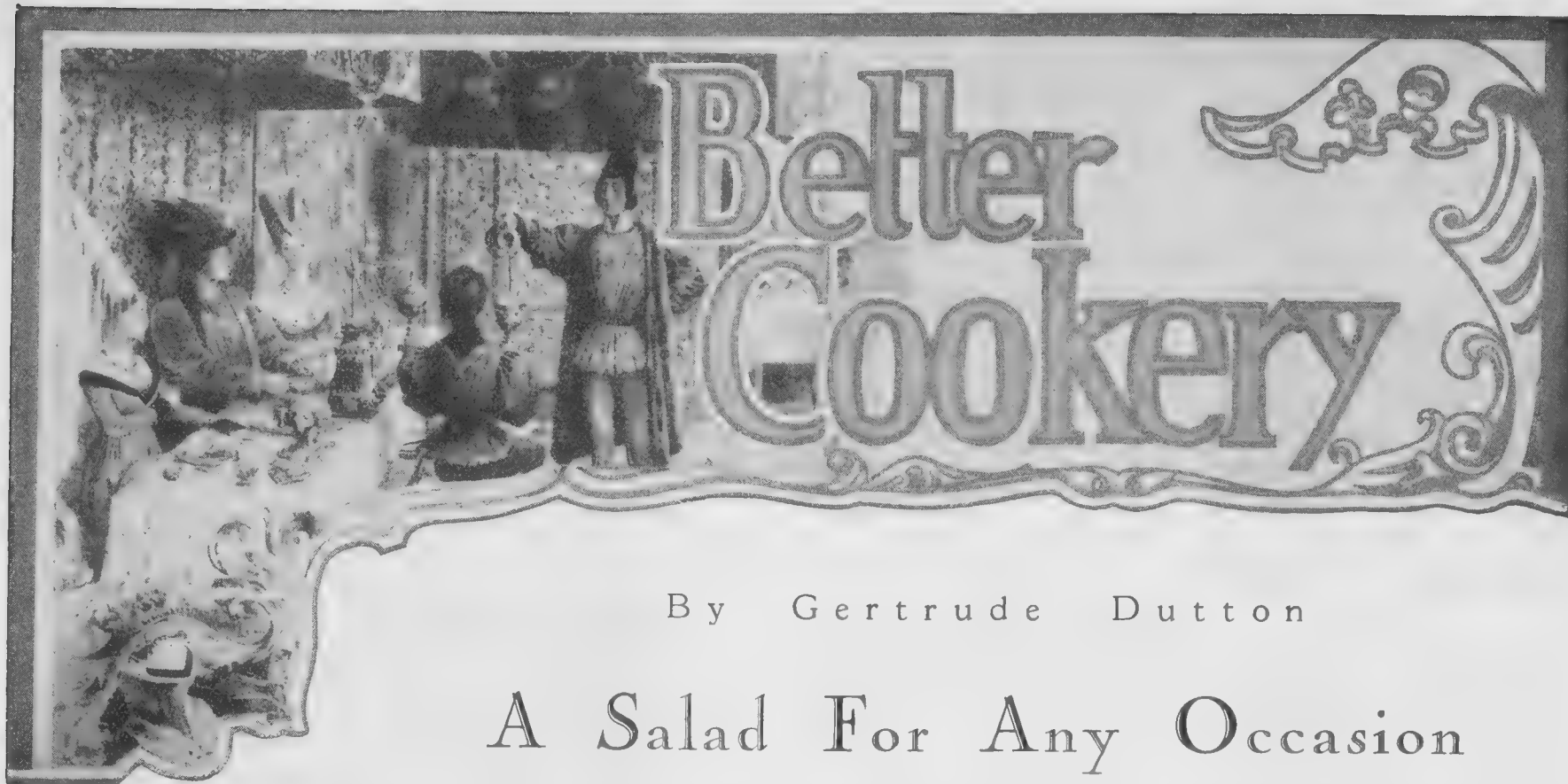
● And every drop of Quaker State is made entirely from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Quaker State is so free from impurities that it does not require acid treatment in refining. That's important! For acids tend to destroy some of an oil's oiliness.

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Better Cookery

By Gertrude Dutton

A Salad For Any Occasion

UNTIL a few years ago, salads were usually considered as "extras," served only occasionally, for company meals perhaps. But we have come to realize their value, particularly as a means of providing crisp green raw vegetables, and fruits, and in many families, a salad is served at least once every day, throughout the year. No longer do we consider it extravagant to buy head lettuce in the winter time, since we have learned what a valuable food it is. But every member of the family should be made to feel that he ought to eat the lettuce in his salad, that it is not merely a garnish.

Salads are of three main classes. Those made of meat, fish, cheese, eggs, etc., which form the main dish of a meal; those of vegetables; and the sweet fruit salads which take the place of dessert.

All greens used in salads should be crisp. They may be washed well, allowed to stand in cold water till crisp, then wrapped in a clean towel till needed. Dressing will wilt them if added long before the meal is to be served. Canned and cooked vegetables are frequently mixed with French dressing and allowed to stand in it an hour or more before serving. Meat is frequently cut in small cubes and marinated in the same way. A mixture of too many ingredients is not desirable, although small amounts of leftovers may be used to advantage.

Celery, lettuce, cabbage, water cress, romaine, are the green vegetables most frequently used. Ripe tomatoes are excellent, either fresh or jellied canned ones. Cooked beans of all kinds, peas, carrots, beets and potatoes are available all the year. Radishes and cucumbers are valuable in their seasons. Salmon, tuna and sardines are the most frequently used fish. Chicken, veal, corned beef, cheese of many kinds, and hard-cooked eggs, all make good main-dish salads. There are a number of canned and fresh fruits, such as pineapple, peaches, pears, apples, apricots, cherries, etc., which make delicious dessert salads.

The dressing for a salad is important. For vegetables, meats, eggs, etc., it should not be too sweet. The vinegar used

may be that from pickles, especially sweet pickles, which is usually deliciously flavored. A jar of dressing in the ice-box makes the preparing of a salad in an emergency a very simple matter. Using the yolks of eggs alone, makes a richer, yellower dressing, but folding in the stiffly beaten whites when the dressing is cooked, makes a good fluffy dressing. We usually use a milder, sweeter dressing, perhaps with lemon juice in place of vinegar, for the fruit salads. A rather bland salad, such as potato, bean, etc., is better with a dressing made with considerable mustard. A plain dressing may be varied by the addition of flavors such as chili sauce, catsup, cheese, chopped pickles, etc.

French Dressing

Vinegar, 2 tb. Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Olive or other salad oil, 4 tb. Pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.

Put the ingredients in a small jar or bottle and shake till thoroughly blended, or put in a bowl and beat with an egg-beater. Part vinegar and part lemon juice may be used.

Mayonnaise Dressing

Mustard, 1 t. Egg yolks, 2
Salt, 1 t. Lemon juice, 2 tb.
Sugar, powdered, 1 t. Vinegar, 2 tb.
Paprika, $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Olive oil, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.

Mix the mustard, salt, paprika and sugar and the egg yolks. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of the vinegar, then while stirring constantly, the oil, a drop at a time, and as it thickens, the oil and vinegar and lemon juice alternately till all are used. If it becomes curdled by adding the oil too rapidly, put the yolk of an additional egg in another bowl and add the curdled mixture to it, slowly. If the bowl in which the dressing is being made is set in a larger vessel of crushed ice, or very cold water, a better product will result.

Cream Dressing

Thick cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Vinegar or lemon juice, 3 tb. Paprika, a few grains

Whip the cream till stiff, add the salt and paprika, and if a sweet dressing is wished, powdered sugar to taste, and gradually beat in the vinegar or lemon juice.

Cooked Cream Dressing

Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Beaten egg, 1
Mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ tb. Melted butter, $2\frac{1}{2}$ tb.
Sugar, powdered, 1 tb. Cream, $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Vinegar, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.

Mix the salt, mustard, sugar, slightly-beaten egg, melted butter, cream, and very slowly add the vinegar. Cook, stirring constantly, over hot water, till thick.

Boiled Dressing

Mustard, 1 tb.
Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Sugar, 2 tb.
Pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Melted butter, 1 tb.
Flour, 2 tb.
Eggs, 2
Evaporated milk, 1 c.
Vinegar, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. or more

Mix all the ingredients but the egg whites and the butter, and cook over hot water till thick. Add the butter and stir till melted, then fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Vary the amounts of sugar, mustard and vinegar to taste. Whipped cream may be folded in when the dressing is to be used, or it may be diluted with a little plain cream or evaporated milk.

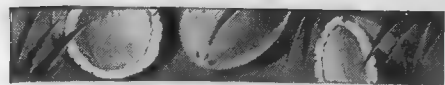
Golden Fruit Dressing

Heat in the double boiler $\frac{1}{4}$ c. each of orange juice and pineapple juice and 2 tb. lemon juice, and pour on the well-beaten yolks of 2 eggs mixed with 3 tb. sugar and a little salt, stirring constantly.

[Continued on page 65]



Miss Gertrude Dutton, the well known dietitian of the Western Home Monthly, at work in the model kitchen



"What Will I Make for Dessert?"



HOW many times have you asked yourself this question? How many times have you hesitated for fear all your family won't like the dessert you have in mind? But one thing you do know—they all love coconut. Its rich, tempting flavour adds delightful, new variety to even the simplest dishes.

And Baker's Coconut assures you always of the freshest, most full-flavoured coconut without any of the bother of shredding it yourself.

It's made from fresh coconuts in Canada. Try this recipe:

COCONUT CUSTARD PIE

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 3 eggs, slightly beaten | 3 cups milk, scalded |
| 1/4 teaspoon salt | 1 cup Baker's Coconut, Southern Style |
| 1/2 cup sugar | |

Line pie plate with pastry. Combine eggs, salt, and sugar; add milk gradually, then add coconut, and mix thoroughly. Pour into pie shell. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 15 minutes, then decrease heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake 30 minutes longer.

(All measurements are level.)

BAKER'S COCONUT

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Return to the double boiler and cook, while stirring, till thick and smooth. When ready to take from the fire, fold in the very stiffly beaten egg whites with 2 tb. sugar folded in.

Swiss Salad Dressing

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------|
| Yolks of eggs, 3 | Melted butter, 4 tb. |
| Honey, strained, 1/4 c. | Salt, 1/2 t. |
| Juice of lemon, 1 | Paprika, 1/4 t. |
| Cream, 1 c. or whites of the eggs | |

Beat the egg yolks, pour on them the honey which has been brought to the boiling point, put over the fire and beat constantly for one minute. Add the butter, salt and paprika, beat well and cool. When ready to serve, add the lemon juice and the stiffly whipped cream or beaten egg whites, two will be enough. Use at once or it will separate.

Variations of Dressing

Add Worcestershire sauce to dressing.

Add onion juice.

Add 1 tb. tomato catsup or chili sauce.

Add grated horse radish.

To 1/2 c. of dressing add 2 tb. tomato catsup, 1/2 t. Worcestershire sauce and 1/2 t. onion juice.

To 1/2 c. of dressing add 3 tb. Roquefort cheese mashed with a fork.

Fold in whipped cream, with cooked dressing or mayonnaise, using equal quantities of dressing and whipped cream.

To the dressing add half as much whipped cream, 1 t. onion juice, 1 t. grated horse radish, 1 t. lemon juice.

To 1 c. dressing add 1/3 c. chili sauce, 2 tb. chopped olives, 2 tb. chopped sweet pickle, 1 tb. chopped pimiento, 1 chopped hard-cooked egg.

To 1 c. dressing add 2 tb. chopped green pickle and 1 tb. finely chopped parsley.

Add chopped chives.

Add chopped green pepper and pimiento.

Add chopped candied fruits, such as cherries or pineapple.

Add 3 tb. chili sauce, a chopped pimiento, a tb. very finely chopped green pepper.

Rub 1 t. anchovy paste with 1 tb. dressing, then mix with the remaining dressing, add 3 tb. chili sauce, a little chopped pimiento and green pepper.

Remove the skin and bones from 4 sardines, mash with a little salad dressing then add to the whole amount to be used.

Chop 2 tb. parsley and 3 or 4 tb. cress as finely as possible and add to the dressing.

Ginger Ale Salad

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| Ginger ale, 2 c. | Boiling water, 1 c |
| Cold water, 1/2 c. | Lemon juice, 4 tb |
| Gelatin, 2 tb. | Sugar, 1/2 c. |
| Salt, 1/4 t. | Vegetables, 2 c. |
| Paprika, a little | or fruits |
| | Lettuce and dressing |

Add the boiling water to the gelatine which has been soaked in the cold water, the ginger ale, lemon juice and seasonings. When it begins to stiffen, stir in the vegetables or fruits, and mold. Green peas, diced cucumber, drained, string beans, slices of beets, slices of radish, shredded cabbage, grated carrot, bits of green or red peppers, celery rings, diced pineapple, peaches, apples, pears, cherries, etc., are good.

Melon Salad

Cut tiny balls or cubes of watermelon, or other melon, chill, serve on lettuce, with dressing, and sprinkle with finely chopped mint leaves or cress.

[Continued on Page 66]

Simply marvelous in cooking!



Kraft Cheese, because it is rich in vitamins and body-building proteins, is a healthful food for old and young. Serve it often in nourishing, tasty cooked dishes.

This new, "cave cured" flavor in cheese

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five pounds, wrapped in silver foil. Tuck a half-pound package or two into the ice-box to-day. Keep another ready on the pantry shelf. You're missing something if you don't serve Kraft Cheese dishes often.

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White and Green Salad

On a bed of lettuce, put a spoonful of dressing, on top of it put half of a pear, with the cut side down. In the pear stick several blanched almonds. If fresh ripe pears are used, sprinkle them with lemon juice. Around the half pear, arrange either white cherries or white grapes.

Tomato Asparagus Salad

Make a tomato aspic by simmering together for 15 minutes, 2 c. tomatoes, 1 t. salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t. pepper, 1 bay leaf and a few sprigs of celery. Add 1 lb. gelatin softened in $\frac{1}{4}$ c. cold water. Strain and pour into individual molds. Unmold on beds of lettuce. On top of each, pile well-seasoned cottage cheese and sprinkle chopped nut meats over the cheese. A little hollow may be scooped out of the top of each mold of jelly, to hold the cheese, if wished. Beside the mold of jelly, lay a mound of asparagus tips. Serve with dressing.

Asparagus Tomato Salad, II

In the centre of a bed of lettuce, arrange a pile of asparagus tips. On two opposite sides, put a few sections of ripe tomato, cut lengthwise. On the other two sides lay several overlapping slices of cucumber. Serve with dressing containing a little finely chopped onion.

Asparagus and Cottage Cheese Salad

Lay a pile of asparagus tips on individual beds of shredded lettuce. On two sides put piles of cottage cheese balls, making them by seasoning the cheese with salt, paprika, and either cream or salad dressing to moisten. Roll into balls with the hands, and roll each one in chopped nuts or finely chopped parsley. Serve with well-seasoned dressing.

Tuna-Cabbage Salad

Flake a can of tuna. If wished, marinate it for an hour in French dressing, then drain. Mix with an equal quantity of shredded crisp cabbage and moisten with salad dressing, not too sweet, add salt and pepper to taste, and pile in lettuce cups.

Tuna-Tomato Salad

Select as many firm small tomatoes as there are servings. Peel each one, and with a sharp knife, cut from the top into five or six petals, but not cutting all the way through, separate the sections at the top, and fill the center with a mixture of flaked tuna, half as much shredded cabbage and the same amount of diced celery, moistened with salad dressing, and seasoned with salt and pepper. Pass more dressing with the salad, which should be arranged on lettuce leaves.

Egg-Sardine Salad

Cook eggs hard. Cut in halves lengthwise, remove the yolks, mash with a few sardines, moisten with salad dressing, season with salt and pepper, and pile back in the whites. Lay in lettuce cups, with one or two small sardines beside them, and serve with dressing.

Sardine-Vegetable Salad

On beds of lettuce, lay sardines, and beside them put heaps of any desired vegetables, such as string beans, peas, sections of ripe tomato, slices of cucumber, etc. Serve with dressing.

Sardine-Asparagus Salad

Put a pile of asparagus tips on each bed of lettuce. Beside them put whole sardines. Garnish with celery curls, and serve with dressing.

[Continued on page 67]



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Circus Salad for the Children

On shredded lettuce, pile oranges cut in pieces and mixed with either buttered pop-corn or chopped peanuts and mild cooked dressing. Around the sides, stand animal crackers.

Chilled Macedoine Loaf

Make a jelly of gelatine and soup stock, or lemon jelly, and mold in a loaf pan, decorating the bottom and sides with cooked string beans, and molding in the jelly any cooked or fresh vegetables available, such as peas, rings of carrots, celery, beets, etc. Unmold on lettuce or cress on a platter, garnish with radishes and tiny green onions, and to serve, cut in slices and pass salad dressing with it.

Vegetable Supper Salad

On a large round plate, lay a bed of lettuce. In the centre put a pile of green peas. Around the peas, put a circle of string beans, uncut. Both may be marinated in French dressing if wished. Around the edge of the beans arrange slices of spiced beets, cut in triangles, with a point at the outer edge of the plate. Between the beet points, put sprigs of cress, or curly lettuce leaves. Pass dressing with the salad. To spice the beets, cook them, remove the skins, slice and put in a jar, covering with hot vinegar to which sugar and spices have been added. Beets pickled in this way will keep indefinitely. Individual salads may be made in the same way.

Lily Salad

Boil the required number of eggs till hard, remove the shells and let the eggs stand in warm beet juice till colored pink. Cool and cut in quarters, lengthwise. Arrange the quarters on beds of lettuce to resemble lilies, sprinkle with finely chopped cress or parsley and serve with salad dressing.

Poinsettia Salad

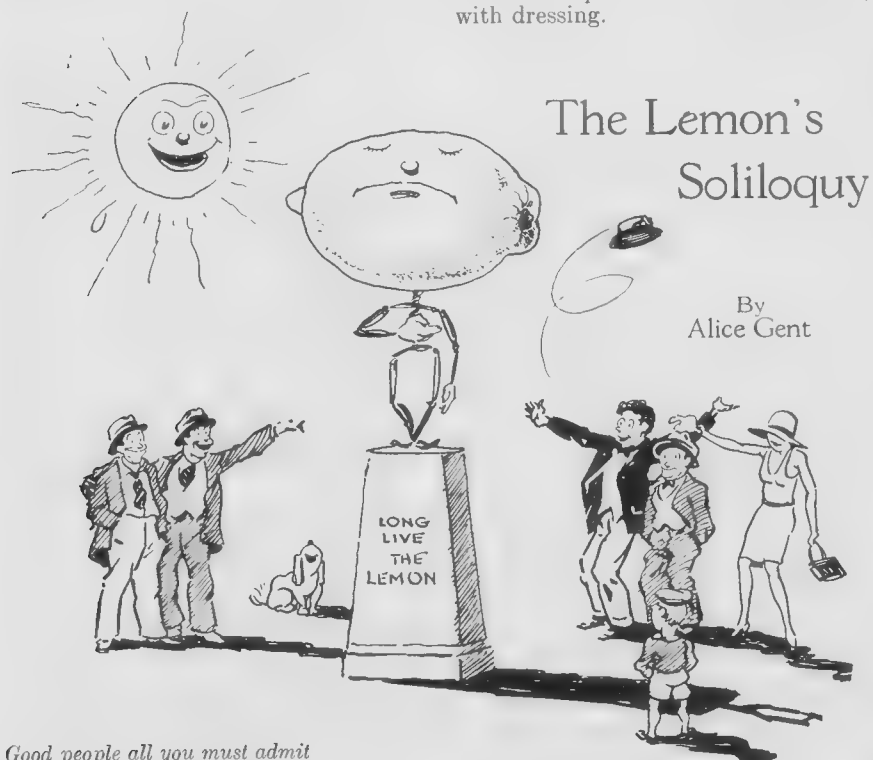
Peel the required number of firm small ripe tomatoes. Cut into sections almost to the bottom, to resemble petals, arrange on lettuce, and spread apart at the top, to look like a flower. Fill the centre with grated or crumbled yellow cheese, and garnish with a little sprig of parsley, serve with dressing. If a lighter salad is wished, fill the centre of the "flower" with crushed pineapple instead of cheese. A little dressing may be put in the tomato under the cheese or pineapple.

Simple Cheese Salad

Fill a bowl with crisp lettuce, either leaves or shredded, sprinkle with salad dressing, then with grated or crumbled cheese.

Stuffed Pepper Salad

Select firm peppers, cut a slice from the stem end, remove the seeds and membrane, and fill with cheese, seasoned and moistened with cream or salad dressing. Pack tightly into the peppers. If green and white is wished use cottage cheese. For other salads, yellow cheese may be used. Chill. When ready to serve, cut in slices and put on beds of lettuce, with dressing.



Good people all you must admit
That I'm a useful fellow,
So many virtues I possess
When I am ripe and mellow.
Just squeeze me well into a glass,
Then sugar add with water,
Stir briskly round and though your tongue
May be as dry as mortar
I very soon will quench your thirst;
Results will be surprising
If also when you have sore throat
You gargle me on rising;
A throbbing headache I relieve

If only you will slice me,
And on your temples place me down
'Twill ease the trouble nicely.
A dash of me applied at night
Will soften your complexion,
I banish warts and stubborn corns
Or any such affection.
So just apply the acid test
In every situation,
And you will prove I've more than earned
My wondrous reputation.



A Salmon Salad is always acceptable



NORTHERN BAKED SALMON

Shred one pound can of salmon, retaining juice. Place a layer of Salmon in a buttered baking dish and sprinkle with a little flour and olive oil. On this place thinly sliced raw onions, and on these thinly sliced raw potatoes. Repeat three layers. Add to Salmon juice enough milk to make a liquid sufficient to cover layers. Dot with butter and bake slowly one hour.

SALMON SALAD SURPRISE (Illustrated at Top)

Dissolve a package of lemon gelatine in a pint of boiling water. When cold put a shallow layer in bottom of mould. When partly set, add some sliced tomatoes. Fill mould with alternate layers of Canned Salmon, cooked peas and cold gelatine. Serve on bed of lettuce, garnish with tomatoes, add French dressing or mayonnaise. A one-pound can or more may be used.

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*Lupe Velez in "Resurrection"

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The Master Spy

Continued from page 13

THE German officers glared hostilely at Roubaix; they were suspicious. As for the young Frenchman, he gasped at sight of the autocratic German who stared at him from across the table.

The presence of that officer told him that the German reinforcing column had joined the army of the Meuse! It was a vital fact of which the French were in total ignorance!

Roubaix saluted.

"I am a German spy; authorized by the General of the army of occupation in Luxembourg. I have been in the French army since the outbreak of hostilities. I have come this morning from Namur. They had become suspicious. I have valuable information as to the movements of the French and Belgian troops."

A fiercely mustached officer looked up curiously.

"Search him," he snapped.

The Frenchman paled slightly. He had hoped to avoid that. Already they had deprived him of the revolver which he carried. With as good grace as possible he submitted to the search. First a cursory examination was made—and nothing found. But Roubaix knew that they would eventually discover—

"Under the lace on my coat," he said with forced calmness. "Cut into the cloth carefully and you will find a plat!"

Roubaix knew that they would have found it eventually. In this way he might kill suspicion. Besides, the information of the supporting army of Germans was of inestimable value.

The Germans ripped open his coat and tossed a tiny, folded packet of very thin papers on to the table before the German officers. They glanced at the prisoner, plainly puzzled. As a matter of form Roubaix was stripped, and nothing further was found. Then he donned his clothes again.

"If I may suggest, sirs," he said respectfully, "I would like to impart certain information which I have, and which I think you will find dovetails with the plat you have before you."

"Who drew this plat?"

"I did, sir. I have idled no time during my time in Paris and Namur."

"Well—what have you to say?"

"I may speak openly?" He glanced inquisitively at the large group of officers.

One of the men nodded.

"Go ahead."

"The French reinforcing column has arrived at Namur; almost forty thousand—"

"Forty thousand?"

"My figures are approximate—not exact. There are about that many. There are about twenty-five thousand Belgian troops there, and I believe more are coming—"

"Sixty-five thousand," breathed one of the officers, "and the forts."

"The road between Namur and Liege," continued Roubaix calmly, "is heavily mined; just as part of the ground outside of Liege was mined. But I discovered yesterday that the river is not yet mined—I came up just now in a speed boat. The only danger I felt was in approaching the German lines. I feared that mines had been planted."

"You saw none?"

"No, sir."

Two of the Germans swore softly. Outside the rumble of big guns resembled the steady roar of thunder.

"What of the other Belgian forces—and the French?" questioned an of-

ficer, looking up momentarily from the plat.

"I do not know certainly. But I believe that the plan is to concentrate at Namur and administer a crushing defeat to the army of the Meuse. Of course," he said apologetically, "very little of the intentions of the officers leaks into the French ranks."

"And you say that you were sent into the French army with German sanction?"

"Yes, sir. By the express command of General Von Rahl in Luxembourg. You may verify my statement from him."

Roubaix smiled to himself at the blank expression which appeared on the face of the Germans. He knew, and he knew that they knew, that General Von Rahl had been killed in a fall from his horse four days previously.

"Your name?"

"Heinrich Brussig," returned Roubaix quietly, promptly.

"Commissioned officer?"

"No, sir. Volunteer."

"Very well, Brussig. We shall communicate with the Luxembourg headquarters with a view toward corroborating your tale. In the meanwhile we must request that you submit to the constant company of Captain von Wohlke, and two or three of his men. If you are really one of us, as you say, then the information you have given is of tremendous value; and you have performed signal service for your country. By the way, what of the English troops?"

"I do not know positively, sir. I believe though, that they are not expected."

The German glanced at him sharply.

"I had understood that a British expeditionary column was already on its way to Namur."

"It may be, sir. But I have heard nothing of it."

"Captain von Wohlke!"

The handsome, middle aged Prussian stepped forward.

"Yes, sir."

"I put Private Brussig in your charge. Until we shall have verified his tale, see that he is held. However, he need not be kept captive. And by the way," with a grim smile, "fit him out in a German uniform. That one he is wearing might not be conducive to good health."

IN less than half an hour Roubaix had donned the uniform of a Uhlan; a snugly fitting uniform which set off his slender, yet trim, figure to best advantage. Then, at the suggestion of his captor, they strolled through the city.

"The Belgians," inquired Roubaix casually, "where are they?"

"Behind their last line of fortifications to the west of the city. They fight like very devils—those Belgians."

Roubaix smiled slightly.

"Yes, they do. And they have upset the entire campaign."

"Curse them! By now we should have been marching through French territory. But we'll get there. One hundred and fifty thousand picked men are not to be lightly opposed—" Von Wohlke stopped suddenly and his face crimsoned. Roubaix appeared not to notice the statement.

As they strolled through the outskirts of the city which had been so gallantly defended by the indomitable Belgians, Roubaix's mind worked with terrific speed.

They passed a huge building from which floated the Red Cross flag.



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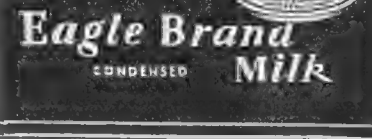
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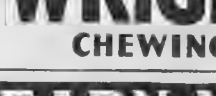
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The Master Spy

Continued from page 68

"Hospital?" questioned Roubaix.

"Yes—and filled. The slaughter has been terrible."

"And that building in back—a hangar?"

"No. That is where we keep what is left of our armoured automobiles."

Roubaix's heart leaped suddenly. If he could only get one of those autos, even for a few minutes; a flying leap, a hair-raising dash through the German lines. He brought to his aid every whit of diplomacy he possessed.

"I believe the French war cars are far better than ours," he said lightly. "Their motors are better."

Von Wohlke laughed.

"You don't understand," he said. "We are using French cars; armored in our own fashion."

They strolled toward the shed, and one of the big gray cars was rolled out by the young sergeant in charge of the guard around the building. It was an evil-looking machine; low, rakish, with a motor that gave promise of tremendous speed. And Roubaix smiled—it was equipped with an engine he knew thoroughly.

"A self-starter, I see," he remarked, controlling his voice with an effort.

"Yes," Von Wohlke snapped the current on; then touched the spark and gas, and the engine thrummed beautifully. "Self starter—and—"

Exerting every ounce of his strength Roubaix pushed the officer over the side of the car. Von Wohlke fell sprawling to the ground, bawling unintelligibly even before he struck. In a jiffy, Roubaix, now calm again, slammed in the clutch. The car seemed fairly to leap into the air, so readily did it respond.

Shrill cries were intermixed with revolver shots from Von Wohlke.

"Spy! Spy!" came the cry. Two bullets struck the steel hood behind Roubaix's head and caromed off harmlessly.

Down the street he drove at top speed. He took the corner on two wheels; his heart in his throat. The yells had become fainter now, and the shots had been lost in the thunder of big guns.

He turned a sharp curve; and before him stretched the line of battle. The German guns boomed ominously from the shelter of the shattered fortifications. Far across a rolling plain he saw the acrid smoke which overhung the Belgian lines.

Straight across the road which transversed the field he shot his car. Staff officers turned their glasses on him, and then waited patiently. Evidently a hurry message from headquarters.

Straight toward the lines he dashed. He saw a roadway between two deep-sunk trenches, and to that point he guided his car. He slowed down considerably, as though he contemplated stopping.

And then, when he was opposite the one point at which he could cross the trench line, he set the levers at full speed. The car shot forward incredibly fast. Lower and lower in his seat crouched Roubaix. He was across the line, and between the two fires before the phlegmatic Germans realized that all was not as it should be!

"Those Belgians are apt to finish me," he muttered from between clenched teeth "but I've got to take a chance."

He reached to his hip pocket and pulled a handkerchief, and this he waved aloft as he sped toward the Belgian lines. The guns of both enemies were trained on the shooting gray speck now; and the ground all about him was fairly plowed up by shells. But at sight of the white handkerchief—the flag of truce—the Belgian fire ceased for the moment.

He dropped the handkerchief to the bottom of the car, took both of his hands to the wheel, guided the machine to the road again and sped straight toward the camp of the gallant Belgians. He came closer—closer again.

"Halt!"

Abruptly he jerked the car to a stop. The brakes grated, and he leaped out.

"Surrender!"

"I surrender. Carry me to General Linear, quickly."

"Who are you?"

"Rene Roubaix, of the French column at Namur."

Rapidly he was searched for weapons and none was found. Then, surrounded by a guard of eight Belgian troops and headed by the young officer he was marched before the Belgian commander.

Quickly he told his story. Linear's eyes glowed, at first with suspicion, and then with amazement and admiration.

"It is a pity that you lost the dispatches—a great pity. They would have served you as credentials; especially if they were in our cipher."

Roubaix smiled. "I have not lost them!" he said calmly.

"What? I—I—thought you said that they took them from under the gold lacing of your French uniform!"

"So I did. Those were dummy dispatches. I had the others concealed elsewhere. I knew that they would eventually find them. So I told them where to look. They found the dummies which I had drawn. That lulled their suspicions and they did not look further."

Roubaix seated himself on a campstool. He took off his right shoe. Then, with a borrowed bayonet he pried off the outer sole. Between the outer and inner soles was a hollowed space, and in that space nestled the thin-paper code dispatches. Calmly he handed them to the Belgian general.

"Here they are, sir. If I had not made the Germans unsuspicious by telling them where to find the other papers they would have prosecuted their search with the greatest care and would have discovered the real ones in my shoe. I hope they are favorable."

"Favorable!" General Linear looked up excitedly. "They tell me, M. Roubaix, that the English and French are to augment my forces here as well as the Belgians at Namur; and that the Germans are to be attacked from both sides; cut off from all communication with their own country, and their attack via this country completely foiled. The English and French are due here tomorrow. Thank God!"

Roubaix saluted.

"And now, General," he smiled. "I am rather exhausted. If you need any similar services performed, I wish that you would call on me."

The general shook his hand warmly.

"You are magnificent!" he said sincerely.

KEYSTONE

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YOUR GROCER SELLS THEM

Address Dept. W

The Royal Crown Soaps Ltd. Winnipeg

WRITE FOR FREE PREMIUM LIST

Solve the Spring Clothes Problem



7090

7087

7087. Canton crepe was selected in this instance, with ecru lace for collar and for the lower part of the sleeves. Wool crepe, satin or taffeta are also suggested. The waist effects slight blousing above a narrow belt. The skirt shows wide plaits on box formation now so popular. It is mounted on a yoke shaped in a deep point over the front. The sleeve is new and very attractive.

Designed in 5 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It will require $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards of material 39 inches wide for a 38 inch size. Collar and lower part of sleeves in contrasting material will require $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard 36 inches wide. To finish the yoke with bias binding will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

State size required when ordering patterns



7094



7084

7083

7090. Printed linen in a pattern of bright red on a white back ground is here combined with white organdy. Plain linen in pastel tones is also suggested, or shantung, also light weight woolen, and georgette. Length-wise inverted tucks achieve a fitted effect in this model. Additional fullness is created in the skirt by a flare godet inserted in the front. The dress may be made with or without the long sleeve. A neat collar and a narrow belt complete this style.

Designed in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years, it will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 35 inch material if made with long sleeves. With capelet and without sleeves $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards will be required. For collar, belt and a tie as shown in the large view of contrasting material $\frac{5}{8}$ yard will be required cut crosswise. To finish with bias binding or piping will require 3 yards $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide.

7094. This is an excellent style for the coat materials now in vogue. Smooth faced cloth, novelty cloakings, velours, velvet and other pile fabrics or fur fabrics. Flare sections are inserted at the sides below the hips. The sleeve has comfortable lines and raglan shoulders. The cuff may be finished as in the large view, with deep extensions over the back of the arm, or in small round length, as shown in the small view. The scarf collar is new and attractive.

Designed in 5 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure, it will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54 inch material for a 38 inch size. Collar and cuffs of fur will require $2\frac{1}{3}$ yards $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. For collar and its lining, and for facing on cuffs of fur cloth or other contrasting material, will require $\frac{2}{3}$ yard 54 inches wide, cut crosswise. To line the coat will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 35 inches wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.



7090

7087

7094

7094

7084

7083

7084. Plaits and a closing shaped in pointed outline are interesting features of this design. The waist is semi-fitted and finished with a narrow shawl collar. A small vestee squares the "V" neck. The skirt portions, arranged in broad double box plait effect in front and back, are joined to the waist in split curve outline. A fitted sleeve and neat upturned cuff finish this design. Light weight woolen or silk tweed or crepe in plain or printed weaves, also linen and shantung are suggested for this style.

Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure, it will require $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material for a 38 inch size. Cuffs, collar and vestee of contrasting material will require $\frac{5}{8}$ yard, 39 inches wide, cut crosswise. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

7083. Checked woolen is pictured here, in black and white, with facings and cuffs of white pique. This model has graceful lines. The waist portions extend in panels over the centre of front and back and form plaits at each side where the waist portions are lengthened by flare skirt sections. Broad revers join the front above the surplice closing. The sleeve is a fitted model and is finished with a neat upturned cuff. A narrow belt that may be of leather or material holds the fullness of the dress at the waistline.

Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54 inch material. Revers, belt and cuffs of contrasting material will require $\frac{1}{8}$ yard 39 inches wide and cut crosswise. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plait fullness extended is $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.



Now..“twice-crisped”* to more than ever tempt wayward childish appetites

WHAT youngster does not adore Puffed Grains, those crunchy, toasty morsels of wheat and rice? Last year a poll among mothers showed that, when given their choice, children always put Puffed Rice and Wheat first on their list of favorite cereals.

That was good news to mothers . . . confronted with the often difficult problem of child feeding. These delicious foods, they learned, are highly nourishing.

Nourishing? You ask, surprised perhaps that these

Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat are Made in Canada by The Quaker Oats Company, makers also of Quaker Corn Flakes, Crackels, Muffets and other Highest Quality cereals.

Delectable as toasted nutmeats.
These Puffed Grains are richly nourishing, too, because they're shot from guns.

tempting foods should be good for you as well as good to eat. Well, consider: these are rich wheat grains, selected, plump white grains of rice, steam-exploded to 8 times their normal size. Thus every ounce of their food value is made readily, immediately digestible.

Now comes more good news! A new process seals in every ounce of freshness. Keeps Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice absolutely oven-crisp till they reach your table. Twice as crisp. Doubly good. More than

ever a temptation for wayward breakfast appetites.

It's not only the children who vote for Puffed Grains. Grown-ups like them, too. With milk or cream, sugar, fruit—you have a wholesome, well-balanced meal. Do, for variety, for deliciousness, serve Puffed Grains tomorrow. Be sure you get the new seal-crisp package. It's so different it's like a new cereal coming from this new box! The Quaker Oats Company, Peterborough and Saskatoon.

* A new process, greatly increasing the crispness, makes Puffed Grains a really new cereal.



Quaker Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat

ADVANCED REFRIGERATION

To a Husband



who has finally promised to part
with good money for an
electric refrigerator

Now that it's all over but the choosing, you will naturally want Her to have a refrigerator that will make the Woman Next Door take notice.

The kind of a refrigerator She can boast about and take pleasure in for years and years to come . . . for, after all, there's nothing like settling a thing of this sort so that it will *stay* settled.

To achieve this happy result you will need a refrigerator that looks like a thoroughbred and *keeps on* looking that way . . . one that will do a scientifically proper job of keeping cool season in and season out without fail . . . and one that will keep you pleasantly surprised each month when you pay your electric bill . . .

Did you know that Frigidaire, always in the forefront of its field, is responsible for developments in the past fifteen years that have made household refrigeration so healthful, convenient and economical?

The Frigidaire shown in the adjoining photograph, for instance, offers advantages you would possibly not expect to find in any refrigerator.

That is why we call it Frigidaire Advanced Refrigeration and that is why you really ought to investigate Frigidaire pretty thoroughly before you finally decide which of the many good electric refrigerators to buy.

Every Frigidaire Dealer has the facts and the figures. Any one of them will gladly tell you and show you whenever you have the time to visit his showroom.



Strikingly beautiful in sparkling white Porcelain — Frigidaire offers a new standard of Advanced Refrigeration

With new and striking beauty in a cabinet of snow-white Porcelain-on-steel—and with dozens of improvements and refinements that set it apart from all other refrigerators—Frigidaire presents a new idea in modern refrigeration.

Dishes slide smoothly in and out on bar-type, elevated shelves. Cleaning is made easy by the smooth porcelain exterior and by the seamless, acid-resisting porcelain within. Water turns to ice with incredible speed when you set the convenient exterior "Cold Control." Ice cubes tumble out easily and quickly with finger-tip pressure on the Quickube Ice Tray.

Vegetables come from the famous Hydrator as fresh as when you put them there.

And how quietly Frigidaire operates! You are scarcely aware that there is an extra-powerful unit concealed in the bottom of the cabinet—a unit that uses current only a few minutes each hour at a cost of but a few cents a day.

All these modern features combine to make Frigidaire the truly *advanced* refrigerator—and to effect savings that make it the truly economical refrigerator to own. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Toronto, Ont.

FRIGIDAIRE

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE—Electric Refrigerators for Homes, Stores and Institutions . . . Electric Water Coolers for Homes, Stores, Offices and Factories . . . Ice Cream Cabinets . . . Milk Cooling Equipment . . . Room Coolers



Doreen Assmuss and her baby sister, Donna

Poems chosen for this month by the Cosy Cornerites are as follows—Gold buttons go to these two members for their selection:

Nature's Song

*There is no rhyme that is half so sweet
As the song of the wind in the rippling
wheat;*

*There is no metre that's half so fine
As the lilt of the brook under rock and vine.
And the loveliest lyric I ever heard
Was the wildwood strain of a forest bird.*

—(No author given)

(Sent in by Bertha Hemp, 1333-2nd Ave. N., Saskatoon).

Piping Down the Valleys Wild

*Piping down the valleys wild
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child
And he laughing said to me:*

*"Pipe a song about a lamb,"
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper pipe that song again,"
So I piped; he wept to hear.*

*And I made a rural pen
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.*

—William Blake.

(Sent in by Mary O. Butters, Hayter Alta.

Something Received

Such a delightful mail bag full of letters. More poems which will appear in due course; and such a lot of friendly letters thanking the Cosy Corner for gifts and prizes.

Elizabeth Laporte of Belcourt, N.D. would like to have some Cornerites write her. Elizabeth made a scrap book for the sick boys and girls and enjoyed doing it so much. She also appreciated her gift.

Doreen Anderson of 186 Woodhaven Cres. Winnipeg, likes the note paper that was her reward for making a nice scrap book. Doreen would like to win a gold button. Watch the Corner, my dear, and try some of the competitions that offer gold buttons for prizes.

Clare and Barbara Bundy of Cowley, Alberta, were delighted to receive the prize books for their scrap book, and they send the Cornerites all their best wishes.

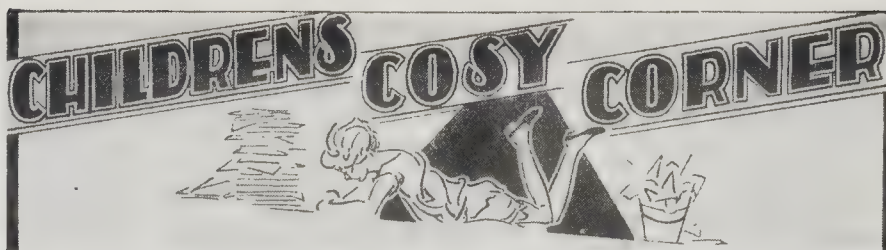
Marguerite McLean of 1820-12th Ave. W., Calgary, was delighted with her writing paper too, and is sharpening her pencil for another contest. She was the lucky one who won a camera on last summer's competition.

Little Doreen Assmuss, who forgot this time to put her address on her letter, is one of our oldest correspondents. Doreen has been writing to us since she was a mere baby. She sends in her favorite verse, and we will have a star put on her gold button for her if she will send it in—The verse is:

*Smile awhile, and while you smile
Another smiles,
And soon there're miles and miles of smiles,
And life's worth while,
Because you smile.*

We print a picture of Doreen's new little sister Donna, who we hope will be a Cornerite too.

Norma DesRoches of Rose Valley, Sask. sends in some lovely poems we will use later, and also writes that she is a great gardener, and a bird lover. Norma has the idea of putting old rubbers or over-shoes in the trees for the birds to build in.



By Bobby Burke

One little wren has used the same rubber for her home for three years.

Jack Ross of 417 Caron Ave., Windsor, Ont., would like some pictures for a Geography and History Scrap Book. Would some of the Cornerites like to exchange pictures with him for this purpose?

Annie Fesz of Steelman, Sask., thanks us for her gift, and here's a long interesting letter from Peggy Barkwell of 259 Montrose St., Winnipeg. Peggy has a number of magazines interesting to girls, and would like to give them to someone. Peggy, I think if you would call up the Convalescent Hospital they might be glad to have them. You could take them around yourself. It is on Jessie Ave.

And here's a letter from an aspiring poet. John James Vair of Boundary Creek, Alta, sends us some verses of his own, and some of his sister's and some belonging to Sylvia Tillard, and John asks us a good many questions about these verses. Now, John, I think we'll tell you just what we think; the best verses are those of Sylvia Tillard, and we are going to print some of them later. Sylvia has the true idea. Her lines are poetical, her thoughts are worth while, and her ideas are pretty. With practice and reading of good poetry Sylvia may go far in writing. For yourself and your sister John, I am afraid you will have to study poetry for a while longer before writing. Poetry is not, as many people seem to think, just writing words in short lines, and making some of them rhyme. Poetry must be the beautiful expression of a thought that can be expressed better in verse than prose. The verses at the top of this page are very simple, but they are good poetry, and Sylvia's verse "On the Snowdrop."

*I lifted up her little cup,
And as I peeped inside,
I saw the sweetest little place,
A nook for elves to hide.*

is good poetry, though simple. Read poetry, Bliss Carman, Marjorie Pickthall, Rose Fyleman, Longfellow, Tennyson, and

see what beauty is expressed by these writers in verse and how they do it.

Here's a story written by Alice Blanke, of Wymark, Sask. I believe from one or two little errors in her English that perhaps Alice is one of our New Canadians. If so she has done remarkably well with her English and with her story. Bobby Burke has made a few small corrections, but the story is as Alice sent it in and it's such a nice little story that it wins a gold button.

The Red Handkerchief

Little Lisa was sitting in front of the big house in a great city, playing quietly with her homemade doll Claire. She was very sorrowful because her daddy was still sick, suffering from the big war, and her mother just had one more dress to make for the big store and was then out of work, nobody knows for how long.

Then a wind blew and the few leaves in the street whirled all around, a little dog chased them and in fear of Lisa hung on to her dress and tore a long rip. His mistress was in a terrible hurry. She noticed the little scene but busy with her own thoughts was not stopping.

The next day she passed again and there was Lisa, her dress nicely patched. The lady noticed the nice border in her dress and she asked Lisa for her name and Lisa told her how Mother took Dad's big hanky to mend it. In a very short time they became great friends and Mrs. Jones got the whole story of Lisa's poor parents.

Now Mrs. Jones was getting ready for her big country-house, with the park and vegetable garden, and offered Lisa's Dad a place as gardener, so he could be out in the fresh air and get well soon, and her mother, who could sew nicely and fix a torn dress with a hanky, could have lots of work in her big household. How nicely Lisa and Claire would play in the park and they would be good friends with Teddy, who tore the dress but still brought all the good luck to them

The Birds' Birthday Party

By Elizabeth McKenzie

WHIRRR! went the alarm in the next room and Elsie woke with a start. She had a bad cold and had slept lightly, and there in the early morning quietness she remembered her disappointment. This was Betty's birthday and Betty was giving a Birthday Party.

Elsie had been looking forward to it for a long time. She was sure it was going to be the very best party Betty had ever had, and Betty's Mother was awfully good at making parties—and here she was with a bad cold and had to stay in bed until noon and could not go out for two days yet.

Elsie sighed a doleful little sigh, and a tear, yes, a real tear, wet the pillow. As she lay thinking she heard her Mother open the door softly and, as Elsie did not move, close it gently and go down stairs. Elsie felt she would not like Mother to see she had been crying.

After a while she heard her brother Harold coming along the hall, humming to himself. Then there was a low tap on her door and the door opened a wide crack, as she called a soft "Yes," the crack was filled by Harold's smiling face.

"How do you feel Sis—," he asked cheerfully.

"Not too bad," replied Elsie, then added, "You are happy enough for us both."

"Yes," grinned Harold, "I have thought of something nice to do. It is especially for you."

"Do tell me," begged Elsie.

"No sir," that would spoil the fun. Just wait and see," and off he went before Elsie could coax any more.

About eleven o'clock Elsie got up and dressed. Then she took a little parcel out of her top drawer, a dear little box with

a pink satin pin cushion on the lid. It was bordered with tiny pearl colored shells—her gift for Betty. Elsie looked at it for a moment before she tied it up in tissue paper with a white ribbon and stuck a wee gold seal on each ribbon tail. Oh how she wished she could give it to Betty herself, but Harold would have to take it instead.

Elsie ate her dinner with the rest in the dining-room and then went up stairs to help her Mother for a few minutes.

Harold was out in the yard busy at something but presently he came in and called, "Good-bye Sis, I have your gift for Betty alright. I am going to the party from school."

Elsie felt that things were not just evenly divided and a little sigh which she could not hold back caught her Mother's ear.

"Come down stairs, dear," said her Mother, "and let us see what Harold has been so busy about." So they both went down into the dining-room again.

Elsie walked over to the window and cried out, "Oh! Mother, what a grand snowman! Did you ever see one like it?"

It was indeed a funny snowman with a flat head like the Flatheads in the Oz Book, who carried their brains in a can. He looked so funny and yet so pretty that Elsie was delighted. He had raisins for eyes, two currants to mark his nose, a row of currants shaping his mouth, his buttons were cranberries and two slices of toast, stuck through with a skewer to hold them in place, were his pockets. A row of currants marked off his coat, and more raisins down his legs as buttons on his pants.

"Oh! there are some birds picking the top of his head and hopping around him," cried Elsie.

Soon a row of birds came and sat on the top of the fence cocking their heads this way and that, and then flying onto the Snowman. Some would take a currant and fly away. Some tried to take a cranberry and when it was too heavy it would drop on the snow and then they would pick it to pieces where it lay.

Then a group of children gathered around and frightened the birds away, so Elsie motioned to them to go further along the fence and then the birds came back.

Elsie had put a heavy sweater on so that she might sit in the window and the afternoon passed happily away.

At tea time Elsie asked permission to have Harold come and tell her all about the party if he got home before it was very late.

Elsie did not go to sleep early. The sights she had seen in the afternoon kept running through her mind. She almost laughed aloud when she thought of the way the birds crowded on the Snowman's head. Sometimes they hardly had standing room and she wanted to tell Harold all about it, and thank him for the lovely Snowman. At last she heard him come in and then upstairs and open her door just the tiniest bit.

"Come," she called, and he was in the chair at her side in a wink.

"Oh! say Sis," he began, "That was the grandest party yet. We played such a lot of nice games, and did we have cake? Well, I should say we had. A great big birthday cake with white icing and little pink roses all over it. Cookies of all kinds with pink and white icing between them. Star shaped jellies and little star shaped boxes filled with rose shaped candies of pink and white. Here is yours. Betty said she was sorry you could not come."

"I was sorry too," replied Elsie. Then she added with a bright smile, "But your surprise for me was such a lovely one that I did not have much time to worry about the party. Thank you so much. He was a lovely Snowman. Why did you have a flat head on it, the birds seemed to like it best of all."

"It was covered with bird seed, that was why," laughed Harold.

"Well," said Elsie happily, "It was a real Birthday Party for the Birds."

How Big is a Bean?

Tommy is fond of squeezing tooth paste out of his shiny new tube.

"Don't take too much this time, dear," his mother said to him one morning when he was cleaning his teeth.

"How much may I have?" asked Tommy.

"Well, I should think a little bit, perhaps as big as a bean."

Tommy gave a great pinch, and out shot the paste.

"Oh, Oh!" exclaimed his mother. "Not all that, Tommy. Didn't I say as big as a bean?"

"Yes," replied Tommy. "This is a string bean."



Peggy Cox of Wycliffe, B.C., and her pony "Blue." Peggy is a new member who likes to write letters.



New Ideas and Heart Failure

"HE couldn't face a new idea without heart failure," said a friend of The Philosopher, speaking of a man who is generally considered an excellent citizen. There was reason for the remark, though there was exaggeration in the form of it. The fact is that most of us resent being made to think. We may not be so intolerantly narrow-minded and rigidly set in our ways of thinking that we meet every new idea with hostility. But do we always welcome the duty of examining fairly a new and strange idea—or, what may be more important, an idea which, though not at all new, is one we are used to regarding with disfavor? It is the facing of new ideas that makes knowledge grow and progress increase. If it were not for certain openminded individuals in each generation and their keenness about new ideas, mankind would still be in the stone age.

What a Laugh Bespeaks

"THE loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind!" scornfully exclaimed a member of Parliament who had just made a statement that was greeted with sarcastic laughter from the other side of the House. Whether the scornful exclamation was deserved or not is a question which The Philosopher refrains from considering. That would be politics. But it is right and proper to say something about laughter. Not all loud laughter is empty. The loud laugh of genuine, resounding heartiness bespeaks the man of health of mind and body. This cannot be said of mere grinning and snickering. A hearty laugh does the body good in a way that is good for the soul, too.

Curiosity

THE endless questions of children, which their elders often find tiresome and sometimes unanswerable, come from what is one of the most precious things in the world. Curiosity is the root from which grows knowledge. Most of us grow out of our childish curiosity about everything. The genius retains that curiosity and sensitiveness to the wonder of the commonplace. When Michael Faraday, experimenting with a current-bearing wire and a magnet, found the secret which is the foundation of all the developments of the use of electricity to serve human needs, he danced around his worktable in childish delight, and made a visitor to his laboratory join in his dancing. Happy are those for whom the world does not cease to be a wonderland.

History Making

AGREEING to disagree is, of course, about the only form of agreement that prevails between Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett, Premier of the Dominion, and Rt. Hon. W. L. M. King, his predecessor in that high office and now leader of the Opposition in the Dominion Parliament—the function and duty of the Opposition being, in the historic phrase of Disraeli, to oppose. But Mr. Bennett and Mr. King recently used almost the same words in saying that the years of the immediate future will be history-making years for the British Empire. They agreed, that is to say,

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THE Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG Bannatyne and Dagmar MANITOBA

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about something which is undeniably true. It is no less undeniably true that the real makers of history will be in the future, as they have been in the past, not so much the statesmen as the men and women who carry on the everyday work of their various occupations and so keep the world (including the statesmen) going. The mouths of eloquent statesmen may have power to move multitudes, but it is by the brains and hands of the men and women who make up the mass of humanity that the world's work is done.

Which Way Would You Look?

"IN your comment on the Dominion Premier's remark about the power of the newspapers," writes a Western Home Monthly reader, "you hit the right nail on the head. You might well go a little further and say that when the public want more seriousness and less triviality in the newspapers, the newspapers will be more serious and less trivial. This is the reality of the matter—not that I am accusing you of allowing yourself, like many philosophers, to be carried away into unreality by theorizing." Which is flattering, to be sure. The Philosopher knows that newspapers must take the world as it is, and carry on in it as best they can. We are all newspaper readers. How many of us respond first to the appeal made by mere curiosity and by what is called "human interest," meaning often sensationalism, rather than to the appeal made by seriousness and reason? The managing editor of an important newspaper said not long ago to a citizen of importance who called on him in a critical mood: "As you see, this office has two doors. Suppose I were to tell you that in ten seconds the Governor General and the Dominion Premier would come in by that door and at the same moment Greta Garbo and Charlie Chaplin would enter at this. To which door would you turn your eyes?" Which explains a great deal in regard to what is printed in the newspapers.

The Ability to Stay Young

IN one of the letters in regard to the recent article on this page entitled "An Old Man Too Soon," which have come to The Philosopher, occurs the remark: "We ought never to lose our youth." That remark has real truth in it. In all natural and necessary labors, as in the work of a farm, in digging, in splitting wood, in drawing water, or in rowing, or in other outdoor work, a man always appears young. When he is doing anything of that kind which asks all his strength, so that he is working up to it, and not down on it, he is still a boy, especially if he has kept something of the enthusiasm, the idealism of youth. That is what makes life worth living. The larger achievements, whether in the outer affairs of life or in one's inner life, which is more important, depend on breadth of vision and the ability to stay young. The great man, whether the world gives him its accidental celebrity or not, is the combination of thinker and doer, one who lives in the present, not un-mindful of the past, but working for the future. This is to live richly and to grow younger with the years.

"Broken Illusions can never be mended"

says DOROTHY DIX



"Such things shatter a man's illusions," writes Dorothy Dix

"YOU girls and wives who long to win love and hold it—live up to a man's IDEAL! It's a deep need of man's nature to idealize a woman—to think of her as more delicate, more exquisite than himself.

"Don't let the 'little' things—careless, unfeminine details—spoil your lovely effect!

"Such a 'small' offence against daintiness as a faded shoulder ribbon peeping out . . . frayed lace edging visible when you lift up your arm . . . a silk slip not so colour-fresh as it might be. Such things as these rob you of all illusion in 'his' eyes.

"And broken illusions can never, never be mended.

"I beg you all to do these two very simple things:

1. Buy the loveliest, most exquisite lingerie you can.
2. Keep it always colour-fresh, shimmeringly beautiful.

"Just knowing your underthings are lovely does

something to you! It makes you FEEL feminine and charming. And when you feel charming, you seem so to others!

"'But how can we keep delicate lingerie fresh and colourful?' girls often say to me. 'Frequent washing leaves it so faded and worn looking.'

"It is true that ordinary 'good' soaps take away the COLOUR and the charming new look of a garment, but this is never the case with Lux. These wonderful flakes are especi-



Perhaps you don't realize how often this happens—



And this! Such glimpses tell so quickly whether you're exquisite!



A SECRET OF DAINTY FEMININITY

Lingerie washed in Lux 15 times—colour perfect as new, silk and lace fibres intact, the garment utterly charming!

Duplicate lingerie washed 15 times in ordinary 'good' soap—silk threads pulled, lace damaged, colour off, Disappointing!

ally made to preserve COLOUR and NEWNESS. A dainty garment bathed often in Lux suds is always colour-fresh, sweet as your feminine self!

"AND AT HOME: Not only can dainty, colourful lingerie give you confidence of charm—but your very surroundings can help! Pretty curtains, cushions, colourful table linens, all form part of the magic spell if kept ever lovely with Lux."

Dorothy Dix

If it's safe in water alone, all its original loveliness is safe with LUX!

What the World is Saying

Like Blackberries

Some people are Red, merely because they are green.—Vancouver Province.

The Potatoes Yielded a Big Sum, Too

Canada's potatoes last year yielded a total of nearly \$82,000,000.—Toronto Globe.

For the Awakening of China?

A Chicago mail order house has shipped ten thousand alarm clocks to Peking.—Industrial Canada.

All Securely Fastened, Let Us Hope

A Paris fashion expert reports "a tug-of-war between long and short skirts."—Quebec Soleil.

But Not to Slay Rides in Chicago

The advent of the automobile put an end to the old joyous fashion of sleigh riding.—Ottawa Journal.

And That's How the Other Half Lives

One half of the population of the world, it is safe to say, is engaged in agriculture.—London Statistician.



Just a passing fancy.

Sooner or Later They Had to Come Down

Just what good did it do that Denver couple to be married in an airplane 3,000 feet over the town?—Victoria Colonist.

A Back Door for King Alfonso?

The Spanish Government is planning to construct a tunnel under the Straits of Gibraltar.—London Spectator.

He Has to be, if He's a Pedestrian

There can be no doubt that the modern man is more active than his prehistoric ancestors were.—Popular Science Monthly.

The Splashed Pedestrian's Privilege

About the only right a pedestrian has is that of re-dress after being splashed by a motor car.—Niagara Falls Review.

Ye Ed. Wants to Do What Can't be Done

We see that the Royal Grain Commission is going to look into wheat futures. We wish we could.—Medicine Hat News.

And Writes Too Many Novels

A novelist says that the post-war generation eats too much, drinks too much and smokes too much.—London Daily Express.

But We've Seen Several Splashed Ones

We haven't yet seen any of those slashed skirts which it was announced were going to become the fashion.—Toronto Star.

But, Unfortunately, Not the Auto

Dr. Speechly, the coroner at Winnipeg, says that the use of alcohol slows up the sense perceptions.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

Is That Why Some Bills are Thrown Out?

A statistician points out that there are more Williams in the present House of Commons than any other name.—Hamilton Spectator.

Why Not Appeal to Americans for Help?

A United States senator complains that Canadians and Englishmen will not help Uncle Sam to enforce prohibition.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

He Can't Ever Have Had a Hot Dog

An English doctor who attended the meeting of the British Medical Association in Winnipeg last August writes in the British Medical Journal that he found on this continent "an extraordinary lack of mustard," and adds that "Canadians and Americans apparently have given up the use of that condiment."—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Getting Himself Beautiful Black Eyes

A beauty expert says that a woman, in order to have beautiful hair, should have her husband pull her tresses every day.—Prince Albert Herald.

Why Limit That Need to Welshmen?

"What we Welsh need," writes John Rowland, "is to be awakened out of our dream of smug self-satisfaction."—Edinburgh Scotsman.

The Dream That Comes to a Crowned Head

"What I would most like to be, if I were not a King," said King Alfonso recently, "would be a moving picture actor."—London Sunday Pictorial.

Wanted Their Records Made Spotless?

The two young burglars who escaped from the Reformatory at Portage la Prairie were captured in a local dry cleaning establishment.—Brandon Sun.

Quite So

This artificial silk which the chemists say they can make from natural gas should be just the thing for light summer wear.—Calgary Herald.

Unless They Remember It Beforehand

A handbook for debaters says that if a debater can bring in a funny story to illustrate his point, his hearers will remember it afterwards.—Lethbridge Herald.

Better Than a Certain Kind of Singing

The kind of ear-rings that were worn in times past are coming into fashion again. Does this mean that women will be going in again for ear-piercing?—Kamloops Sentinel.

Our Shirts Have Suffered That Way, Too

"Some laundries do use up linen, don't they?" said King George at the Linen Trade Exhibition in London. And he added: "But I suppose it's good for trade."—Manchester Guardian.

There's a Lack in His Case, All Right

Possibly you have observed that the man who hooks his thumbs into the armholes of



"You kin have yer Queen Anne legs, Joe—give me modern Canadian ev'ry time."

his vest and says that the world owes him a living does not get many of the luxuries.—Moose Jaw Times-Herald.

And Believing It All

Illiteracy is deplorable, but it is not as bad as being able to read everything that's printed and reading it.—Montreal Devoir.

It May, Indeed, Possibly Happen So

The Farm Board is now selling a lot of wheat in Europe at a loss of a tidy sum per bushel. This is constructive statesmanship, though some ignorant foreigners can hardly tell it from dumping.—Baltimore Sun.

A Super-magnifying Microscope Lens

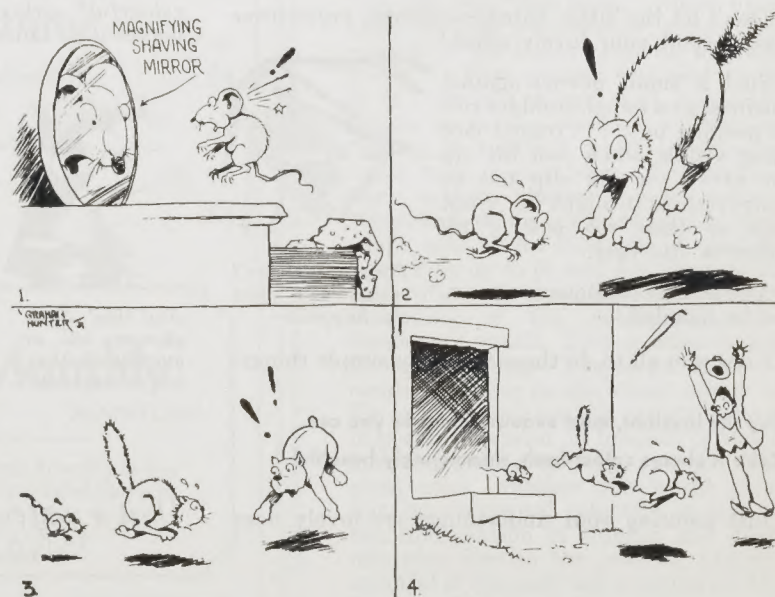
We understand that there has been perfected a microscope with a lens so very powerful that it makes the brain of one of those auto drivers who always straddle the line in the middle of even the widest highway look almost as large as a soup-bean.—Kamloops Sentinel.

Allowed on Probation, to do Better

A Kansas City man received a severe scolding from a pair of bandits, who found only 50 cents in his till when they held him up in his shop. He was released with a warning to have more money on hand hereafter.—Portland Oregonian.

Their Highnesses Have Come to Low Estate

There are archdukes and grand dukes scattered in different parts of the world, some of them earning their livings in ways they never dreamed of in the time of their grandeur. The shooting of any of them now would never start another war.—Glasgow Herald.



Back from a billowy sail— with a fine cooking catch!

When the slim racing yawl *Bonita* was slipped out of tarpaulin for her first spring dance on the waves, I was invited aboard. I thought it was for the pleasure of my company . . . but no, the skipper insisted on all hands turning to!

Soon I found myself in a tiny galley, facing a healthy mackerel that looked as big as the stove. "Here's the skillet," said the skipper, "and here's the Crisco! Make yourself at home!"

"Tactful man," I said, trying to find my cooking legs as the *Bonita* dipped into the waves, "How did you know I always cook with Crisco?"

"Tactful—nothing!" he snorted, "I always use it. This galley gets hot as blazes in the summer. Crisco's the only fat that won't melt or get rancid. Besides, I don't want the cabin full of smells and smoke!"

Well, every one of his reasons is good for our landlocked kitchens, too. But the all-year-round reason why I fry with Crisco is a matter of *taste* . . . Crisco is so sweet and fresh-flavored by itself that it brings out the true flavor of foods cooked with it.

Two cooking discoveries ashore . . .

As we skirted the shore, I insisted upon the *Bonita* coming to anchor almost at Mrs. B——'s front door. Mrs. B—— is a prime cook, who runs a tea room during the summer. And I do believe she spends the winter



POTATO CUPS

6 medium-sized potatoes Crisco for deep frying Salted boiling water

Select oval potatoes. Pare. Cut off a lengthwise slice and hollow out center to make boat shapes. Parboil 10 minutes. Drain and dry and deep fry in hot Crisco (395° F.) that browns inch cube of bread in 40 seconds. (Use ordinary saucepan and enough Crisco to cover potatoes.) When well browned, drain on unglazed paper. Fill with creamed green vegetables, or creamed meat or fish. (Strain Crisco through cheese-cloth or fine sieve, back into can—Crisco can be used again and again as it never carries the taste of one fried food to another.)

thinking up grand recipes!

"Do stop for dinner," she said hospitably, "if you'd like to try potato cups and strawberry meringue cake."

Did we stay? We *did*! We demolished deep-fried potato cups, filled to the brim with sugar-sweet peas. Those potatoes were so white and mealy inside, so brown and crisp outside, because Mrs. B—— baptized them in a kettle of hot Crisco.

And the strawberry meringue cake? Just the thing to help a cupful of strawberries give *twice* as much strawberry taste! Strawberry meringue on tea cake is an ideal way to start off the strawberry season.

The new Crisco is pre-creamed

This delicate little tea cake takes only 10 minutes if you use the new improved Crisco. You beat fluffy Crisco, with the sugar and eggs into a foamy froth in *one* brisk stirring. Crisco comes to you now already creamed, ready to save $\frac{1}{3}$ of your cake-mixing time!

Or, there's probably just such a cake at your baker's, waiting for a fluff of strawberry meringue. Good bakers, you know, are particular to use good-tasting ingredients . . . so they use Crisco, which tastes as sweet and fresh as new-churned, unsalted butter!

Why don't you send for my booklet called "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes"? Address Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XHH-51, 170 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

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STRAWBERRY MERINGUE CAKE

$\frac{1}{3}$ cup Crisco	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
1 cup sugar	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	3 teaspoons baking powder
2 eggs	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla

Blend fluffy Crisco (which comes already creamed) with sugar and eggs. Beat until light and frothy. Sift flour, baking powder and salt and add alternately with the milk. Add vanilla. Mix well. Turn into Criscoed shallow cake pan (8"x10") and bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) 30 minutes. Cool and cut in 3" squares. Hollow out centers. Fill with vanilla ice cream and top with strawberry meringue. (Or serve only with strawberry meringue.)

Strawberry Meringue: 1 cup crushed strawberries, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup granulated sugar, 1 egg white, 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Put crushed strawberries, sugar, lemon juice and egg white in large mixing bowl. Beat with Dover beater until light and stiff.

If you haven't fresh strawberries—combine the following ingredients in exactly the same manner—

$\frac{3}{8}$ cup strawberry jam, 1 egg white and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. If your jam is dark colored, a tiny bit of red vegetable coloring will give the meringue a fresh strawberry tint.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL—Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Company of Canada, Ltd.

CRISCO IS MADE IN CANADA



Taste Crisco—then any other shortening. Crisco's sweet, fresh flavor will tell you why things made with Crisco taste so much better.



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In the beauty of their Silverware, as in the style of their apparel, smart women admit no compromise. They are content only with design of an authority that cannot be questioned. Community Plate gives this unquestioned authority, in the *Noblesse* as in every one of its designs. And each is made lovelier by Patine, the exclusive Community finish which enriches the Silver surface. A complete Community Service for Six is as little as \$34.25—for Eight, \$44.70. You may see the *Noblesse*, with six other distinguished Community designs, wherever fine Silver is sold.

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